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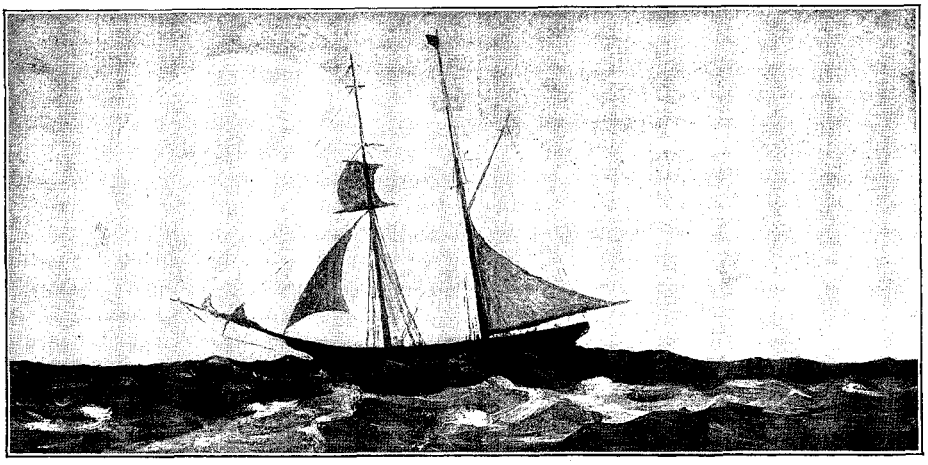

CAPTAIN BLAISE

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

TWO years now since Mr. Villard had come home, and not a soul on the plantation but believed that at last the new master had given up his mysterious voyages and was home to stay. But one day I had business in Savannah, and while there, hearing that the bark *Nereid* was in from the West African coast, I strolled down to the river front; and presently I was approached and addressed by the master of the *Nereid*, a seaman-like and rather shrewd-looking man who had a message for Mr. Villard, he said—from the West Coast.

"I am charged to ask him to pass the word to Captain Blaise," said the *Nereid's* master, "that an old friend of his lies low of fever into Momba. Captain Blaise would know who. We were putting out of Momba lagoon and I was standing by the rail, when a nigger came paddling up and whispered it. Like a breath of night air it was. 'Tell Marster Carpt'n that Ubbo bring the word,' said the nigger, and like another breath of wind he passed on. No more than that. A short, very stout, and very black nigger. And I was to pass the word to Mr. Villard, a gentleman of estate near Savannah, Ga., and if you, sir, will attend to that, my part's done."

After my dinner in town was through with, I rode hard; but it was late night by the time I reached the manor-house. I found him sitting out under the moon, smoking a cheroot as usual, and he continued to smoke immovably for some minutes after I had delivered the message; but by and by he stood up and took to pacing the veranda, and presently, after his fashion, to speak his thoughts aloud.

"A hundred thousand acres and a thousand slaves, good, bad, and indifferent—

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surely a man does owe a little something to his manorial duties. At least, so all my highly respectable and well-established neighbors tell me. What do you say, Guy?"

"I never gave much thought to the matter, sir."

"No? Well, doubtless you will—some day. But d' y' remember Kingston Harbor, where the black boys dive through the green waters for the silver sixpenny pieces, and Kingston port, where the white roads and the white walls throw back the tropic sun so that it seems twice as hot as it really is—Kingston, Guy—in Jamaica, where the sun sets like a blood-orange salad in a purple dish? D' y' remember, Guy, and the day we were lying into Kingston in the *Bess* and the word came that my uncle was dead Aye, you do; but don't you remember how he used to rail against me? To be sure—you were too young. And yet a good old uncle, who gave me never a mild word in his life but left me his all at death."

"And why shouldn't he, sir?"

"Why not? Aye, that is so. Why not? And yet he could have left it to anybody—to you, say."

"Why to me? Who am I?"

"What? Who are you? He ceased his pacing. "That is so, Guy—who are you? You with the strange, quick blood writ so plain in your countenance that there——"

"Isn't it good blood, sir?"

"Aye, Guy, be sure it is good blood. But often have I thought how he would have stormed if—" He gazed curiously at me.

"If——"

"Aye, if—but no matter." He resumed his nervous pacing back and forth, back and forth, hands in pockets, head up, chin out, and face turned always toward the river, past the moss-hung cypress trees to the yellow Savannah flowing swiftly beyond. The salt tide-water made as far as Villard Landing, and when it was in full flood, as now, it brought the smell of the sea strongly with it.

"No matter that now, Guy. A good old soul, my uncle, d' y' see; but the blood was everything to him. And he put it in the bond and I am bound by it: that only the lawful issue, a son of the house, shall inherit. 'I'll have no strange derelict child inherit my estate.' His own words. So this fair estate, lacking lawful issue of my body or my old uncle's son—and he is dead—it goes out of the family. Oh, a stormy, intolerant, but well-meaning old uncle, who would have none of his property left to— Oh, but not that, Guy—no, no, lad." He laid a restraining hand on my shoulder. "No, no, lad, you must not take that to yourself; for you are, no fear, honest born."

"I've waited long for you to tell me even that. Won't you tell me more, sir?"

"Enough for now. But whatever my uncle thought or wished, here, Guy, is an estate to your hand to enjoy. What d' y' say, eh, to the life of a Southern gentleman on his plantation? A hundred thousand acres, a thousand slaves, a stable of the horses you love so, upland and river bottom to hunt, dancing, riding, balls, the city in winter. Is not that something better than the hard, uncertain sea, Guy?"

He had paused for my answer, but I made none. He was standing motionless, except for the backward toss of his head and the deep inhalation, three or four times, of the briny air from the flooding river. There was disappointment in his voice when he took up the talk again.

"Oh, Guy, between us two what a difference! I was born ashore, you at sea, and yet

> 'It's you for the back of a charging barb,
> And me for the deck of a heaving brig!'"

In a lower voice he repeated the couplet, and was plainly vastly pleased with it. "Faith, and I wonder is that my own, or something I read somewhere. Something of the lilt of a Scotch strathspey to 't, shouldn't you say? You know more of such things. What d' y' say—shall I claim that for my own, Guy?"

"You do, sir, and it's not Homer, nor Dante, nor Keats who will rise up to accuse you of plagiarism."

"Bah! You would no more allow me the merit of a poetic vein than——"

"Poetry, sir?"

"Poetry — why not?" and suddenly bending sidewise and forward, he essayed to obtain a fuller view of my face. And it is true that I was thinking of anything but poetry.

His face darkened as he gazed. "A hundred estates and plantations were nothing to me against—" he burst out passionately,

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but no further than that. He checked himself and went inside, and with no good-night going.

In the morning he was gone. I waited—one, two, three days, and then I went also—to Savannah, where I saw the *Bess*, but so altered that it needed a lifetime's intimacy to hail her in the stream. Her spars had been sent down and her name was now the *Triton*, and to her bow and stern was clamped the false work which left her with no more outward grace than any clumsy coaster; and by these signs I knew that Mr. Villard of Villard Manor would once more disappear and that Captain Blaise would soon again be sailing the *Dancing Bess* overseas.

Captain Blaise had not yet come aboard; but whatever ship he sailed the full run of that ship was mine, and I went into his cabin to wait for him.

It was after dark when he came over the side. It was always after dark when he boarded the *Bess* in home ports. His words were colder than his expression when he addressed me. "And where are you bound?"

"I don't know yet, sir."

"And why not?"

"You have not yet told me, sir, where you are going."

"Suppose it should be the West Coast and the old trade?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but even so I go."

"And leave all that good life you love so at the Manor?"

On his face was still the stern look. I could not stand it longer and I stepped closer to him. "You have not turned against me, sir?"

He softened at once. "Guy, Guy, don't mind me. I meant well. I thought you might prefer the shore to living on the sea."

"I do, sir, but when you are at sea it's at sea I'd rather be too, sir."

"Ah-h—" and when he looked at me like that it mattered not about his law-breaking—he was the bravest, finest man that ever sailed the trades. "Guy, my boy, if you'll have it so, why come along. And once more we'll cruise together; but you won't judge your commander too harshly, will you, Guy?"

We took the ebb down the river. Our papers read for a West India trading voyage, but we lingered not among the West Indies. Four weeks later we raised the

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Cape Verdes, and an islet rose like a castle from out of the mists. Abreast of a pebbled beach we came to anchor and waited.

II

A BOAT scraped alongside, and the agent Rimmle came aboard. He came out to have a chat for old time's sake; and yet not so old either, he corrected, and would Captain Blaise come ashore and have a drink or two of good liquor? And Captain Blaise replied that he carried as good liquor in his locker as ever graced any sideboard ashore. And they dropped into the cabin, where I happened to be, and had a glass of wine and a word or two, and another glass and a few more words; and at last Rimmle put the question: Would Captain Blaise run one more draft?

Long ago, Captain Blaise promised me that there was to be no more slave-running, and as he never lied to me, I wondered now why he paused and pondered as if debating with himself. At last he looked up. "It doesn't pay any more, Rimmle."

"Well, in these days," observed Rimmle, "I don't blame you, with the bull-dogs of men-o'-war making it so hot."

We all had to smile at that, and Rimmle, seeing that Captain Blaise was not to be shamed into it, went on. "But suppose there was larger head-money than ever was paid before, Captain? And if half the head-money and the crew's pay were laid down in advance? For it is hard, as you have often said, Captain, that anything should happen to brave and willing men on such a cruise and they have neither profit nor safety of it." It was the old talk all over again, the agent urging him once more to take to slave-running, except that in other days Captain Blaise had displayed less patience.

The wineglasses had already been filled too frequently for me, and, pleading business, I had spread out a coast chart on the other end of the cabin table and was studying it, this by way of removing myself from a conversation which I saw was not to end with trading or slave-running.

This Rimmle was one of those who held Captain Blaise for a sort of idol. I had seen dozens of the kind before. Great hours for them when they could sit in with the famous Captain Blaise, and so now, with the agent bound to talk of the West Coast trade, lawful and otherwise, Captain Blaise was making but slow headway.

I was thinking of stepping up on deck to stretch my legs, when the conversation took a sudden shift. "Captain"—Rimmle put the question hesitatingly—"I thought I had seen the last of you. May I ask what lured you back?"

Captain Blaise had decanted another bottle and was viewing the rich-colored bubbles as he held the carafe up against the light. Such little things afforded him keen pleasure. He set the carafe down—softly—only to ask by way of reply: "Rimmle, what is it always brings men back?"

Rimmle laid his head to one side and nodded shrewdly. "As far as my experience goes, Captain, it is one of three things."

"And which of the three is my failing?" Captain Blaise was absently filling their glasses.

"M-m— It cannot be money—you never cared for that. You who have made fortunes and spent them as fast as you made them—no, it cannot be money. And then your newly acquired property in the States——"

"*My* newly acquired— What of that?"

"Why, the rumor is out that you fell heir to a great estate in the States—on the bank of the Mississippi or the Ohio, or some outlandish name of a river in the States."

"Oh, a rumor! Go on."

"And as for the drink—it must be a great occasion, indeed, Captain, when you take more than is good for a man. And so——"

"We can never take too much drink in good company, Rimmle. And so drink up—here's health! And so you think it must be—" He smiled faintly at the agent. "And yet who should know better than you that all the gold I ever gave for a woman's favor would not suffice to keep the poorest of them in cambric handkerchiefs."

"As to that"—the agent pursed up his full moist lips—"it is true; the kind who looked for money were never your kind. And yet that kind sometimes cost men a hundred times more in the end."

Captain Blaise bent deferentially toward the agent. "You think that, Rimmle—truly?"

Rimmle bowed wisely.

Captain Blaise continued to regard him in the most friendly way, and yet with an

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air of doubt, as if debating how far to discuss matters of this kind with him. And then, leaning yet further forward and speaking rapidly, energetically: "And agreeing that it is so, who is it that ever regrets the price? D' y' think that I, even though I be what I be, that I— Why, Rimmle, even you who live to amass money"—Rimmle flushed—"even you have had your days when— To be sure you have had." Rimmle beamed. "And so, Rimmle, you can believe possibly that Captain Blaise may yet have his immortal hour, and cherish the hope none the less dearly in his heart because his head, from out the experience of bitter years, tells him that it can never be. And it may be that I go this time for neither money nor drink, nor anything else in which traders ashore or aship commonly bargain. But, hah, hah!"—he grinned suddenly, sar-

I found him sitting out under the moon, smoking a cheroot as usual.—Page 129.

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donically, at the agent. "Think of us, Rimmle, sitting in the cabin of a West Coast slaver and smuggler discoursing in this fashion—two gallant gentlemen who trade in human misery."

Ten years since Captain Blaise had done any slave-running, and Rimmle, who knew that, was slave-running still, and so he did not quite know how to take this outburst.

Neither did I. Where Captain Blaise was sincere and where talking for effect I could not have said; but surely he was moulding Rimmle like jelly; and now looking out from under his eyebrows at Rimmle, but his lips curved in a smile, he selected a cheroot and lit it, and lit another for Rimmle, who now smiled too. And cheroot followed cheroot, and story story, and drink drink, and the agent gurgled with joy of the intimacy. "What adventures you have had, Captain, and"—he blew a cloud to the cabin roof—"what stories!"

"Adventures? Stories?" Captain Blaise shrugged his shoulders. "Well enough, Rimmle, in their way. 'Tis true I can tell of blockades evaded and corvettes slipped, of customs officers bedevilled, of tricks on slow-tacking junks, and of dancing with creoles under the moon. But what is that? The heedless, unplanned adventuring of an irresponsible American captain. Now you, if you cared to talk, Rimmle, you, I warrant, could tell of big things, things that concern great people—of admirals and governors and what not; for you, it is well known, Rimmle, have your own bureau of information."

Rimmle chuckled. "It is true"—and then he paused. Capatin Blaise refilled their glasses. In courtly imitation of the Captain, Rimmle raised his and they drank.

Captain Blaise filled them up again. "Men like myself, Rimmle, are but pawns in this trading game. It is the people on the inside, the Governor of Momba and gentlemen like you who direct the play."

Rimmle smacked his lips. "M-m—To be sure, the Governor of Momba——"

There was a half-hour of anecdotes of the Governor of Momba and his son before Cunningham's name was even mentioned; and when the question of him was slipped, so casually was it slipped that I, with senses astretch, did not realize that this must be the sick man at Momba—not until the next question was put.

"But there must have been something else, Rimmle, between the Governor and Cunningham?"

Now, had they been drinking ordinary wine or heavy ale, Rimmle might have held his own. But this was a rare vintage, a delicate bouquet meant for a finer breed than Rimmle. His tongue was still limber but his wits were fled. He was vain to display to the famous Captain Blaise his knowledge of secret affairs. "Yes, it is true, Captain, there was more than showed on the surface there. And that insult to Cunningham was no accident. "No"—he winked—"not at all. He had insulted and shot men before, but he never knew that Cunningham was an old duellist himself. None of us in Momba knew. Did you, Captain?"

"He was not." Captain Blaise banged his hand on the table. "He killed three men, yes; but bad men, and killed them in fair combat."

"Hm-m. A man to let alone that; but nothing of that was known—not then. However, he took the Governor's professional duellist out behind a row of palms one sunny morning and shot him—a beautiful bit of work. It was the vastest surprise—a shock. But a duel, lawful possibly in your country, is not so in ours, Captain, and——"

"And is his daughter with him?"

"When she is not at the Governor's house—yes."

"What! Why there?"

"I don't know, unless it is the only house in that country where a young lady of her position—and then her beauty——"

"Under that old satrap's roof? But here, Rimmle, what is the Governor going to do with Cunningham?"

"Well, Captain, if it should happen that she will marry the Governor's son, why Cunningham might be allowed—you know how, Captain, ho! ho!—surely, to escape. Especially as nobody seems to mourn the man he shot. But when she seemed slow to fall in with their wishes, and as Cunningham had converted all his property into gold and diamonds and shipped them or hid them—though no search has unearthed them—preparatory to shooting the Governor's friend, why they grew suspicious and threatened to push matters. Cunningham was nominally under arrest always. And then he fell sick. How sick? Hard to say.

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It was a short, very stout, and very black negro who stood at attention before Captain Blaise.—Page 137.

But should he die, or be punished—imprisoned, say—for the duel, consider it. She is a beautiful girl, true, but human, and in time, in that lonesome country where white gentlemen of social position are so scarce—! And, after all—the Governor of Momba's son and——"

"Rimmle"—Captain Blaise had stood up to look through an air port—"it's a fair wind for me. Shall I put you ashore?"

"Ashore? Why, yes, yes! Bless me, I've had quite a stay, haven't I? But if you care to try it again, Captain, my friend Hassan is into Momba. He will be aboard, no fear. If you do business with him, Captain, why, draw on me, and it's money in my pocket."

"If I do business of that kind this cruise, Rimmle, I promise you I'll do it with Hassan."

"Thank you, Captain. Speedy voyage to you, and don't forget Hassan. Good-by, sir, to you."

Within the hour we sailed for Momba.

III

A SQUADRON of corvettes and sloops o' war put their glasses on us lazily as we neared Momba; but without Dutch bow and stern, our stumpy spars, no self-respecting war-ship was bothering the *Triton*. They let us pass without so much as a hail.

Captain Blaise planned to cross Momba Bar that night, all the more surely cross because the watchers ashore, seeing us hang on and off in the late afternoon, would probably report that we were waiting for morning. So we hauled her to in the dusk where, were it light, we would have seen, under its three fathom of water, Momba Bar lying white and smooth and quiet as a sanded deck as we passed on. With the wind coming low and light from the land that was; but were it a high wind and from the sea, there would be no going over that bar at night or any other time.

We slipped silently up the inside, the northerly passage, to the lagoon, and crept up the lagoon just as silently, but even as we were mooring the *Bess* in a nook at the head of the lagoon, a tall Arab was alongside. With him Captain Blaise and I went ashore in the ship's long-boat, and to avoid suspicion we took no arms. An hour of camp-fires and shadows under the trees we wasted then with this sharp trader Hassan. No printed calicoes, or brass rings, or looking-glasses for him, nor rum, he being a true believer. Nothing of that; but of gold paid into hand, and plenty of it there must be. And Captain Blaise, to allay sus-

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I had half seen how he had rested his elbow on the hedge and carried his head to one side when he fired that first shot.—Page 139.

picion, discussed matters hotly. Finally he agreed to the Arab's terms, and Hassan salaamed, and out under the open sky we went again.

"A proper villain, Guy, is that fellow. Did you ever see so wonderfully cunning a smile? And in the morning I am to give him a draft on Rimmle! Sometimes I think there must be something infantile about me, strangers do pick me up for such an innocent at times. But in the morning, my shrewd Hassan——"

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Naked feet padded beside us. "O Marster Carpt'n, Marster Carpt'n, suh——"

"You, Ubbo!"

"Yes, suh, Marster Carpt'n." It was a short, very stout, and very black negro who stood at attention before Captain Blaise.

"Where's your master?"

"Waitin', Carpt'n, suh. He sick, suh, but not so he die, he say, suh."

"And Miss Shiela?"

"Missy Shiela at de Governor's, suh. An' de missy know you come too, suh. I been watchin', suh, for long time. I see de ship, suh, an' I know you come over de bar, suh, to-night. An' I tell de marster, suh. An' marster waitin', an' Missy Shiela waitin', Marster Carpt'n, to take um away —to take um home, suh. He very sick, suh."

"After us, Ubbo."

We raced to where was the long-boat, screened under a bank. From her crew we took four good men and followed Ubbo.

The roof of a low building loomed above the jungle growth. Ubbo uttered a warning sound. We could hear the regular tread and presently he came around the corner of the house. He was a negro in uniform with a musket held carelessly over his shoulder.

Captain Blaise whispered to his men: "When he comes around again get him. No noise. Choke him first." The four sailors leaped together when next he appeared. In an instant almost it was done. They laid him on the ground, threw his musket into the brush, and we entered the building.

On a cot beside an open window, with a reading-lamp at his head, lay a tall man.

"Still alive, Gad," called Captain Blaise cheerily.

"Still alive, Blaise, and I reckon you did a neat job on that nigger guard, for all I heard was a little gurgling. Yes, still alive. Still alive, Blaise, thanks to Shiela's discrimination in the selection of the Governor's nourishing cordials, and thanks no less to my boy Ubbo's sleepless habits. But, old friend, you're none too soon. And don't waste any time in getting Shiela. She is still at the Governor's. I bade her stay there so they would not suspect. She has my sabre and duelling pistols with her, by the way. And she'll bear a hand with them, if need be. But who is this? Oh, this is Guy? I'm glad to know you, Guy."

A wreck of a tall, slender, handsome man, such a man he may have been in his prime as was Captain Blaise, but older. A sporting, reckless sort he may have been, but a man of manner and blood. Two of the crew bore him out, though one would have sufficed. "Ubbo will show you where the strong-box is, Blaise," he called on being borne off; and Ubbo led us through the thick jungle to where, under a rock over which a little water-fall played, a massive iron chest was buried. It took two stout men of the crew to handle it.

We saw Mr. Cunningham and the strong-box safely to the long-boat and then, with Ubbo, took station behind a hedge which bordered the Governor's grounds. There was much going on there—music and people strolling on the lawn. Captain Blaise pointed out the Governor to me, and his son, and bade me notice also fifteen or twenty barefooted but armed and uniformed negroes clustered between two rows of palms on the farther side of the lawn.

"We'll wait here, with the hedge to protect us," said Captain Blaise, and motioned to Ubbo. "Tell Miss Shiela that all's ready."

The negro slipped away. A short minute or so and Captain Blaise, who had been peering like a man on watch on a bad night, gripped me nervously. "Look, there she is!"

I looked. Never again would I have to be told to look. She was framed in a low window off the veranda. The Governor's son was now close behind her. Ubbo was standing on the lawn over near the musicians. We crept nearer. Turning, as if accidentally, she saw him and called to him. "How is your master, Ubbo, to-night?"

"Marster tell me to say he more happy to-night, Missy."

"Told you to say, Ubbo."

"Yes, Missy, marster tell me to say."

"That's the signal, that sentence," whispered Captain Blaise.

"That's good. You can go, Ubbo." She smiled and chatted with the Governor's son then.

"She can't have interpreted the message aright," I panted.

"Because she did not leap into the air. Trust her—she's Gadsden Cunningham's, her own father's daughter."

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In a few minutes she turned from the Governor's son to his father, from him to her ladyship, and from her without haste to some less distinguished member, and then in the most casual way in the world she strolled inside and from our sight.

Hardly a minute later the signal came: a firefly's flash five times together and three times repeated from the darkened upper story.

Ubbo was with us when the signal came. "Marster Carpt'n," he whispered, and handed him a sabre and a pair of duelling pistols. "Missy send um—an' dey loaded, both um, suh."

Captain Blaise, taking the sabre and passing me the pistols, ordered Ubbo to show the way.

We skirted the grounds and entered by a rear gate a garden where were all sorts of low-growing trees and high-growing shrubs to screen us as we drew near the rear veranda. I saw the white gown with the dark blue sash shining out from the shrubbery, and then the white and blue drew back. I would have leaped out on the path to follow, but a restraining hand was on my arm. "Wait, wait!" warned Captain Blaise.

It was the Governor and his son hurrying around the corner of the veranda. "I do not believe it," the Governor was saying. "I cannot credit it. That could not have been his ship which was reported still off the bar at dark—a clumsy galliot of a craft she was described; and besides, he would not dare, a whole squadron cruising within an hour's sail."

"But he is gone, and we found the guard was overpowered. He does not even know how it happened, and his ship is even now moored in the lagoon, and he himself was with Hassan less than an hour ago. Hassan will say no more until he gets his advance money in the morning. But if we move now, he is caught like a rat in a trap. Why not send word to the squadron? The wind is from the sea again and increasing, and he cannot now recross the bar. If we could get hold of Cunningham's nigger, he'll know something. Perhaps we can make him tell. I've sent Charlotte to watch her." He ran to the corner of the veranda. "O Ubbo! Where in the devil is he? O Ubbo! Only a few minutes ago he was talking to her out front. Ubbo! O Ubbo!"

A mulatto girl came hurrying from within the house. "The American missy, I cannot find her. She not in her room, suh."

"What!" The fat old potentate almost jumped into the air.

But the son kept his head. "Not in her room, Charlotte? And Ubbo gone, too? Had I not better make the guard ready, sir?"

"Yes, yes; have the guard fall in."

They rushed around the corner of the veranda and we leaped into the lighted path. She, too, stepped out into the light. "Captain Blaise, oh, Captain Blaise, you don't know what courage you give us."

"Miss Sheila, you don't know what joy you give us."

"Still the same—but—but who is this?" she cried out like a surprised child. And then she seemed to know without being told, for "Oh-h, of course, this is Guy," she said, and smiled as if she had an hour to smile in, and gave me both hands.

"Come," said Captain Blaise abruptly. And down the rear path we hurried, and, circling the garden, entered the hedged path to the lagoon bank. All went well until we had to pass the walk which crossed our path from the front lawn. Here the light of a row of hanging lanterns fell on us.

And they saw us, the Governor and his son and the assembled guards, and came charging down across the lawn after us. But only two abreast could they come down the path.

"The boat is now but a hundred yards away, Miss Shiela," said Captain Blaise. "Guy will take you there. Go you, too, Ubbo." I took her hand and we raced to the bank, where I handed her to a place beside her father in the boat.

"And what are you going to do now?" she asked.

"I? Why, I must go back to help Captain Blaise."

"Oh, of course. But hurry back. And be careful, won't you?"

I ran up the path and was soon at his elbow. The column was crowding down the path, and so soon after coming from the bright light, possibly they could not see clearly when he lunged. However it was, one groaned and slid down. He lunged again and the head of the column stopped dead. "What's wrong?" came a voice, the Governor's. "What are you stopping for?"

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"Won't you step this way and find out?" jeered Captain Blaise.

"What! only one man?"

The hedge lining the path was waist high, trimmed flat and wide, but I never suspected what was coming until I saw the flash and felt the ting of the bullet on my cheek. "Drop!" warned Captain Blaise, but I had no mind to drop. I held one of Mr. Cunningham's duelling pistols ready for the next shot. I saw it and fired, to the right of and just above the flash. I had half seen how he had rested his elbow on the hedge and carried his head to one side when he fired that first shot. There was the crash of a body through the hedge. And then a silence.

"You got him, I think," said Captain Blaise.

I had been spun half around by the shock of something or other, and now I was once more facing the path squarely, and a thought of those red and blue and gold uniforms jammed in there gave me an idea. "Ready, men!" I called out. "Steady! Aim!—and be sure you fire low." No more than that, when in the Governor's guard there was the wildest scrambling and trampling to get to the rear.

And we left them falling rearward over each other and ran for the landing. The men were waiting on their oars. We leaped in, and Captain Blaise took the tiller ropes. "Give way!" he ordered.

Mr. Cunningham was lying on cushions in the bottom of the boat. I was still laughing, and he rolled his head, I thought, to look at me.

"Where did that skunk get you, Guy?" asked Captain Blaise.

"Why, I didn't know that he got me at all."

"Feel of your cheek."

There was blood, not much, trickling down my right cheek.

"You'd better attend to it."

"Yes, sir."

Warm fingers met mine. It was her silk scarf which she was pressing into my hand. I thrust it in my left breast, then took my own handkerchief and held it to my cheek.

I was chuckling to myself as I fancied the Governor's guards tumbling over each other in their retreat, when Captain Blaise broke in on me. "Aren't you laughing rather soon? You're not over your troubles yet," he said.

"Troubles, sir? Troubles?" It was not at all like him, and his voice, too, was unwontedly harsh. "Troubles?" I almost laughed aloud again. He did not understand—I had only to lean forward to gaze into her eyes. I had only to reach out to clasp her hand. Troubles? Well, possibly so, but I smiled to myself in the dark.

IV

ERE we had fairly boarded the brig they were in chase of us. We could see lights flitting along the lagoon bank and hear the hallooing of native runners—the Governor's, we knew. And for every voice we heard and every light we saw, we knew that hidden back of the trees were a dozen or a score whom we could not hear or see. And on the black surface of the lagoon, paddling between us and the bank, as we worked the ship out, were noiseless men in canoes. We could not see them, but every few minutes a mysterious cry carried across the silent water, and the cry, we knew, was the word of our progress from the Governor's canoe-men to the messengers on the bank.

The lagoon emptied on the south into the Momba River, which twisted and turned like so many S's to the sea; on the north was the passage by which we had come, that which led to the sea by way of the bar. But there was to be no crossing of the bar for us that night. Ten miles inland we had smelled that sea-breeze and knew what it meant; but Captain Blaise, nevertheless, held on with the *Bess* toward the bar. We could hear their crews paddling off and shouting their messages of our progress until they were forced by the breakers to go ashore. Their parting triumphant shouts was their word of our sure intent to attempt the passage of the bar.

When all was quiet from their direction, we put back to the lagoon and headed for the river passage. But one ship of any size had ventured this river passage in a generation, and the planking of that one, the brig *Orion*, for years lay on the bank by way of a warning. "But the *Orion* was no *Dancing Bess*," commented Captain Blaise. Surely not, nor was her master a Captain Blaise.

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The top spars of the *Bess* had been slung while we were ashore, and by this time we had also knocked away the ugly and hindering false work on bow and stern, so that with her lifting foreyards which would have done for a sloop of war, and on her driving fore and aft sails which could have served the mizzen of a two-thousand-ton bark, the *Bess* was now herself again. And she had need to be for the work before her.

Captain Blaise ordered her foresails brailed in to the mast to windward and her foreyards braced flat, this that she might sail closer to the wind.

Entering the narrow passage, she was held to the edge of the low but steep bank to windward; so close that where the low-lying reeds grew outward we could hear them swishing against her sides as we passed on.

Miss Cunningham, having seen her father comfortably established with Ubbo in the cabin, had come on deck, and Captain Blaise, busy though he was, took time to make her welcome. No need for him to boast of his seamanship—the whole coast could tell her that; but how often had a beautiful girl a chance to see the proof of it?

We followed the curve of the river's bank almost as the running stream itself. When we came to a sharp-jutting point, Captain Blaise himself, or me to the wheel, would let her fall away until her jib-boom lay over the opposite bank; and then, her sails well filled, it was shoot her up into the wind and past the point before us. Twenty times we had to weather a point of land in that fashion. Fill and shoot, fill and shoot, never a foot too soon, never a foot too late—it was a beautiful exhibition, and only a pity it was not light for her to see it better.

We were clear of the river at last; that is, we were in the river's V-shaped mouth, the delta. The south bank extended westerly, two miles or so farther to the sea, and the other bank north-westerly toward Momba Bar. Now we were able to get a view of the coast line, and northward to beyond the bar it was an almost unbroken line, we could see, of lights flaring from high points along the shore.

Captain Blaise hove her to until he should see a guiding rocket from the men-of-war which he knew were waiting. And presently one came, a blue and gold from due west, and another red and gold from the west-nor'-west, then a red and blue from north-west by west. Presently there was another, from abreast of and close in to the bar. And we knew there were more in waiting than had signalled. It was already a solid line across the mouth of the river.

If those ships guarding the river's mouth were only anchored, our problem would have been simplified; but they were constantly shifting, and as they showed no sailing lights, no telling where, after a signal flashed, they would fetch next up; and always, showing no signal light whatever, would be the others guarding what they would like to have us mistake for an open passage in the dark.

Their sending up so many signals indicated a bewilderment as to our whereabouts. By this time they must have known ashore that we were not anchored inside the bar; and out to sea they must have known we had not foundered in the surf, and also by this time they had probably discovered that we were not in the lagoon.

"They will puzzle it out soon. Get your floating mines ready," ordered Captain Blaise. That was my work, and in anticipation of it I had knocked together two small rafts loaded with explosives and a large one with explosives and combustible stuff to burn brightly for half an hour or so.

"What does this mean?" Miss Cunningham was at Captain Blaise's elbow. She could not have asked a question more pleasing to him.

"It means that we are like a rat in a hole and half a dozen big cats guarding the exit. It is an acutely angled corner we are in, Miss Shiela, and a string of corvettes and sloops of war stretched, no knowing just where, across the narrow way out. So far they do not know we are here, but before long it is bound to occur to some of them that this is the *Dancing Bess* and that she has made the Momba River passage—and then they will crowd in and pounce on us. That is, if we don't get out before that."

"I see. I must go down and tell father. He's not worrying but he wants to know what's going on."

He let the brigantine now run offshore, parallel with the southern bank, almost to the entrance. Then we doubled back on

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our course. As we came about he called, "Ready with your mines, Guy?"

"Ready, sir!"

"Let go!"

At the word over went the big raft. We sailed on for a quarter mile or so. "Let go!" Over went the second. A quarter mile farther and the third one went. Each mine had its fuse. In a very few minutes—the *Bess* was in by the corner of the delta again—the inshore mine exploded.

Following the noise and flame there was a quiet and a great darkness, and then from the southerly guard-ship a rocket, while from the shore burst forth new lights. If the surf had not been roaring, we knew that we could have heard those joyful yells from the watchers up that way. Everybody on the coast knew that the *Bess* carried two long-toms and no lack of ammunition for them. We could imagine their chuckling over our explosion.

Then came the second explosion, and five minutes later the third, and from her a great flame which continued to burn.

"Captain Blaise, I don't understand. Why that fire-raft?"

"Why? We are hoping that they will think that we are sailing out to sea in line of the explosions, just the opposite from what we are doing. If they will but think that that burning raft is our burning hold and that we are in distress, why— Look, Miss Shiela!"

Two war-ships were now signalling to each other recklessly, and their signals gave us a chance to reckon pretty nearly the course that they were steering. Both ships were headed straight for the burning raft. As they came on they uncovered their sailing lights, to prevent collision with each other, and watching these two ships' lights, we might have picked a way directly between them. But if they happened to have another ship under cover in that apparently open water, we would be lost; and also, in passing between, we would have blocked off the lights of each in turn to the other and then they would have us.

Between the bar and the sailing lights of the inshore ship of the pair now bearing down, we knew there was another ship. We had seen her signal early, and that ship, we knew, would be held as close to the line of surf as her draught and the nerve of her commander would allow. Captain Blaise, reckoning where she should be, laid the *Bess's* course for her. "She's used to having a little loose water on her deck—let her have it again," he said, and at this time we had everything on her, and if I have not made any talk of it before, I'll say it now—the *Bess* could sail.

We were now heading about a point off the edge of the outer line of heavy breakers, and as the *Bess* had the least freeboard of any ship of her size sailing the trades, she was soon carrying on her deck her full allowance of loose water. Amidships, when she lay quietly to anchor, a long-armed man could lean over her rail and all but touch his fingers in the sea. Now, with the wind beam, over her lee rail amidships the heavy seas mounted. On the high quarter-deck we had only to hang onto the weather rail, but the men stationed amidships had to watch sharp to keep from being swept overboard.

She was long and lean. It was her depth, and not her beam, which had held the *Bess* from capsizing in many a blow. Ten years Captain Blaise had had her, and in those ten years, whether in sport or need, he had not spared her. She was long and lean, and as loose forward as an old market basket.

Loose and lean and low, she was wiggling like a black snake through the white-topped seas. We had men in our foretop looking for the guard-ship, and because they knew almost exactly where to look for her, we saw her in time and swung the *Bess* inside her, yet close to the breakers. Her big bulk piled toward us, her great sails reached up in clouds—shadows of clouds. Past our bow, past our waist, past our quarter. We could pick the painted ports and the protruding black muzzles of her port battery, she was past, a huge shapeless shadow racing one way, and we going the other way like some long, sinuous, black devil of a creature streaking through a white-bedded darkness.

We were by before they were alive to it. A voice, another voice, a hundred voices, and then we saw her green sidelight swing in a great arc; but long before then we were away on the other tack, and so when her broadside belched (and there was metal sufficient to blow us out of water), we were half a mile to the westward and leaping like a black hound for home.

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A score of rockets followed the broadside. Captain Blaise glanced astern, then ahead, aloft, and from there to the swinging hull beneath him. He started to hum a tune, but broke it off to recite:

"O the woe of wily Hassan
When they break the tragic news!"

And from that he turned to Miss Cunningham with a joyous, "And what d' y' think of it all?"

She looked her answer, with her head held high and breathing deeply.

"And the *Dancing Bess*, isn't she a little jewel of a ship? Something to love? Aye, she is. And you had no fear?"

"Fear!" Her laughter rang out. "When father went below, he said, 'Fear nothing. If Captain Blaise gets caught, there's no help for it—it's fate.'"

And I knew he was satisfied. She had seen him on the quarter of his own ship and he playing the game at which, the *Bess* under his feet, no living man could beat him; and in playing it he had brought her father and herself to freedom. It was for such moments he lived.

The night was fading. We could now see things close by. He took her hand and patted it. "Go below, child, and sleep in peace. You're headed for home. Look at her slipping through the white-topped seas, and where she lays down to her work—there's nothing ever saw the African coast can overhaul us. No, nothing that ever leaped the belted trades can hold her now, not the *Bess*—while her gear's sound and she's all the wind she craves for."

"I believe you, Captain." She looked over the roaring side. Long and loose and lean, she was lengthening out like a quarter-horse, and he was singing, but with a puzzling savageness of tone:

"Roll, you hunted slaver—
Roll you battened hatches down—"

"Good-night, Captain." She turned to me. She was pale, but 'twas the pallor of enduring bravery. There was no paling of her dark eyes. Even darker were they now. "Good-night—" She hesitated. "Good-night, Guy."

"Good-night, Miss Shiela," and I handed her down the companion-way. At the foot of the stairs she looked up and whispered, "You must take care of that wound, Guy." And I answered, "No fear," and then her face seemed to melt away in a mist under the cabin lamp.

Astern of us the dawn leaped up. It had been black night; in a moment, almost, it was light again. I remembered what Captain Blaise had said of a sunset in Jamaica; but here it was the other way about—a purple, round-rimmed dish, and from a segment of it the blood-red salad of a sun upleaping. And pictured clouds rolling up above the blood-red. And against the splashes of the sun the tall palm trees. And in the new light the signal flambeaux paling. And the white spray of the bar tossing high, and across the spray the white-belted squadron tacking and filling futilely.

I grew cold and wondered what was wrong. I dimly saw Captain Blaise come running to me. "Guy! Guy!" he called. I remember also myself saying, "Nothing wrong with me, sir—and no harm if there is. It's sunrise on the Slave Coast and the *Dancing Bess* she's bound to the west'ard!"

V

THE blue-belted trades! Day and day, week and week, the little curly, white-headed seas, the unspecked blue sky, and the ceaseless caress of the pursuing wind. No yard nor sail, never a bowline, sheet, or halyard to be handled, and the *Bess* bounding ever ahead. Beauty, peace, and a leaping log—could the sea bring greater joy?

Captain Blaise had located the bullet—the second shot it must have been—which had lodged under my right shoulder and cut it out. We were nearing home, and the fever was now gone from me, but I was not yet able to take my part on deck. "Perhaps to-morrow," she had said. And to-morrow was come, and I lay there thinking, and at times trying to write.

She had left me alone for a while. Her father had called her to hear another of the Captain's stories. Through the cabin skylight I could see her, or at least the curve of her chin, and her tanned throat, and one shoulder pressing inward under the skylight shutters. Her face was turned toward Captain Blaise, whose head and shoulders, he pacing and turning on the quarter, came regularly within range. But she was not forgetting me; every few minutes she

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thrust her head within the skylight opening and looked down to see that I wanted for nothing, and always she smiled.

I was propped up in an easy chair. Up to two days back I had been on a cot. Mr. Cunningham had improved so rapidly that for more than a week now he had been allowed on deck, and there he was now, as I said, listening with his daughter to the tales of Captain Blaise. His laughter and her breaths of suspense, I could hear the one and feel the other.

I took up my pad of paper and resumed my writing. And reviewing my writing, I had to smile at myself, even as I used to smile at Captain Blaise when he would submit his couplets or quartrains for my judgment. He might marshal off-hand a stanza or two of his vagabond thoughts, but here was I carefully composing with pencil and paper, and had been for a week now.

I had never been ill before, never for five minutes. And this illness had driven me to a strange introspection. There had been time to think. I had smiled at Captain Blaise's amateurish rhymings on the veranda of the manor-house. I had condemned him in my own mind for this death or that death of his irregular career; on that last night on the veranda I had even allowed him to read my thoughts of such matters. And now I could not recollect of his having ever killed or maimed except in defence of his life or property; and yet that night in Momba I had shot, caring not whether I killed or no. Self-defence? At the instant of shooting I had thought, had almost spoken it aloud: "There! There's for a channel to let the starlight into your unclean brain." Self-defence? Tish! He desired, possibly loved in his way, a girl that I had known no longer than I knew him, and there it was—I loved her, too! Captain Blaise himself had probably never killed on less provocation; and meditating on his emotional side, on his many provocations, his lifelong environment, I had to concede that the Captain Blaise I condemned was a less guilty man than I.

This, as I was beginning to see, was but an argument with myself for a final dismissal of my old life. Surely I should be ashamed to admit that in such fashion was my brain trying to fool my soul; but so it was. Remorse? I should have been worn with remorse, I know; but I was not. I tried to grieve for my hasty judgment of Captain Blaise; and I did. But for the Governor's son, not a qualm. I too, like Captain Blaise, had become the creature of hereditary instincts and overpowering emotion. Never in all my life before had I thought that any sin or shortcoming of mine was ever to be anybody's business but my own. My salvation lay in the future, which, now that my conscience was awakened, I would have only myself to censure if it did not become what I wished.

But these serious thoughts were of previous days. This morning I was to have some little composition ready for her when she came down. I turned to my paper and pencil and began to write. But thoughts, such thoughts as I conceived would please her, came slowly. My new conscience or it may have been the voices of the quarter-deck—her father's questions, Captain Blaise's muffled answers, her exclamations of delight and wonder—all these diverted me. In despair I tried to catch, as I usually could, what Captain Blaise was saying; but to-day he spoke in so low a tone that I could not quite.

Ubbo came down for a chart, a particular chart which Captain Blaise has always kept apart from the others. I pointed out to him where he would find it. And my eye followed his figure up the cabin steps. In a sailor's costume Ubbo was proud but perspiring, though devotion shone out in every drop of perspiration.

Through the skylight I saw Captain Blaise take the chart from Ubbo, unroll and scan it. "I was right. Yes, here's the spot." He was addressing Shiela. "In red ink, see, and here's about where we are now—not ten miles from here, north by east."

Shiela was bending over the chart when "Sail-ho!" rang out from the lookout in the foretop. He had a grand voice, that man on watch.

With one hand Captain Blaise held the chart so Shiela still could read it; with the other he reached through the skylight opening for his long glass. After a long look I saw that he did not resume his narrative. By that I knew that the stranger was troubling him.

Shiela came below to see me. The traces of tears were in her eyes.

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"It's a large ship to the northward," she said. "From something Captain Blaise whispered to father it may be a man-o'-war, though I hope not. But what have you done since I've been gone? You mustn't feel put out when I have to go on deck. It's an ungrateful girl, you know, who is not courteous to her host, especially when that host is Captain Blaise. Think what father and I owe him! And what a wonderfully interesting man he is! And what adventures he has had!"

"But what made you cry?"

"Captain Blaise was telling of a happening on this very spot almost. It was a ship from Cadiz for Savannah. She had taken fire. He picked up among others three people lashed to some pieces of wreckage—a man, a woman, and their baby. She was dead and he dying. He did die later aboard his ship, the predecessor of the *Bess*. The baby lived. Do you recall the story?"

"No, he never told me that one. And the baby?"

"The father had practically supported the baby in the water for four days—the baby was less than a year old—and the mother had nursed him till she died. For two days, the man said, with nothing to eat herself. She and he, they had practically killed themselves for the baby boy. She was a Spanish woman—a lady. The father died aboard Captain Blaise's ship. He was an American who had married abroad without consulting his father, and the old gentleman made such a fuss about it that the young man had stayed away—intended to stay away and renounce his heritage; but at last the father had sent for him, and he was then on his way home. But you should have heard Captain Blaise tell it. He made us feel that mother's love for her baby, that mother who was dead before he picked her up, and made us feel, too, what a man the father was. What an actor he is! I tried not to cry, but I did. But let me see—what have you there?"

I showed her some things. She picked up the nearest and read it aloud:

"'I was walking down the glen—
O my heart!—on a summer's day.
He passed me by, my gentleman—
Would I had never seen the day!

"'True love can neither hate nor scorn,
And ne'er will true love pass away.
And his hair was silk as tasselled corn,
My heart alack—that summer's day!

"'Oh, he wore plumes in his broad hat
And jewelled buckles on his shoon,
And O, the sparkle in his eye!
And yet his love could die so soon!'

"H-m. Suggests satin breeches and hair-powder, men who could navigate a ball-room floor more safely than the Tardes, doesn't it? Wherever did you get such notions?"

I showed her a volume, one of Captain Blaise's, an anthology of the Elizabethan and Restoration poets. "I was trying to write like one of 'em," I explained. "And I thought it was pretty good."

"I don't — a poor girl believing that Heaven made her kind for the high people's pleasure. No, I don't like that. And 'hair as silk as tasselled corn!' Do you like tasselled corn hair?"

"Why, no—in a man. But my own being black——"

"Hush! Black's best. No, you're not intended for that kind of writing."

"But here—listen:

'True love can neither hate nor scorn,
And ne'er will true love pass away.'

Don't you like that?"

"Something like it's been said so often. Why don't you put it in your own words?" She took up another sheet. "What's this about?"

"That's about a day and night at sea—a fine day in the trades, such a day as today—and last night."

"It *was* a beautiful moon last night, wasn't it?" And she read to herself. Coming to the last stanza, she read aloud, unconsciously I think:

"'The stars gleamed out of a purple light,
The moon trembled wide on the sea;
The Western Ocean smiled that night—
Sweetheart, 'twas a dream of thee!'"

She paused. "But the ocean doesn't smile."

"But it does. Smiles and frowns, and roars and coos, and coaxes and threatens, and strikes and caresses, and leaps and rolls—and so many other things. I've seen it. And Captain Blaise will tell you the same."

She looked strangely at me. In the deep sea I had seen, at times, that deep dark blue of her eyes—ultramarine, they call it;

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After a long look I saw that he did not resume his narrative. By that I knew that the stranger was troubling him.—Page 143.

but hers softer. I almost told her so, but I was afraid.

She looked away and repeated softly:

"'The Western Ocean smiled that night—
Sweetheart, 'twas a dream of thee'

It's pretty, but more like what men who cruise for pleasure would write. You're a sailor—have taken a sailor's chances. Why don't you write like a sailor? It is a sad sea, a terrible sea, despite all your beautiful blue trades. Why don't you write of the tragic sea?"

"I knew that some time you would say something like that. I've seen it in your eyes before."

"You have?"

"Why, many times. And so, here." And from between the pages of Captain Blaise's book of verse I drew another sheet.

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At that time I would have been ashamed to let anybody else see these things, but I did not mind her. "Here," I said, "is one I felt. One night in the Caribbean we got caught in a tornado, and we thought—Captain Blaise said afterward he thought so too—that we had stood our last watch. And at the height of it—we could do nothing but stand by—one of the crew, a young fellow—I was only sixteen years old myself then—he said to me, 'Oh, Master Guy, what will she say when she hears?' He meant his young wife. He'd been married just before we put out, and she'd come down to the ship to see him off. So listen:

"'The spray, most-like, was in my eyes,
He waved his hand to me—
The wind it blew a gale that day
When he sailed out to sea.'"

"Ah-h!" She leaned closer.

"It *was* a gale the day we put out. We had to get out—in Charleston Harbor it was—and they were hot after us—gale or no gale, Captain Blaise put out. I'm trying to imagine what she would think when she heard.

"'And now no spray is in my eyes,
No hand is waved to me—
But all the gales of time shall blow
Ere he comes back from sea!'"

"And she a bride! Oh-h, the poor girl!" She had leaned over my shoulder to read it for herself, and her breath was on my cheek.

"That is why, if I had—a wife, I should dread the sea."

"And that is why a woman— But how long have you been writing poetry?"

"Poetry? Or rhyme? Never before the day I saw you."

"But when did such ideas before take hold of you?"

"The other night I was lying here looking up, and after a time the moon shone through onto my cot, and you crossed its path—you had given me my night cup and I had pretended to be asleep; and I thought of you looking out on the moonlight sea and I got to wondering what you were thinking of. And I remembered a thousand such moonlit nights when you were not there. And I thought what a difference it would have made had you been there, and so when I say

'The Western Ocean smiled that night—
Sweetheart, 'twas a dream of thee!'

you must not smile. I meant it; for if the ocean smiles and whispers and makes men dream of——"

"Oh-h!" her head had settled and now her cheek was against mine. "Go on," she said softly.

"It made me dream of her that was never more than a dream-woman until I saw you. No longer a dream—not after you stepped out onto the veranda of the Governor's house that night in Momba. I knew it again when, looking out from the shrubbery in the garden, you looked at me and said, 'And who is this?' And I knew it when with you in the long-boat, when I wanted to reach out and take your hand——"

"And why didn't you? I knew you were weak from your wound, and it would have been a charity in me to cheer you up."

"Divine charity—but I was not weak—not from any wound. I had not the courage. A sailor may shape his course by a star, but that does not mean that he ever thinks of reaching up and trying to grasp it."

"And you've heard the sea whisper, too, Guy?"

"Many a time. In the night mostly—in the mid-watch, when it's quietest. I've leant over the rail and heard it whisper up to me. People laugh at that, but they know nothing of the sea. And the day, or the night, comes to some men, when she whispers up to him and beckons with her wide arms and on her deep bosom offers to pillow him, and weary of the wrong-doing, mostly it's wrong-doing, or despair, when men hear it—weary, weary to death, they are glad to——"

"No, no—no, Guy—you must never go like that!"

"But when a man's alone?"

She rested her chin on my shoulder, she reached a hand down to mine. "You will not be alone, dear—never, never again."

A voice from above recalled me. "Guy! O Guy! If you can make shift to come on deck, you would do well. We are in close quarters and like to be yet closer."

I looked up, not in full time, but in time to catch a glint of his eyes. Pain in his voice, suffering in his eyes—never till that moment did it come to me that this whole cruise had been but a wooing of Shiela Cunningham. And I, who owed

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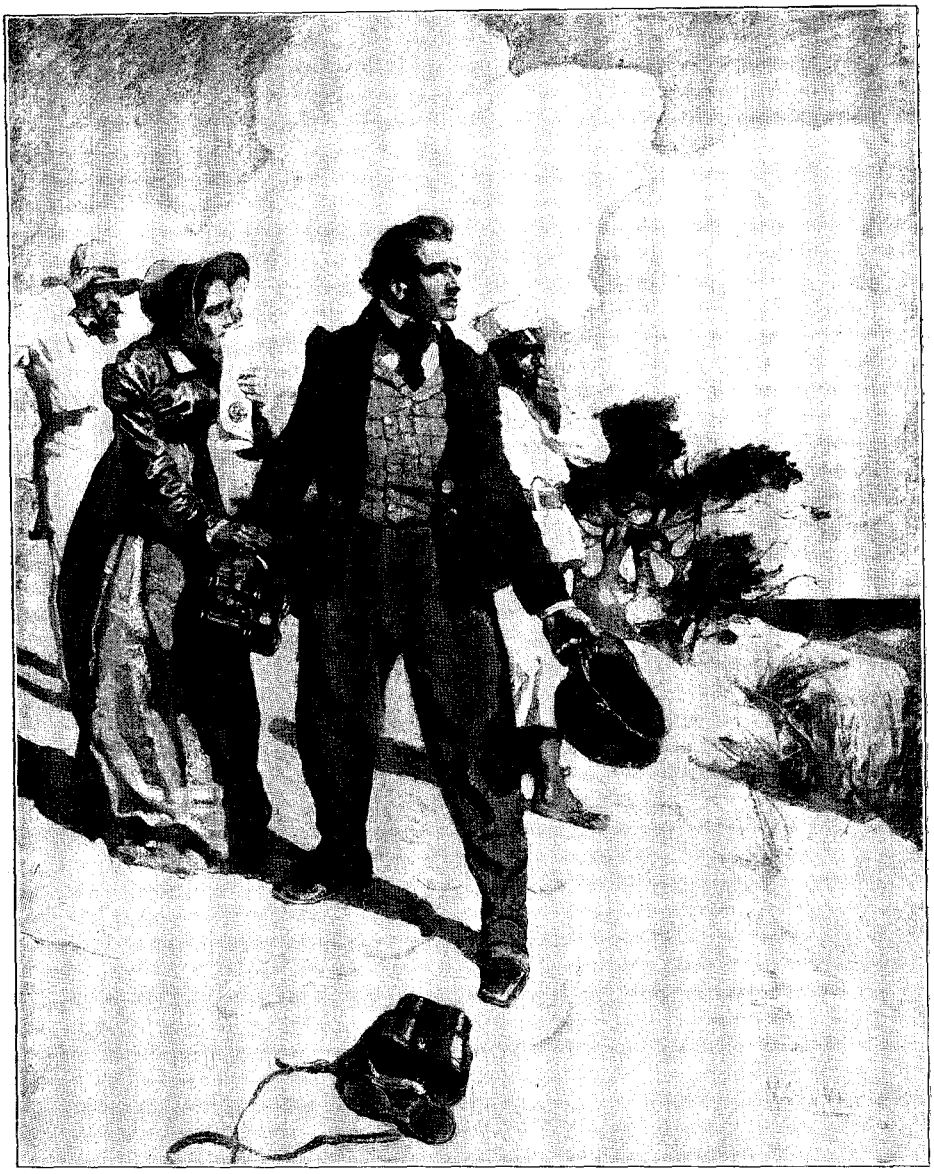

There she was, the *Dancing Bess*, holding a taut bowline to the eastward. And there were the two frigates, but they might as well have been chasing a star.—Page 149.

him everything in life, I had stood in his way. And even with Shiela there my heart ached for him.

VI

WHEN I made the deck I saw that off each beam was an American frigate, and ahead was the land—the coast of Georgia.

No doubt of what they were after. The *Bess* was a much-desired prize, and known as far as a long glass could shape her lines or pick her rig. "But there is yet time, sir," I suggested, "to put about, run between them, and escape to the open sea."

"There *is* time," he answered curtly. He had not looked fairly at me since I came on deck. "But I am going to land our passengers, and without further risk of capture."

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I thought that he had in mind to hold up for the mouth of the Savannah River and run on up the river to the city. He could do that, though it would mean the final abandonment of the brigantine and, most likely, the identification of Captain Blaise with Mr. Villard of Villard Manor.

Though these were two fast-sailing frigates, we were outrunning them; not rapidly, but sufficiently to make it certain, while yet we were a mile offshore, that we would easily make the river entrance, if such was his intention. But evidently not so, for he now ordered the gig ready for lowering and had Mr. Cunningham's strong-box brought on deck.

"Shall I also take that package you spoke of?" asked Mr. Cunningham.

"Surely. It is ready in my room." And he went below and came up with it, a great beribboned and bewaxed envelope, saying, "Deliver it when the time comes, Gad. Or wait, let Miss Shiela do it," and handed it to her instead.

She blushed vividly and placed it in her portmanteau. "Thank you, sir," she said.

I had difficulty in keeping my eyes off her, even though I was again acting as first officer of the *Bess*, and my first duty just now was to keep an eye on the two ships and render judgment as to their intentions.

"That fellow to the south seems to have decided to bid up for the Savannah River entrance on the next tack, sir," I reported.

"Yes." He was busy with the Cunninghams and spoke absently, though it was also likely that he saw better than I did what the man-o'-war would be at. "That's good. Let him stretch that tack all he pleases."

"Then we are not to stand in yet, sir?"

"Not yet, not till the northerly fellow comes into stays. We'll tack then, but not for the river."

The frigate to the north came into the wind, and as she did we wore ship and stood up; not a great divergence from our old course, but enough to make them think we might yet come about and try for the open sea. The ship to the south of us took notice then and came into the wind, and while they were hanging there we eased off and headed straight for the white beach to the north of the river.

Both ships, after the loss of some minutes in irons, once more filled their sails and made straight for our wake. Now they seemed to say, "Another half-mile on that leg and you won't make either the river or the open water."

As we neared the white shore an inlet opened up before us. "There's something, Gad, no chart will show you," observed Captain Blaise. "There's a channel carved round an island since the last government chart was plotted. They're doing some puzzling aboard those war-dogs now, I'll warrant. They're thinking we're going to beach and abandon her, I'll wager."

The *Bess* held straight on. It was an inlet which went on for half a mile or so before turning obliquely to the north. It was wide and deep enough for us—plenty; but a frigate's tonnage would have her troubles, if she tried to follow.

We weathered the first bend. Before us was another bend. I remembered now that years before, when I was a little fellow, I had come in and out of this very place. I began to recollect dimly that after a while it came to the open sea again some miles to the north.

We were almost to the other entrance when he ordered the *Bess* hove-to and the gig lowered. Into it went the strong-box and the Cunninghams and Ubbo. "And you, too, Guy." He was looking at me queerly. "Mr. Cunningham is still weak. And Shiela, brave as she is, is only a woman—a girl. Will you see that they are landed safely? That is the main shore. See that their luggage is carried up to the top of that hill. In the creek beyond that hill is an old darky who will take them in his little sharpie by way of a back river to Savannah.

And so I was to have a few more minutes with her. At the gangway he took my hand and held it while he said, "You're weak yet—don't hurry. Those two frigates won't follow us in here." I remember wondering why only Ubbo was in the boat besides ourselves; but I was too excited at the thought of so soon landing her to think logically. As I was about to step into the gig he whispered, "Take good care of her, won't you, Guy?"

"Why, of course, sir."

"That's the boy." He pressed my hand.

We shoved off, Ubbo rowing. In two minutes we were on the beach. I was still weak to be of much help to Ubbo with the

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strong-box, and so it took us some time to get it to the top of the hill. We covered it with sand and brush to guard against a possible landing party from the frigates. Shiela's idea that was, and it delayed us another few minutes.

I turned to go. Shiela, she was nervous too, but smiling. "Shiela——"

"You're not going back to the ship."

"But I must—I must."

"No, you're not — and you must not. Here." She had taken the bewaxed and beribboned package from her little handbag. It was addressed to "Guy Villard, Esq., Villard Manor, Chatham County, Ga."

"But who is he?"

"Who is he? Who are you?"

"Guy Blaise."

"No, you're not. Open it and read. Or wait, let me read it."

And it is true that not till then did I suspect. I thought that I might have been his son, or the son of some wild friend, born of a marriage on the West Coast or other foreign parts. But of this thing I never had a suspicion.

I was the baby boy picked up in the wreckage of the burning ship. There were the marriage certificates of my father and mother, and the title deeds to the Villard estate. It had been a great temptation—he the next of kin, my father's cousin, and no one knowing. And he, too, feared the strange blood. But watching my growth, he had come to love me, and wanted me to love him, and feared my contempt if I should learn. All this was explained in a letter in a small envelope, written recently and hastily. Together, Shiela and I, we finished the reading of it:

"Though I'm not sure now that you should not thank me for withholding your inheritance until the quality of your manhood was assured. It is true that I imperilled your mortal body a score of times, but through fifty-score weeks I nurtured your immortal soul, Guy.

"And now I am going back to that sea wherein I expect to find rest at the last, and let my friends make no mourning over it, Guy. 'Tis a beautiful clean grave, no mould nor crawling worms there. But if it be that the sea will have none of me, and the metalled war-dogs drive me, and spar-shattered and hull-battered I make a run of it to harbor in my old age, I shall come in full confidence of a mooring under your roof, Guy. And who knows that I won't be worth my salt there?

"You have won her, Guy. I knew you would from that night in Momba when you sat in the stern-sheets and laughed. 'Twas in your laugh that night, though you did not suspect it. But I know. The tides of youth were surging in you. Beauty, wit, and courage—with these in any man I will measure swords; but the tides of youth are of eternal power.

"I should like to dance your children on my knee, Guy, and lull the songs of the sea into their little ears. I've a fine collection by now, Guy — you've no idea — ringing chanties to get a ship under way, and roaring staves of the High Barbaree, ballads of the gale, and lullabies of west winds and summer nights. And your children, Guy, will grow up none the less brave gentlemen and fine ladies for the strengthening salt of the sea in their blood and the clearing whiff of the gale in their brains. So a fair, fair trade to you and Shiela—the fair warm trades which kiss even as they bear us on—and do not forget the tides of youth are flooding for you. Take them and let them bear you on to happiness and wisdom."

I felt weak and dizzy, but I rose to my feet and started down the hill. Shiela caught me and held me. "Look!" She was pointing out to sea.

There she was, the *Dancing Bess*, holding a taut bowline to the eastward. And there were the two frigates, but they might as well have been chasing a star.

"Look!" She handed me the glasses. I looked and saw her ensign dipping. I took off my hat and waved it, hoping that with his long glass he could see. He must have seen us, for the ensign dipped three times again, and from the long-tom in her waist shot out a puff of smoke. We waited for the sound of it. It came.

Farewell that meant. I watched her till her great foresails were no larger than a toy ship's. Then I sat down and cried, and had no care that the negro slave and servant, Ubbo, saw me.

Mr. Cunningham came and sat beside me. "Guy," he said, "don't worry about him. He'll come through all right. He has great qualities in him."

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"He's good, too—too good to me."

"He was more than great and good," said Shiela. "He loved and was lovable. And that includes all your goodness and greatness."

It may be that she who knew him least understood him best.

When her great square foresails were no more than a gull's wing on the hazy horizon we waved her a last salute. Then we made our way to the creek and sailed up Back River, past Savannah, and on to Villard Landing. And hand in hand Shiela and I walked up between the row of moss-hung cypress trees to the manor-house and—Home.

AVE ET VALE, CÆSAR

By E. Sutton

You of the broad black brows, that watched me well
With golden eyes of fealty, you that bore
So sleek your coat of brinded tortoise-shell,
With, on the breast before,

For loyalty the white shield blazoned wide,
'Twixt your great shoulders and the lengthy span
Of limbs that slender looked, till set beside
The strong arm of a man,

Friend, lover, royal Dane, the empty house
Still seems to hold your presence as of yore,
Who at my bedside knew if but a mouse
Would steal across the floor.

But now each morrow is a sad surprise
Without your greeting from the cushion near,
And wakeful moments miss your watchful eyes
That signalled, "I am here."

The statue sejant, hewn without a flaw,
Upon the stair-head, waiting me below;
For seldom faults the gravely offered paw,
And, from the long ago,

Unwearying attendance still as thought;
The quick quaint sympathy when lights were dim,
The nudging nose at meal-time, which besought
That I remember him.

Remember? Ah, if one could but forget
A faith and selflessness beyond desire!
Not oft in brute or human souls is set
The flame of noble fire.

And few, or high or humble, from at hand
And near, pass out into the twilight gray
By the Heart's Portal, so that Thought must stand
To watch them down the way.

So lost, and laid the veiled days behind
Under my window 'neath the grass and dew,
Ave et vale, Cæsar; none may find
Another such as you.

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ETHAN FROME

BY EDITH WHARTON

I HAD the story, bit by bit, from various people, and, as generally happens in such cases, each time it was a different story.

If you know Starkfield, Massachusetts, you know the post-office. If you know the post-office you must have seen Ethan Frome drive up to it, drop the reins on his hollow-backed bay and drag himself across the brick pavement to the white colonnade; and you must have asked who he was.

It was there that, several years ago, I saw him for the first time; and the sight pulled me up sharp. Even then he was the most striking figure in Starkfield, though he was but the ruin of a man. It was not so much his great height that marked him, for the "natives" were easily singled out by their lank longitude from the stockier foreign breed: it was the careless powerful look he had, in spite of a lameness checking each step like the jerk of a chain. There was something bleak and unapproachable in his face, and he was so stiffened and grizzled that I took him for an old man and was surprised to hear that he was not more than fifty-two. I had this from Harmon Gow, who had driven the stage from Bettsbridge to Starkfield in pre-trolley days, and knew the chronicle of all the families on his line.

"He's looked that way ever since he had his smash-up; and that's twenty-four years ago come next February," Harmon threw out between reminiscent pauses.

The "smash-up" it was—I gathered from the same informant—which, besides drawing the red gash across Ethan Frome's forehead, had so shortened and warped his right side that it cost him a visible effort to hobble from his buggy to the post-office window. He used to drive in from his farm every day at about midday, and as that was my own hour for fetching my mail I often passed him in the porch or stood beside him while we waited on the motions of the distributing hand behind the grating. I noticed that, though he came so punctually, he seldom received anything but a copy of the *Bettsbridge Eagle*, which he put without a glance into his sagging pocket. At intervals, however, the post-master would hand him an envelope addressed to Mrs. Zenobia—or Mrs. Zeena—Frome, and usually bearing conspicuously in the upper left-hand corner the address of some manufacturer of patent medicine and the name of his specific. These documents my neighbour would also pocket without a glance, as if too much used to them to wonder at their number and variety, and would then turn away with a silent nod to the post-master.

Every one in Starkfield knew him and gave him a greeting tempered to his own grave mien; but his taciturnity was respected and it was only on rare occasions that one of the older men of the place detained him for a word. When this happened he would listen quietly, his blue eyes on the speaker's face, and answer in so low a tone that his words never reached me; then he would climb stiffly into his buggy, gather up the reins in his left hand and drive slowly away in the direction of his farm.

"It was a pretty bad smash-up?" I questioned Harmon, looking after Frome's retreating figure, and thinking how gallantly his lean brown head, with its shock of light hair, must have sat on his shoulders before they were bent out of shape.

"Wust kind," my informant assented. "More'n enough to kill most men. But the Fromes are tough. Ethan'll likely touch a hundred."

"Good God!" I exclaimed. At the moment, Ethan Frome, after climbing to his seat, had leaned over to assure himself of the security of a wooden box—also with a druggist's label on it—which he had placed in the back of the buggy, and I saw his face as it probably looked when he thought himself alone. "*That* man touch a hundred? He looks as if he was dead and in hell now!"

Harmon drew a slab of tobacco from his pocket cut off a wedge and pressed it into

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the leather pouch of his cheek. "Guess he's been in Starkfield too many winters. Most of the smart ones get away."

"Why didn't *he?*"

Harmon considered. "Somebody had to stay and care for the folks. There warn't ever anybody but Ethan. Fust his father —then his mother—then his wife."

"And then the smash-up?"

Harmon chuckled sardonically. "That's so. He *had* to stay then."

"I see. And since then they've had to care for him?"

Harmon thoughtfully passed his tobacco to the other cheek. "Oh, as to that: I guess it's always Ethan done the caring."

Though Harmon Gow developed the tale as far as his mental and moral reach permitted there were perceptible gaps between his facts, and I had the sense that the deeper meaning of the story was in the gaps. But one phrase stuck in my memory and served as the nucleus about which I grouped my subsequent inferences: "Guess he's been in Starkfield too many winters."

Before my own time there was up I had learned to know what that meant. Yet I had come in the degenerate day of trolley, bicycle and rural delivery, when communication was easy between the scattered mountain villages, and the bigger towns in the valleys, such as Bettsbridge and Shadd's Falls, had libraries, theatres and Y.M.C.A. halls to which the youth of the hills could descend for recreation. But when winter shut down on Starkfield, and the village lay under a sheet of snow perpetually renewed from the pale skies, I began to see what life there—or rather its negation—must have been in Ethan Frome's young manhood.

I had been sent up by my employers on a job connected with the big power-house at Corbury Junction, and a long-drawn carpenters' strike had so delayed the work that I found myself anchored at Starkfield—the nearest habitable spot—for the best part of the winter. I chafed at first, and then, under the hypnotising effect of routine, gradually began to find a grim fascination in the life. During the early part of my stay I had been struck by the contrast between the vitality of the climate and the deadness of the community. Day by day, after the December snows were over, a blazing blue sky poured down torrents of light and air on the white landscape, which gave them back in an intenser glitter. One would have supposed that such an atmosphere must quicken the emotions as well as the blood; but it seemed to produce no change except that of retarding still more the sluggish pulse of Starkfield. When I had been there a little longer, and had seen this phase of crystal clearness followed by long stretches of sunless cold; when the storms of February had pitched their white tents about the devoted village and the wild cavalry of March winds had charged down to their support; I began to understand why Starkfield emerged from its six months' siege like a starved garrison capitulating without quarter. Twenty years earlier the means of resistance must have been far fewer, and the enemy in command of almost all the lines of access between the beleaguered villages; and, considering these things, I felt the sinister force of Harmon's phrase: "Most of the smart ones get away." But if that were the case, what had hindered the flight of a man like Ethan Frome?

During my stay at Starkfield I lodged with a middle-aged widow, colloquially known as Mrs. Ned Hale. Mrs. Hale's father had been the village lawyer of the previous generation, and "lawyer Varnum's house", where my landlady still lived with her mother, was the most considerable mansion in the village. It stood at one end of the main street, its classic portico and small-paned windows looking down a flagged path flanked with Norway spruces to the slim white steeple of the Congregational church. It was clear that the Varnum fortunes were at the ebb, but the two women did what they could to preserve a decent dignity; and Mrs. Hale, in particular, had a certain wan refinement not out of keeping with her pale old-fashioned house.

In the "best parlour," with its black horse-hair and mahogany weakly illuminated by a gurgling Carcel lamp, I listened every evening to another and more delicately shaded version of the Starkfield chronicle. It was not that Mrs. Ned Hale felt, or affected, any social superiority to the people about her; it was only that the accident of a finer sensibility and a little more education had put just enough distance between herself and her neighbours to enable her to judge them with detachment. She

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was not unwilling to exercise this faculty, and I had great hopes of getting from her the missing facts of Ethan Frome's story, or rather the key to his character which should coördinate the facts I knew. Her mind was a store-house of innocuous anecdote and any question about her acquaintance brought forth a flow of detail; but on the subject of Ethan Frome I found her unexpectedly reticent. There was no hint of disapproval in her reserve; I merely felt in her an insurmountable reluctance to speak of him or his affairs, a low "Yes, I knew them both . . . it was awful . . ." seeming to be the utmost concession that her distress could make to my curiosity.

So marked was the change in her manner, such depths of sad initiation did it imply, that, with some doubts as to my delicacy, I put the case to my village oracle, Harmon Gow; but got nothing for my pains but an uncomprehending grunt.

"Ruth Varnum was always as nervous as a rat; and she was the first one to see 'em after they was picked up. It happened right below lawyer Varnum's, down at the bend of the Corbury road, just round about the time that Ruth got engaged to Ned Hale. The young folks was all friends, and I guess she just can't bear to talk about it. She's had troubles enough of her own."

All the dwellers in Starkfield, as in more notable communities, had had troubles enough of their own to make them comparatively indifferent to those of their neighbours; and though all conceded that Ethan Frome's had been beyond the common measure, no one gave me an explanation of the look in his face which, as I persisted in thinking, neither poverty nor physical suffering could have put there. Nevertheless, I might have contented myself with the story pieced together from these hints had it not been for the provocation of Mrs. Hale's silence, and—a little later—for the accident of personal contact with the man.

On arriving at Starkfield I had arranged with Denis Eady, the rich Irish grocer, who was the proprietor of Starkfield's nearest approach to a livery stable, to send me over daily to Corbury Flats, where I had to pick up my train for the Junction. But about the middle of the winter Eady's horses fell ill of a local epidemic. The illness spread to the other Starkfield stables and for a day or two I was put to it to find a means of transport. Then Harmon Gow suggested that Ethan Frome's bay was still on his legs and that his owner might be glad to drive me over.

I stared at the suggestion. "Ethan Frome? But I've never even spoken to him. Why on earth should he put himself out for me?"

Harmon's answer surprised me still more. "I don't know as he would; but I know he wouldn't be sorry to earn a dollar."

I had been told that Frome was poor, and that the saw-mill and the stony acres of his farm yielded scarcely enough to keep his household through the winter; but I had not supposed him to be in such want as Harmon's words implied, and I expressed my wonder.

"Well, matters ain't gone any too well with him," Harmon said. "When a man's been setting round like a hulk for twenty years or more, seeing things that want doing, it eats inter him, and he loses his grit. That Frome farm was always 'bout as bare's a milkpan when the cat's been round; and you know what one of them old-water-mills is wuth nowadays. When Ethan could sweat over 'em both from sun-up to dark he kinder choked a living out of 'em; but his folks ate up most everything, even then,and I don't see how he makes out now. Fust his father got a kick, out haying, and went soft in the brain, and gave away money like Bible texts afore he died. Then his mother went queer and dragged along for years as weak as a baby; and his wife Zeena, she's always been the greatest hand at doctoring in the county. Sickness and trouble: that's what Ethan's had his plate full up with, ever since the very first helping."

The next morning, when I looked out, I saw the hollow-backed bay between the Varnum spruces, and Ethan Frome, throwing back his worn bear-skin, made room for me in the sleigh at his side. After that, for a week, he drove me over every morning to Corbury Flats, and on my return in the afternoon he met me again and carried me back through the icy night to Starkfield. The distance each way was barely three miles, but the old bay's pace was slow, and even with firm snow under the runners we were nearly an hour on the way. Ethan Frome drove in silence, the reins

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loosely held in his left hand, his brown seamed profile under the helmet-like peak of the cap standing out against the banks of snow like the bronze relief of a hero. He never turned his face to mine, or answered, except in monosyllables, the questions I put, or such slight pleasantries as I ventured. He seemed a part of the mute melancholy landscape, an incarnation of its frozen woe, with all that was warm and sentient in him fast bound below the surface; but there was nothing unfriendly in his silence. I simply felt that he lived in a depth of moral isolation too remote for casual access, and I had the sense that his loneliness was not merely the result of his personal plight, tragic as I guessed that to be, but had in it the profound accumulated cold of many Starkfield winters.

Only once or twice was the distance between us bridged for a moment; and the glimpses thus gained confirmed my desire to know more. Once I happened to speak of an engineering job I had been on the previous winter in Florida, and of the contrast between the Starkfield landscape and that in which I had found myself the year before; and to my surprise Frome said suddenly: "Yes: I was down there once, and for a good while afterward I could call up the sight of it in winter. But now it's all snowed under."

He said no more, and I had to guess the rest from the inflection of his voice and his abrupt relapse into silence. Another day, on getting into my train at the Flats, I missed a volume of popular science—I think it was on some recent discoveries in bio-chemistry—which I had carried with me to read on the way. I thought no more about it till I got into the sleigh again that evening, and saw the book in Frome's hand.

"I found it after you were gone," he said.

I put the volume into my pocket and we dropped back into our usual silence; but as we began to crawl up the long hill from Corbury Flats to the Starkfield ridge I became aware in the dusk that he had turned his face to mine.

"There are things in that book that I didn't know the first word about," he said.

I wondered less at his words than at the queer note of resentment in his voice. He was evidently surprised and slightly aggrieved at his own ignorance.

"Does that sort of thing interest you?" I asked.

"It used to."

"There are one or two rather new things in the book: there have been some big strides lately in that particular line of research." I waited a moment for an answer that did not come; then I said: "If you'd like to look the book through I'd be glad to leave it with you."

He hesitated, and I had the impression that he felt himself about to yield to a stealing tide of inertia; then, "Thank you—I'll take it," he answered shortly.

I hoped that this incident might set up some more direct communication between us. Frome was so simple and straightforward that I was sure his curiosity about the book was based on a genuine interest in its subject. Such tastes and acquirements in a man of his condition made the contrast more poignant between his outer situation and his inner needs, and I hoped that the chance of giving expression to the latter might at least unseal his lips. But something in his past history, or in his present way of living, had apparently driven him too deeply into himself for any casual impulse to draw him back to his kind. At our next meeting he made no allusion to the book, and our intercourse seemed fated to remain as negative and one-sided as if there had been no break in his reserve.

Frome had been driving me over to the Flats for about ten days when one morning I looked out of my window into densely falling snow. The height of the white waves massed against the garden-fence and along the wall of the church showed that the storm must have been going on all night, and that the drifts were likely to be heavy in the open. I thought it probable that my train would be delayed; but I had to be at the power-house for an hour or two that afternoon, and I decided, if Frome turned up, to drive over to the Flats and wait there till my train came in. I don't know why I put it in the conditional, however, for I never doubted that Frome would appear. He was not the kind of man to be turned from his business by any commotion of the elements; and at the appointed hour his sleigh glided up through the snow like a stage-apparition behind thickening veils of gauze.

I was getting to know him too well to express either wonder or gratitude at his keep-

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ing his appointment; but I exclaimed in surprise as I saw him turn his horse in a direction opposite to that of the Corbury road.

"The railroad's blocked by a freight-train that got stuck in a drift below the Flats," he explained, as we jogged off through the stinging whiteness.

"But look here—where are you taking me, then?"

"Straight to the Junction, by the shortest way," he answered, pointing up School House Hill with his whip.

"To the Junction—in this storm? Why, it's a good ten miles!"

"The bay'll do it if you give him time. You said you had some business there this afternoon. I'll see you get there."

He said it so quietly that I could only answer: "You're doing me the biggest kind of a favour."

"That's all right," he rejoined.

Abreast of the school house the road forked, and we dipped down a lane to the left, between hemlock boughs bent inward to their trunks by the weight of the snow. I had often walked that way on Sundays, and knew that the solitary roof showing through bare branches near the bottom of the hill was that of Frome's saw-mill. It looked exanimate enough, with its idle wheel looming above the black stream dashed with yellow-white spume, and its cluster of sheds sagging under their white load. Frome did not even turn his head as we drove by, and still in silence we began to mount the next slope. About a mile farther, on a road I had never travelled, we came to an orchard of starved apple-trees writhing over a hill-side among outcroppings of slate that nuzzled up through the snow like animals pushing out their noses to breathe. Beyond the orchard lay a field or two, their boundaries lost under drifts; and above the fields, huddled against the white immensities of land and sky, one of those lonely New England farm-houses that make the landscape lonelier.

"That's my place," said Frome, with a sideway jerk of his lame elbow; and in the distress and oppression of the scene I did not know what to answer. The snow had ceased, and a flash of watery sunlight exposed the house on the slope above us in all its plaintive ugliness. The black wraith of a deciduous creeper flapped from the porch, and the thin wooden walls, under their worn coat of paint, seemed to shiver in the wind that had risen with the ceasing of the snow.

"The house was bigger in my father's time: I had to take down the 'L' a while back," Frome continued, checking with a twitch of the left rein the bay's evident intention of turning in through the broken-down gate.

I saw then that the unusually forlorn and stunted look of the house was partly due to the loss of what is known in New England as the "L": that long deep-roofed adjunct usually built at right angles to the main house, and connecting it, by way of store-rooms and tool-house, with the wood-shed and cow-barn. Whether because of its symbolic sense, the image it presents of a life linked with the soil, and enclosing in itself the chief sources of warmth and nourishment, or whether merely because of the solace suggested by the thought that dwellers in that harsh climate can get to their morning's work without facing the weather, it is certain that the "L" rather than the house itself seems to be the centre, the actual hearth-stone, of the New England farm. Perhaps because of this connection of ideas, which had often occurred to me in my rambles about Starkfield, I heard a wistful note in Frome's words, and saw, in the diminished house, the image of his own shrunken body.

"We're kinder side-tracked here now," he added, "but there was considerable passing before the railroad was carried through to the Flats." He roused the lagging bay with another twitch; then, as if the mere sight of the house had let me too deeply into his confidence for any farther pretence of reserve, he went on slowly: "I've always set down the worst of mother's trouble to that. When she got the rheumatism so she could'nt move around she used to sit up there and watch the road by the hour; and one year, when they was six months mending the Bettsbridge pike after the floods, and Harmon Gow had to bring his stage round this way, she picked up so that she used to get down to the gate most days to see him. But after the trains begun running nobody ever come by here to speak of, and mother never could get it through her head what had happened, and it preyed on her right along till she died."

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As we turned into the Corbury road the snow began to fall again, cutting off our last glimpse of the lonely house; and Frome's silence fell with it, letting down between us the old veil of reticence. This time the wind did not cease with the return of the snow. Instead, it sprang up to a gale which now and then, from a tattered sky, flung pale sweeps of sunlight over a landscape chaotically tossed. But the bay was as good as Frome's word, and we pushed on to the Junction through the wild white scene.

In the afternoon the storm held off, and the clearness in the west seemed to my untrained eye the pledge of a fair evening. I finished my business as quickly as possible, and we set out for Starkfield with a fair chance of getting there for supper. But at sunset the storm-clouds gathered again, bringing with them an earlier night. The snow fell straight and steadily from a sky without wind, in a soft universal diffusion more confusing than the gusts and eddies of the morning: it seemed to be a part of the thickening darkness, to be the winter night itself descending on us layer by layer.

The small ray of Frome's lantern was soon lost in this smothering medium, in which even his sense of direction, and the bay's homing instinct, finally ceased to serve us. Two or three times some ghostly landmark sprang up to warn us that we were astray, and then was reabsorbed into the mist; and when we finally got back to our road the old horse began to show signs of exhaustion. I felt that I was to blame for having accepted Frome's offer, and after a short argument I persuaded him to let me get out of the sleigh and walk along through the snow at the bay's side. In this way we struggled on for another mile or two, and at last reached a point where Frome, peering into what seemed to me formless night, said: "That's my gate down yonder."

The last stretch had been the hardest part of the way. The bitter cold and the heavy going had nearly knocked the wind out of me, and I could feel the bay's side ticking like a clock under my hand.

"Look here, Frome," I began, "there's no earthly use in your going any farther—" but he interrupted me: "Nor you neither. There's been about enough of this for anybody."

I understood that he was offering me a night's shelter at the farm, and without answering I turned into the gate at his side, and followed him to the barn, where I helped him to unharness and bed down the tired horse. When this was done he unhooked the lantern from the sleigh, stepped out again into the night, and called to me over his shoulder: "This way."

Far off above us a square of light trembled through the screen of snow. Following in Frome's wake I floundered toward it, and in the darkness almost fell into one of the deep drifts against the front of the house. Frome scrambled up the slippery steps of the porch, digging a way through the snow with his heavily booted foot. Then he lifted his lantern, found the latch, and led the way into the house. I went after him into a low unlit passage, at the back of which a ladder-like staircase disappeared into obscurity. On our right a line of light marked the door of the room which had sent its ray across the night; and behind the door I heard a woman's voice droning querulously.

Frome stamped his feet on the threadbare oil-cloth to shake the snow from his boots, and set down his lantern on a kitchen chair which was the only piece of furniture in the hall. Then he opened the door.

"Come in," he said to me; and as he spoke the droning voice grew still. . .

It was that night that I found the clew to Ethan Frome, and began to put together this vision of his story. . . . . .

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I

The village lay under two feet of snow, with drifts at the windy corners. In a sky of iron the points of the Dipper hung like icicles and Orion flashed his cold fires. The moon had set, but the night was so transparent that the white house-fronts between the elms looked gray against the snow, clumps of bushes made black stains on it, and the basement windows of the church sent shafts of yellow light far across the endless undulations.

Young Ethan Frome walked at a quick pace along the deserted street, past the bank and Michael Eady's new brick store and Lawyer Varnum's house with the two black Norway spruces at the gate. Op-

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posite the Varnum gate, where the road fell away toward the Corbury valley, the church reared its slim white steeple and narrow peristyle. As the young man walked toward it the upper windows drew a black arcade along the side wall of the building, but from the lower openings, on the side where the ground sloped steeply down to the Corbury road, the light shot its long bars, illuminating many fresh furrows in the track leading to the basement door, and showing, under an adjoining shed, a line of sleighs with heavily muffled horses.

The night was perfectly still, and the air so dry and pure that it gave little sensation of cold. The effect produced on Frome was rather of a complete absence of atmosphere, as though nothing less tenuous than ether intervened between the white earth under his feet and the metallic dome overhead. "It's like being in an exhausted receiver," he thought. Four or five years earlier he had taken a year's course at a technological college at Worcester, and dabbled in the laboratory with a friendly professor of physics; and the images supplied by that experience still cropped up, at unexpected moments, through the totally different associations of thought in which he had since been living. His father's death, and the misfortunes following it, had put a premature end to Ethan's studies; but though they had not gone far enough to be of much practical use they had fed his fancy and made him aware of huge cloudy meanings behind the daily face of things.

As he strode along through the snow the sense of such meanings glowed in his brain and mingled with the bodily flush produced by his sharp tramp. At the end of the village he paused before the darkened front of the church. He stood there a moment, breathing quickly, and looking up and down the street, in which not another figure moved. The pitch of the Corbury road, below Lawyer Varnum's spruces, was the favourite coasting-ground of Starkfield, and on clear evenings the church corner rang till late with the shouts of the coasters; but to-night not a sled darkened the whiteness of the long declivity. The silence of midnight lay on Starkfield, and all its waking life was gathered behind the church windows, from which strains of dance-music flowed with the broad bands of yellow light.

The young man walked around to the side of the building and went down the slope toward the basement door. To keep out of range of the revealing rays from within he made a circuit through the untrodden snow and gradually approached the farther angle of the basement wall. Thence, still hugging the shadow, he edged his way cautiously forward to the nearest window, holding back his straight spare body and craning his neck till he got a glimpse of the room.

Seen thus, from the pure and frosty darkness in which he stood, it seemed to be seething in a mist of heat. The metal reflectors of the gas-jets sent crude waves of light against the white-washed walls, and the iron flanks of the stove at the end of the hall looked as though they were heaving with volcanic fires. The floor was thronged with girls and young men. Down the side wall facing the window stood a row of kitchen chairs from which the older women had just risen. By this time the music had stopped, and the musicians—a fiddler, and the young lady who played the harmonium on Sundays—were hastily refreshing themselves at one corner of the supper-table which aligned its devastated pie-dishes and ice-cream saucers on the platform at the end of the room. The guests were preparing to leave, and the tide had already set toward the passage where coats and wraps were hung, when a young man with a sprightly foot and a shock of black hair shot into the middle of the floor and clapped his hands. The signal took instant effect. The musicians hurried to their instruments, the dancers—some already half-muffled for departure—fell into line down each side of the room, the older spectators slipped back to their chairs, and the lively young man, after diving about here and there in the throng, drew forth a girl who had already wound a cherry-coloured "fascinator" about her head, and, leading her up to the end of the room, whirled her down its length to the bounding tune of a Virginia reel.

Frome's heart was beating fast. He had been straining for a glimpse of the dark head under the cherry-coloured scarf and it vexed him that another eye should have been quicker than his. The leader of the reel, who looked as if he had Irish blood in his veins, danced well and his partner

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caught his fire. As she passed down the line, her light figure swinging from hand to hand in circles of increasing swiftness, the scarf flew off her head and stood out behind her shoulders, and Frome, at each turn, caught sight of her laughing panting lips, the dark hair clouding about her forehead, and the dark eyes which seemed the only fixed points in a maze of flying lines.

The dancers were going faster and faster, and the musicians, to keep up with them, belaboured their instruments like jockeys lashing their mounts on the home-stretch; yet it seemed to the young man at the window that the reel would never end. Now and then he turned his eyes from the girl's face to that of her partner, which, in the exhilaration of the dance, had taken on a look of almost impudent ownership. Denis Eady was the son of Michael Eady, the ambitious Irish grocer, whose suppleness and effrontery had given Starkfield its first notion of "smart" business methods, and whose new brick store testified to the success of the attempt. His son seemed likely to follow in his steps, and was meanwhile applying the same arts to the conquest of the Starkfield maidenhood. Hitherto Ethan Frome had been content to think him a mean fellow; but now he positively invited a horse-whipping. It was strange that the girl did not seem aware of it: that she could lift her rapt face to her dancer's, and drop her hands into his without appearing to feel the offence of his look and touch.

Frome was in the habit of walking into Starkfield to fetch home his wife's cousin, Mattie Silver, on the rare evenings when some chance of amusement drew her to the village. It was his wife who had suggested, when the girl came to live with them, that such opportunities should be put in her way. Mattie Silver came from Stamford, and when she entered the Fromes' household to act as her cousin Zeena's aid it was thought best, as she came without pay, not to let her feel too sharp a contrast between the life she had left and the isolation of a Starkfield farm. But for this—as Frome sardonically reflected—it would hardly have occurred to Zeena to do anything for the girl's amusement.

When his wife first proposed that they should give Mattie an occasional evening out he had inwardly demurred at having to do the extra two miles to the village and back after his hard day on the farm; but not long afterward he had reached the point of wishing that Starkfield might give all its nights to revelry.

Mattie Silver had lived under his roof for a year, and from early morning till they met at supper he had frequent chances of seeing her; but no moments in her company were comparable to those when, her arm in his, and her light step flying to keep time with his long stride, they walked back through the night to the farm. He had taken to the girl from his first day when he had driven over to the Flats to meet her, and she had smiled and waved to him from the train, and cried out "You must be Ethan!" as she jumped out with her bundles, while he reflected, looking over her slight person: "She don't look much on house-work, but she ain't a fretter, anyhow." But it was not only that the coming to his house of a bit of hopeful young life was like the lighting of a fire on a cold hearth. The girl was more than the bright serviceable creature he had thought her. She had an eye to see and an ear to hear: he could show her things and tell her things, and taste the bliss of feeling that all he imparted left long reverberations and echoes he could wake at will.

It was during their night walks back to the farm that he felt most intensely the sweetness of this communion. He had always been more sensitive than the people about him to the appeal of natural beauty. His unfinished studies had given form to this sensibility and even in his unhappiest moments field and sky spoke to him with a deep and powerful persuasion. But hitherto the emotion had remained in him as a silent ache, veiling with sadness the beauty that evoked it. He did not even know whether any one else in the world felt as he did, or whether he was the sole victim of this mournful privilege. Then he learned that one other spirit had trembled with the same touch of wonder: that at his side, living under his roof and eating his bread, was a creature to whom he could say: "That's Orion down yonder; the big fellow to the right is Aldebaran, and the bunch of little ones—like bees swarming—they're the Pleiades . . ." or whom he could hold entranced before a ledge of granite thrusting up through the fern while

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he unrolled the huge panorama of the ice-age, and the long dim stretches of succeeding time. The fact that admiration for his learning mingled with Mattie's wonder at what he taught was not the least part of his pleasure. And there were other sensations, less definable but more exquisite, which drew them together with a shock of silent joy: the cold red of sunset behind winter hills, the flight of cloud-flocks over slopes of stubble, or the intensely blue shadows of hemlocks on sunlit snow. When she said to him once: "It looks just as if it was painted!" it seemed to Ethan that the art of definition could go no farther, and that words had at last been found to utter his secret soul. . .

As he stood in the darkness outside the church these memories came back with the poignancy of vanished things. Watching Mattie whirl down the floor from hand to hand he wondered how he could ever have thought that his dull talk interested her. To him, who was never gay but in her presence, her gaiety seemed plain proof of indifference. The face she lifted to her dancers was the same which, when she saw him, always looked like a window that has caught the sunset. He even noticed two or three gestures which, in his fatuity, he had thought she kept for him: a way of throwing her head back when she was amused, as if to taste her laugh before she let it out, and a trick of sinking her lids slowly when anything charmed or moved her.

The sight made him unhappy, and his unhappiness awoke his latent fears. His wife had never shown any jealousy of Mattie, but of late she had grumbled increasingly over the house-work and found sardonic ways of attracting attention to the girl's inefficiency. Zeena had always been what Starkfield called "sickly," and Frome had to admit that, if she were as ailing as she believed, she needed the help of a stronger arm than the one which lay so lightly in his during the night walks to the farm. Mattie had no natural turn for house-keeping, and her training had done nothing to remedy this defect. She was quick to learn, but forgetful and dreamy, and not disposed to take the matter seriously. Ethan had an idea that if she were to marry a man she was fond of the dormant instinct would wake, and her pies and biscuits become the pride of the county; but domesticity in the abstract did not interest her. At first she was so awkward that he could not help laughing at her; but she laughed with him and that made them better friends. He did his best to supplement her unskilled efforts, getting up earlier than usual to light the kitchen fire, carrying in the wood overnight, and neglecting the mill for the farm that he might help her about the house during the day. He even crept down on Saturday nights to scrub the kitchen floor after the women had gone to bed; and Zeena, one day, had surprised him at the churn and had turned away with one of her queer looks.

Of late there had been other signs of her disfavour, as intangible but more disquieting. One cold winter morning, as he dressed in the dark, his candle flickering in the draught of the window, he had heard her voice from the bed behind him.

"The doctor don't want I should be left without anybody to do for me," she said in her flat whine.

He had supposed her to be asleep, and the sound of her voice had startled him, though she was given to abrupt explosions of speech after long intervals of secretive silence.

He turned and looked at her where she lay indistinctly outlined under the dark calico quilt, her high-boned face taking a grayish tinge from the whiteness of the pillow.

"Nobody to do for you?" he repeated.

"If you say you can't afford a hired girl when Mattie goes."

Frome turned away again, and taking up his razor stooped to catch the reflection of his stretched cheek in the blotched looking-glass above the wash-stand.

"Why on earth should Mattie go?"

"Well, when she gets married, I mean," his wife's drawl came from behind him.

"Oh, she'd never leave us as long as you needed her," he returned, scraping hard at his chin.

"I wouldn't ever have it said that I stood in the way of a poor girl like Mattie marrying a smart fellow like Denis Eady," Zeena answered in a tone of plaintive self-effacement.

Ethan, glaring at his face in the glass, threw his head back to draw the razor from ear to chin. His hand was steady, but the attitude was an excuse for not making an immediate reply.

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"And the doctor don't want I should be left without anybody," Zeena continued. "He wanted I should speak to you about a girl he's heard about, that might come—"

Ethan laid down the razor and straightened himself with a laugh.

"Denis Eady! If that's all, I guess there's no such hurry to look round for a girl."

"Well, I'd like to talk to you about it," said Zeena obstinately.

He was getting into his clothes in fumbling haste. "All right. But I haven't got the time now; I'm late as it is," he returned, holding his old silver turnip-watch to the candle.

Zeena, apparently accepting this as final, lay watching him in silence while he pulled his suspenders over his shoulders and jerked his arms into his coat; but as he went toward the door she said, suddenly and incisively: "I guess you're always late, now you shave every morning."

That thrust had frightened him more than any vague insinuations about Denis Eady. It was a fact that since Mattie Silver's coming he had taken to shaving every day; but his wife always seemed to be asleep when he left her side in the winter darkness, and he had stupidly assumed that she would not notice any change in his appearance. Once or twice in the past he had been faintly disquieted by Zenobia's way of letting things happen without seeming to remark them, and then, weeks afterward, in a casual phrase, revealing that she had all along taken her notes and drawn her inferences. Of late, however, there had been no room in his thoughts for such vague apprehensions. Zeena herself, from an oppressive reality, had faded into an insubstantial shade. All his life was lived in the sight and sound of Mattie Silver, and he could no longer conceive of its being otherwise. But now, as he stood outside the church, and saw Mattie spinning down the floor with Denis Eady, a throng of disregarded hints and menaces wove their cloud about his brain . . .

II

As the dancers poured out of the hall Frome drew back behind the projecting storm-door.

From this hidden corner he watched the segregation of the grotesquely muffled groups, in which a moving lantern ray now and then lit up a face flushed with food and dancing. The villagers, being afoot, were the first to climb the slope to the main street, while the country neighbours packed themselves into the sleighs under the shed.

"Ain't you riding, Mattie?" a woman's voice called back from the throng about the shed, and Ethan's heart gave a jump. From where he stood he could not see the persons coming out of the hall till they had advanced a few steps beyond the wooden sides of the storm-door; but through its cracks he heard a clear voice answer: "Mercy no! Not on such a night."

She was there, then, close to him, only a thin board between. In another moment she would step forth into the night, and his eyes, accustomed to the obscurity, would discern her as clearly as though she stood in daylight. A wave of shyness pulled him back into the dark angle of the wall, and he stood there in silence instead of making his presence known to her. It had been one of the wonders of their intercourse that from the first, she, the quicker, finer, more expressive, instead of crushing him by the contrast, had given him something of her own ease and freedom. But now he felt as heavy and loutish as in his student days, when he had tried to "jolly" the Worcester girls at a picnic.

He hung back, and she came out alone and paused within a few yards of him. She was almost the last to leave the hall, and she stood looking uncertainly about her as if wondering why he did not show himself. Then a man's figure approached, coming so close to her that under their formless wrappings they seemed merged in one dim outline.

"Gentleman friend gone back on you? Say, Matt, that's tough! No, I wouldn't be mean enough to tell the other girls. I ain't as low-down as that." (How Frome hated his cheap banter!) "But look at here, ain't it lucky I got the old man's cutter down there waiting for us?"

Frome heard the girl's voice, gaily incredulous: "What on earth's your father's cutter doin' down there?"

"Why, waiting for me to take a ride. I got the roan colt too. I kinder knew I'd want to take a ride to-night." Eady, in his triumph, tried to put a sentimental note into his bragging voice.

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The girl seemed to waver, and Frome saw her twirl the end of her scarf irresolutely about her fingers. Not for the world would he have made a sign to her, though it seemed to him that his life hung on her next gesture.

"Hold on a minute while I unhitch the colt," Denis called to her, springing toward the shed.

She stood perfectly still, looking after him, in an attitude of tranquil expectancy torturing to the hidden watcher. Frome noticed that she no longer turned her head from side to side, as though peering through the night for another figure. She let Denis Eady lead out the horse, climb into the cutter and fling back the bearskin to make room for her at his side; then, with a swift motion of flight, she darted up the slope toward the front of the church.

"Good-by! Hope you'll have a lovely ride!" she called back to him over her shoulder.

Denis laughed, and gave the horse a cut that brought him quickly abreast of the girl's retreating figure.

"Come along! Get in quick! It's as slippery as thunder on this turn," he cried, leaning over to reach out a hand to her.

She laughed back at him: "Good-night! I'm not getting in."

By this time they had passed beyond Frome's ear-shot and he could only follow the shadowy pantomime of their silhouettes as they continued to move along the crest of the slope above him. He saw Eady, after a moment, jump from the cutter and go toward the girl with the reins over one arm. The other he tried to slip through hers; but she eluded him quickly, and Frome's heart, which had swung out over a black void, trembled back to safety. A moment later he heard the jingle of departing sleigh bells and discerned a figure advancing alone toward the empty expanse of snow before the church.

In the black shade of the Varnum spruces he caught up with her and she turned with a quick "Oh!"

"Think I'd forgotten you, Matt?" he asked with boyish glee.

She answered seriously: "I thought maybe you couldn't come back for me."

"Couldn't? What on earth could stop me?"

"I knew Zeena wasn't feeling any too good to-day."

"Oh, she's in bed long ago." He stopped, a question struggling in him. "Then you meant to walk home all alone?"

"Oh, I ain't afraid!" she laughed.

They stood together in the gloom of the spruces, an empty world glimmering about them wide and grey under the stars. He brought his question out.

"If you thought I hadn't come, why didn't you ride back with Denis Eady?"

"Why, where *were* you? How did you know? I never saw you!"

Her wonder and his laughter ran together like spring rills in a thaw. Ethan had the sense of having done something arch and ingenious. To prolong the effect he groped for a dazzling phrase, and brought out, in a growl of rapture: "Come along."

He slipped an arm through hers, as Eady had done, and fancied it was faintly pressed against her side; but neither of them moved. It was so dark under the spruces that he could barely see the shape of her head beside his shoulder. He longed to stoop his cheek and rub it against her scarf. He would have liked to stand there with her all night in the blackness. She moved forward a step or two and then paused again above the dip of the Corbury road. Its icy slope, scored by innumerable runners, looked like a mirror scratched by travellers at an inn.

"There was a whole lot of them coasting before the moon set," she said.

"Would you like to come in and coast with them some night?" he asked.

"Oh, *would* you, Ethan? It would be lovely!"

"We'll come to-morrow if there's a moon."

She lingered, pressing closer to his side. "Ned Hale and Ruth Varnum came just as *near* running into the big elm at the bottom. We were all sure they were killed." Her shiver ran down his arm. "Wouldn't it have been too awful? They're so happy!"

"Oh, Ned ain't much at steering. I guess I can take you down all right!" he said disdainfully.

He was aware that he was "talking big," like Denis Eady; but his reaction of joy had unsteadied him, and the inflection with which she had said of the engaged couple "They're so happy!" made the

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words sound as if she had been thinking of herself and him.

"The elm *is* dangerous, though. It ought to be cut down," she insisted.

"Would you be afraid of it, with me?"

"I told you I ain't the kind to be afraid," she tossed back, almost indifferently; and suddenly she began to walk on with a rapid step.

These alternations of mood were the despair and joy of Ethan Frome. The motions of her mind were as incalculable as the flit of a bird in the branches. The fact that he had no right to show his feelings, and thus provoke the expression of hers, made him attach a fantastic importance to every change in her look and tone. Now he thought she understood him, and feared; now he was sure she did not, and despaired. To-night the pressure of accumulated misgivings sent the scale drooping toward despair, and her indifference was the more chilling after the flush of joy into which she had plunged him by dismissing Denis Eady. He mounted School House Hill at her side and walked on in silence till they reached the lane leading to the saw-mill; then the need of some definite assurance grew too strong for him.

"You'd have found me right off if you hadn't gone back to have that last reel with Denis," he brought out awkwardly. He could not pronounce the name without a stiffening of the muscles of his throat.

"Why, Ethan, how could I tell you were there?"

"I suppose what folks say is true," he jerked out at her, instead of answering.

She stopped short, and he felt, in the darkness, that her face was lifted quickly to his. "Why, what do folks say?"

"It's natural enough you should be leaving us," he floundered on, following his thought.

"Is that what they say?" she mocked back at him; then, with a sudden drop of her sweet treble: "You mean that Zeena—ain't suited with me any more?" she faltered.

Their arms had slipped apart and they stood motionless, each seeking to distinguish the other's face.

"I know I ain't anything like as smart as I ought to be," she went on, while he vainly struggled for expression. "There's lots of things a hired girl could do that come awkward to me still—and I haven't got much strength in my arms. But if she'd only tell me I'd try. You know she hardly ever says anything, and sometimes I can see she ain't suited, and yet I don't know why." She turned on him with a sudden flash of indignation. "You'd ought to tell me, Ethan Frome—you'd ought to! Unless *you* want me to go too——"

Unless he wanted her to go too! The cry was balm to his raw wound. The iron heavens seemed to melt and rain down sweetness. Again he struggled for the all-expressive word, and again, his arm in hers, found only a deep "Come along."

They walked on in silence through the blackness of the hemlock-shaded lane, where Ethan's saw-mill gloomed through the night, and out again into the relative clearness of the fields. On the farther side of the hemlock belt the open country rolled away before them grey and lonely under the stars. Sometimes their way led them under the shade of an overhanging bank or through the thin obscurity of a clump of leafless trees. Here and there a farm-house stood far back among the fields, mute and cold as a grave-stone. The night was so still that they heard the frozen snow crackle under their feet. Now and then they were startled by the crash of a loaded branch falling suddenly far off in the woods; and once a fox barked, and Mattie shrank closer to Ethan, and quickened her steps.

At length they sighted the group of larches at Ethan's gate, and as they drew near it the sense that the walk was over brought back his words.

"Then you don't want to leave us, Matt?"

He had to stoop his head to catch her stifled whisper: "Where'd I go, if I did?"

The answer sent a pang through him but the tone suffused him with joy. He forgot what else he had meant to say and pressed her against him so closely that he seemed to feel her warmth.

"You ain't crying are you, Matt?"

"No, of course I'm not," she quavered.

They turned in at the gate and passed under the knoll where, enclosed in a low fence, the Frome grave-stones slanted at crazy angles through the snow. Ethan looked at them curiously. For years that quiet company had mocked his restlessness, his desire for change and freedom.

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"We never got away—how should you?" seemed to be written on every headstone; and whenever he went in or out of his gate he thought with a shiver: "I shall just go on living here till I join them." But now all desire for change had vanished, and the sight of the little enclosure gave him a warm sense of continuance and stability.

"I guess we'll never let you go, Matt," he whispered, thinking, as they brushed by the graves: "We'll always go on living here together, and some day she'll lie there beside me."

He let the vision possess him as they climbed the hill to the house. He was never so happy with her as when he abandoned himself to these dreams. Half-way up the slope Mattie stumbled against some unseen obstruction and clutched his sleeve to steady herself. The wave of warmth that went through him was like the prolongation of his vision. For the first time he stole his arm about her, and she did not resist. They walked on as if they were floating on a summer stream.

Zeena always went to bed as soon as she had had her supper, and the shutterless windows of the house were dark. A dead cucumber-vine dangled from the porch like the crape streamer tied to the door for a death, and the thought flashed through Ethan's brain: "If it was there for Zeena—" Then he had a distinct sight of his wife lying in their bedroom asleep, her mouth slightly open, her false teeth in a tumbler by the bed . . .

They walked around to the back of the house, between the rigid gooseberry bushes. It was Zeena's habit, when they came back late from the village, to leave the key of the kitchen door under the mat. Ethan stood before the door, his head heavy with dreams, his arm still about Mattie. "Matt—" he began, not knowing what he meant to say.

She slipped out of his hold without speaking, and he stooped down and felt for the key.

"It's not there!" he said, straightening himself with a start.

They strained their eyes at each other through the icy darkness. Such a thing had never happened before.

"Maybe she's forgotten it," Mattie said in a tremulous whisper; but both of them knew that it was not like Zeena to forget.

"Maybe it's fallen off into the snow," Mattie continued, after a pause during which they had stood intently listening.

"It must have been pushed off, then," he rejoined in the same tone. Another wild thought tore through him. What if tramps had been there, and what if . . .

Again he strained his ears, fancying he heard a sound in the house; then he felt in his pocket for a match, and kneeling down, passed its light slowly over the rough edges of snow about the doorstep.

He was still kneeling when his eyes, on a level with the lower part of the door, caught a faint ray beneath it. Who could be stirring in that silent house? He heard a step on the stairs, and again for an instant the thought of tramps tore through him. Then the door opened and he saw his wife.

Against the dark background of the kitchen she stood up tall and angular, one hand drawing a quilted counterpane to her flat breast, while the other held a lamp. The light, on a level with her chin, drew out of the darkness her puckered throat and the projecting wrist of the hand that clutched the quilt, and deepened fantastically the hollows and prominences of her high-boned face under its ring of crimping-pins. To Ethan, still in the rosy haze of his hour with Mattie, the sight came with the intense precision of the last dream before waking. He felt as if he had never before known what his wife looked like.

She drew aside without speaking, and Mattie and Ethan passed into the kitchen, which had the deadly chill of a vault after the dry cold of the night.

"Guess you forgot about us, Zeena," Ethan joked, stamping the snow from his boots.

"No. I just felt so mean I couldn't sleep."

Mattie came forward, unwinding her wraps, the colour of the cherry scarf in her fresh lips and cheeks. "I'm so sorry, Zeena! Isn't there anything I can do?"

"No; there's nothing." Zeena turned away from her. "You might 'a' shook off that snow outside," she said to her husband.

She walked out of the kitchen ahead of them and, pausing in the hall, raised the lamp at arm's-length as if to light them up the stairs.

Ethan paused also, affecting to fumble for the peg on which he hung his coat and

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cap. The doors of the two bedrooms faced each other across the narrow upper landing, and to-night it was peculiarly repugnant to him that Mattie should see him follow Zeena.

"I guess I won't come up yet awhile," he said, turning as if to go back to the kitchen.

Zeena stopped short and looked at him. "For the land's sake—what you going to do down here?"

"I've got the mill accounts to go over."

She continued to stare at him, the flame of the unshaded lamp bringing out with microscopic cruelty the fretful lines of her face.

"At this time o' night? You'll ketch your death. The fire's out long ago."

Without answering he moved away toward the kitchen. As he did so his glance crossed Mattie's and he fancied that a fugitive warning gleamed through her lashes. The next moment they sank to her flushed cheeks and she began to mount the stairs ahead of Zeena.

"That's so. It *is* powerful cold down here," Ethan assented; and with lowered head he went up in his wife's wake, and followed her across the threshold of their room.

(To be continued.)

IN SÆCULA SÆCULORUM

By Marguerite Merington

So great
This love of ours, and holy, calling each
Unto the other, over a world's span,
Fulfilled, prophetic, as when time began,
In handclasp, clinging lip insatiate,
In lyric unisons all speech
Transcending, know we not ourselves create
For this: by grace of being woman, man,
Destined through love immortal heights to reach!

But still
Ever there lurks through commune satisfied
Dread lest its very perfectness its wane
Forebode. Ours not to hold, in finite strain
What if these moments exquisite but thrill!
Wind-swept together, cast aside
By ruthless onrush of life's passioned will
Till isolate, as man is born, again
Suppose we fare, after our love has died!

And yet
When separate, complete, dwell you and I,
Even as gods knowing things as they are,
Have been, shall be through cyclic ages, far
Above our creature-being's spent wave set,
Haply somewhile a little cry
May haunting make the sumless echoes fret.
Then will my mountain signal to your star,
Seeing the ghost of our old love pass by!

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PHILIPPINE EXPERIENCES

UP THE RAILROAD TO MALOLOS

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON
Brigadier-General, United States Army

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

THE bugles blowing reveille on the morning of the 25th ushered in the longed-for day when the Second Division was to take up the march for Malolos, the insurgent capital, and we knew that before us was a week or so of almost continuous fighting, for the way was barred by the best troops of the rebel army, commanded by Antonio Luna, far the ablest and most aggressive leader in the service of Aguinaldo. The insurgent troops were better armed than were the volunteers that composed the bulk of the Second Division, having that splendid weapon, the Mauser, while we still used the Springfield, of much shorter range. It might be said here that the advantage had by a weapon of high velocity over one of low is that the former, having a flatter trajectory, is not so much affected by errors in aiming or in estimating distance. The Springfield could reach as far as effective fighting could be done with any small arm, but at a thousand yards its bullets were coming down at a very considerable angle, thus diminishing the dangerous space. But we were through with our black-powder days, as we had now been supplied with cartridges which, while not absolutely smokeless, did not at once shroud us in a cloud of our own making.

The force opposed to us was about equal in strength to our division, and was an enemy not to be despised, as it was made up very largely of former native regiments of the Spanish army. These had gone over to the insurgents intact, keeping their former organization, and largely having their original officers. They had been in service more than a year, and had had considerable training in the matter of drill, but I fear not very much in target practice. They retained their old Spanish uniforms, so that these became really the insurgent uniform. It was not until the later period of guerilla warfare that the Filipinos fought in civilian clothing. While not very capable troops on the offensive, these insurgents had shown no little mettle in defending positions, for they had often stuck to them until the bottoms of the trenches were literally covered with their dead. Some of our people have affected to despise the courage of the Filipino, but the most of them are among those who did not get mixed up in the fighting until after the greater part of those who fought us during the first four months had been killed or disabled and their places had been taken by yokels snatched out of their rice fields and compelled to fight. The real test of the *morale* of troops is the ability to bring them time and again to face the music, to suffer almost inevitable defeat, and to have their ranks decimated by appalling losses. Judged by this standard, the Filipino does not by any means stand at the foot of the list.

Deaths from bullets and disease, as well as a considerable list of sick and wounded in the hospitals, had reduced the Twentieth Kansas to a strength of about a thousand men. These, as soon as the bugles rang out, set themselves to making coffee and broiling bacon, and had soon made away with a typical soldier breakfast in the field. Lieutenant-Colonel Little had recovered from his accidental injury received before the outbreak, and was now in command of the First Battalion, while Major Whitman, returned to duty from sick leave some weeks before, had his own battalion, the Second. Our orders were to have two battalions on the firing line and one marching in rear as a regimental reserve.

Night passes into day quickly in the tropics, and the sun had almost risen by the

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time the men had stowed their mess tins in their haversacks, buckled on their tin cups and cartridge belts, and stood at ease awaiting the first order. This was not long in coming, and we soon formed line, still in close order, marched the few rods to the summit of the ridge, jumped over the trenches occupied by the men of one of the recently arrived regular regiments, and started down the gentle slope. As soon as we had cleared the steeper part of the slope the Second and Third Battalions began deploying, while the First remained stationary, with orders to let us have five hundred yards start, when it was to follow in line of platoons in column. The First Montana, on our right, had already started, as also had Hale's brigade, still to its right, and already the crackle of the Mausers was heard to our right front as these regiments came under fire. The Third Artillery, on our left, waited until we were even with its position and then leaped over its trenches and started for the goal. We were crossing an almost level plain, and nearly all of the two brigades could be seen at one time, as they silently advanced in a long, irregular line toward the woods that sheltered the enemy's outpost line. It was a spectacle enough to inspire any man. It looked like a manœuvre, but it was war. Already the woods fifteen hundred yards on our front were crackling and popping and the bullets were kicking up dust spots on the dry ground.

All our fighting heretofore had been in close country, so that we had not tried the advance by alternate rushes, but this was a good place for it, and although the distance was too great for us to begin firing with effect, we put into practice what we had learned on the drill ground at the Presidio. One platoon, that is half a company, would rush forward for about fifty yards and throw itself prone, while the other platoon would rise and rush past it. Of course this made an irregular and apparently waving line, but we were getting over ground at a good rate.

Hale's brigade, not having so far to go to close with the enemy, had opened fire, as also had the First Montana, and now we were within seven hundred yards of the woods. I turned to Chief-Trumpeter Barshfield walking, or rather trotting, along beside my horse and ordered "Commence firing" blown. The men had been anxious to reply, and went at it with a vengeance, each platoon firing while it was prone, and then rising at the word of command and dashing to the front. My horse, the same little bay that had been shot under me at Caloocan, showed that he remembered something, and for the first time was skittish under fire. Nothing could be seen on our front that looked like an enemy, so that our target was the edge of the woods, where it was known that the line must be. The fire of the enemy not being of much volume, we knew that this must be merely a line of strong outposts, and that the real trouble would be farther in the depths of the woods.

During this advance by rushes a man in Company D received a most peculiar wound. He had just thrown himself prone when he felt a severe blow on his right shoulder, being completely prostrated. The Hospital Corps men who accompanied the firing line applied the first aid bandage and sent him back to the dressing station at La Loma church. Here an examination disclosed the wound of entrance in his right shoulder, and also the supposed exit of the bullet in the form of a hole in his right side just where his cartridge belt had been. Sent into the First Reserve hospital in Manila, he was treated under the very natural supposition that he was rid of his bullet, but eleven days after his admission one of the nurses in bathing the man noticed what appeared to be a swelling just above his right knee. Calling the attention of the surgeon to the matter, that individual went after the object with his instruments, and extracted a Mauser bullet. The missile, traversing his body lengthwise close to the surface, had struck the tight and unyielding belt where it would have made its exit, but being foiled, and having considerable energy left, had continued its journey through the unfortunate man's anatomy until its force was expended just above his knee. It is disturbing to be shot through the body in the orthodox manner, but it is enough to make one positively peevish to have a hole drilled through him lengthways. Astonishing to relate, the man recovered in a short time.

We continued the advance by rushes until within about two hundred yards of the enemy, when the "Charge" sent the two battalions over the remaining ground in no time, the enemy's weak line bolting into the

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woods. It was only a line of outposts behind not particularly good cover, and should not have remained as long as it did, but when we opened fire should have retired on the main line.

The men of Company G had a bull-dog that they had brought with them from Coffeyville, Kansas, and of which they were exceedingly fond. I had heard much of the antics of this animal in battle, and on this occasion had an opportunity to see him perform. He was perfectly frantic with excitement, apparently thinking that the whole show was something for his especial benefit, and ran up and down the line of his company barking furiously. At the charge he distanced everybody in the race to the enemy's position. This dog was in every engagement that the company was in, and went through it all without mishap, but after his return he indiscreetly bit Coffeyville's police force in the leg and was promptly shot, an ending for the company pet that all but started a riot.

The Filipino line having been weakly held, we naturally found but few of them on the ground. I do not know the number that were along that portion of their line carried by my regiment, but counted seven dead at the place struck by the right of our line. There were also two badly wounded that they had not been able to remove, and these we sent in with our own wounded. At the same place we picked up nine rifles.

Positive orders had been issued before the advance for the First Montana to keep its left on a road which ran at right angles with its direction while the right of my own regiment was to rest on the same road. But from the start the regiment named had inclined too much to the left, and before we reached the enemy's line nearly two companies were on our side of the road. We were being telescoped, and in order to avoid crowding the Third Artillery on our left we had to take several companies out of the firing line, but not until I had lost my temper and "cussed out" an officer of the offending regiment, who bristled up and told me he took no orders from outsiders, and that he had no instructions to keep his left on the road. Filled with wrath, righteous from my own stand-point, I determined to appeal to higher authority. The brigade commander was somewhere in the rear of the line of his command, but I did not know just where. However, a group of mounted officers only a short distance back on the road I recognized from the distinguishing flag as General MacArthur and his staff. While the regiment was straightening itself out and getting its breath I rode back as fast as my horse could run and sputtered out my tale of woe. The general looked at me in a quizzical sort of way and said, "Well, well, Funston, is that all is the matter? Let's not get excited about little things. It is better to wait for something serious." But he sent an officer to straighten out the tangle. He evidently was considerably amused by my outburst.

Returning to the regiment, which by this time had got itself pulled together, we resumed the advance, now over somewhat rougher ground and through woods that in places were rather dense, but here and there comparatively open. We knew that somewhere on our front was the Tuliajan River, but owing to the wretched maps of the country that the Spaniards had made, the distance was uncertain. Naturally our own people had never been able to map this region, lying as it did in the insurgent lines, nor would it have been possible for patrols to have made the necessary examination.

The whole brigade was, of course, participating in this renewed advance, and we were working our way cautiously forward, examining the country on our front as well as we could under the circumstances. The ground was sloping gently downward, and it was realized that we must be near the river. An occasional rifle shot and a bullet zipping through the tree tops was the only sign of an enemy. We suddenly heard a most terrific crashing in the woods to our left as the Third Artillery engaged in a desperate close range struggle in which it lost about thirty men killed and wounded, and in an instant the woods on our own front added to the pandemonium. It was exceedingly difficult to decide what to do. To rush the men down to the river, which we could now make out about three hundred yards ahead of the line, might place the regiment in a position where it would be shot to pieces by the well-intrenched enemy on the opposite bank in case it should be too deep to wade. To retire was of course out of the question, so the only thing to do was to close as rapidly as possible and take chances on the depth of the stream.

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Past experience had shown us that even with the enemy entrenched we could overcome his fire. So the companies on the firing line now rushed down to the bank, threw themselves flat, and fought desperately.

In order that I might be able to exercise some influence on the firing line as a whole, and not get mixed up in a local fight where I could see only one or two companies, I remained about two hundred yards behind the line for the time being. Here I was joined by the well-known correspondent, Mr. James Creelman. I had sent Sergeant-Major Warner and Trumpeter Barshfield away to carry orders, and was glad to have company. The noise was so overwhelming that it was difficult to think, for the whole brigade was fighting as hard as it could and the woods were filled with the roar. Creelman and I sat on our horses for awhile, and then unanimously dismounted, the idea seeming to strike both of us at the same time. Companies E and H had struck the worst of it, being opposite the most formidable trench, and Creelman and I were directly behind them. A natural tendency of the Filipino, and for that matter, most people, to shoot high made our position one of the warmest places I have ever been in. Only once, and that at Cascorra in far-away Cuba, had I seen bullets thicker. The two companies were right on the river bank, and as the stream was not more than forty feet wide, and the Filipino trenches were on the opposite bank, the two firing lines were not more than fifty feet apart. The river looked deep, but as yet our people had not overcome the enemy's fire sufficiently to allow the matter to be tested.

Captain Adna G. Clarke, now a captain in the regular army, was in command of Company H, and I could see him standing erect in order to better direct the fire of his men, who were lying down. In a short time I saw him crumple up and go down with a wound from which I believe he has not fully recovered to this day. Majors Metcalf and Whitman were close up to the river bank, their two battalions being most hotly engaged. Finally I could stand it no longer, and in the hope that I could find a place where there was a practicable crossing, rode toward the left of the regiment, which had not been so severely engaged, but managed to get my horse stuck in a boggy ravine, and so gave that up, and dismounting, started on a run to join the two companies that were so deeply involved, in the hope that by swimming, if necessary, we could bring the thing to a finish. Passing a little clump of bamboos, I heard a groan coming from them, and saw four of our poor fellows scattered on a space no larger than an ordinary bedroom.

As soon as I reached the firing line I motioned, for no commands could be heard, for some of the men to get into the water and try to cross. Captain William J. Watson, commanding Company E, and two or three men plunged in and struggled across, the water being nearly to their shoulders, and were followed by a number of others, the men holding their rifles over their heads. As the first of these men came up the bank the Filipinos bolted, knowing it was all over, and but few of them could be brought down in flight, as the north bank was higher than the one our men were on, and the men could not see them. However, I saw Lieutenant Colin H. Ball do some good short range work with his revolver, he being one of those who had crossed.

In the meantime my horse had extricated himself from the mud, and had come trotting toward the excitement. A soldier caught him and brought him to me, and by the time I had mounted, the fighting on our front was over. A better crossing was found about a hundred yards down stream, and I had no difficulty in getting the pony through. The men of the regiment, now that the fighting had ceased, waded the stream at the same place, and were allowed to throw themselves on the ground to rest until further orders should be received.

Only a very small portion of the regiment had been seriously engaged, as the enemy's trenches were not continuous, although there had been resistance all along the line, but in many cases the fire had come from men lying down a hundred yards or so from the river bank. After our men had got close to the river they had not suffered much, as the Filipinos did not like to rise up enough to do even fairly good shooting, but Companies E and H had been pretty well shot up in getting to close quarters.

Our loss was Privates Craig, Anibal, and Plummer killed, and Captain Clarke and

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As the first of these men came up the bank the Filipinos bolted.—Page 168.

twelve enlisted men wounded. Craig was the youngest of three brothers in the same company, one of them being a first-lieutenant and the other a sergeant, these last two being now officers in the regular army. In and near the trench that had given us the most trouble we found twenty-nine of the enemy's dead. As usual, the most of his wounded had succeeded in escaping, though we found seven. Scattered about on the ground were about thirty rifles, that we broke up and threw into the river.

In the meantime the Third Artillery, on our left, had fought its way across the stream, overcoming more serious difficulties than those that had confronted us, as in addition to trenches they had to take an elaborate and obstinately defended field-work.

The First Montana had had a fight about as stiff as our own, and had crossed the river to our right. Still farther away we could hear a scattering fire as Hale's brigade was making its way, overcoming great difficulties in the way of dense brush and badly cut up country. Still farther to the right Hall's brigade was having its fight, but the sounds of battle, if they reached our ears, were confused with that of other firing in the same direction. Much nearer in, on our right, at the place where the Novaliches wagon road crosses the Tuliajan, was an almost incessant small-arms fire punctuated with cannon shots and the tap, tap, tap of a Colt automatic gun. At this place a very strong field-work and flanking trenches, constructed for the purpose of protecting the crossing, were stoutly resisting a de-

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tachment of the Fourth Cavalry and some artillery. A field-piece and the automatic gun were run up to the bank of the river and served in the open at a distance of a few rods, and it was not until the shells began to pierce the well-made parapet that the defenders fled. The Colt gun was under the command of Ensign Cleland Davis of the navy, he having a detachment of three marines to serve it. Ensign Davis had joined us in the Caloocan trenches, and had had occasional opportunities to try out his weapon. He accompanied us through the whole campaign to Malolos, and we often heard the rhythmical popping of the little gun, which could be distinguished through quite a heavy infantry fire. Davis always got into close quarters with his little weapon whenever there was opportunity, and made it count. The navy's detachment was very popular with the army, and they seemed to enjoy their part of the campaign immensely.

According to the plans of the battle, Wheaton's brigade, which, it will be remembered, was on the extreme left of the line, occupying the old Caloocan trenches, was to wait until the brigades of Otis and Hale had pierced the centre of the line, and then move out straight to the front, the supposition being that Hale's brigade by making a rapid left turn would cut off the retreat of the enemy. We were straightening ourselves out after the rather confused crossing of the river, and were sending out patrols to the front, when we heard toward our left rear a crackle of rifle fire, which in a moment swelled into a most appalling amount of sound, and we knew that the fiery Wheaton was going after them hammer and tongs. His brigade was more than two thousand strong, and was resisted by a somewhat larger number of the enemy occupying successive lines of trenches.

If any one thinks that more than four thousand men using breech-loaders as rapidly as they can load and fire cannot wake the echoes, I wish he could have heard the astonishing roar that smote our ears on this occasion. There was no rattle, just a roar that drowned individual shots, and through which the crashes of the field-pieces could barely be distinguished.

The brigade soon reached the south bank of the river, but did not cross, as it was now known that our turning movement was meeting with difficulties, and it was not desired to push the insurgents any farther up the railroad at present. The country on the front of Hale's brigade was to us a veritable unknown land. To have explored it before the outbreak might have precipitated matters with the insurgents, and any attempt to examine it after the war began could only have resulted in the loss of the detachments sent out for the purpose. It turned out to be a dense tangle of forest and undergrowth, cut up with ravines. It was out of the question for troops in extended order to make any rapid progress through it, and the day had turned out to be very hot. The situation made it necessary for us to remain where we were until the next morning, and we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable, no difficult matter with water and firewood in abundance.

The brigade commander had joined us at this point just after the crossing of the river, and camped near us. It was in the midst of the dry season, and the men did not even use their shelter halves, commonly known as pup tents, so that all that was necessary was to stretch ourselves out under the stars and sleep as well as the hard ground would let us. It was, in fact, campaigning under almost ideal conditions.

During the night we were aroused by about a dozen shots from one of our outposts, and a man came in to report that a small band of the enemy trying to sneak up on it had been driven off. The officer of the day went out to investigate, and after some searching found a very old and innocent looking carabao bull in the last stages of dissolution, with half a dozen bullet holes in him. The men of this outpost had to stand considerable chaffing from their comrades the next day. But they were at least entitled to credit for good shooting.

The next morning, the 26th, an adjustment of the line made it necessary for us to move half a mile up the river, and a little before noon the march was resumed, this time in a westerly direction along a wagon road leading from the Novaliches ford across the Tuliajan toward the town of Malinta. We were still in rather close woods. The Third Artillery had the advance, and we followed. We could hear heavy firing toward Malinta, and knew that Wheaton's brigade was shoving the enemy out of the trenches near there. It was evident from the amount of firing that the fight-

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The Colt automatic gun going into action.—Page 170.

ing was severe. As we approached open country, the great level plain that stretches northward for two or three miles from Malinta, we could hear firing on our own front, and soon saw that the Third Artillery was deploying in open country and firing into the flank of a large body of the enemy, more than two thousand strong, flying before Wheaton's brigade. One portion seemed to have kept its formation, and was replying to the Third Artillery with a brisk fire. Two field-pieces under Major Young, that were with the advance, were already in action, and it looked as if we were going to have a fine fight. General MacArthur and his staff were sitting on their horses near the guns, and I rode up in advance of my regiment and asked for instructions, being directed to deploy on the right of the Third Artillery and close in as rapidly as possible. The artillerymen were fairly skipping over the ground in an endeavor to come to close quarters, and with their Krags were delivering an effective fire, having a splendid target, the flank of a large body of broken infantry.

I put my regiment to double time, moved to the right of the road, and crowded the men for all they were worth. It was rather a poor piece of business, for by the time they began to deploy they were so "winded" as to be almost useless. Finally we got a few companies in line and commenced firing, at the same time going forward by rushes. But the distance, nearly fifteen hundred yards, was too great for our Springfields, and I doubt if we hit a man. The men fell out by dozens, completely exhausted. I rode among them and I am afraid did not exactly bless them, but it was no use. Soon the fleeing Filipinos were out of range of even the Krags of the Third Artillery, and the affair was over. The Twentieth Kansas had had only one man hit, Private Fairchild, killed.

If we had only had a regiment of cavalry well in hand at the time we came into the open, there would have been a different story. A man might go through several little wars before he would again see such an opportunity for a cavalry charge. The

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country was perfectly open and as level as a floor. There was no escape possible in the time that it would have taken cavalry to reach the enemy. I do not believe that a hundred of them could have escaped, possibly not one. Whatever doubt there may be as to the possibility of cavalry charging infantry in line, there is none as to what it can do if it gets in on the flank of a disordered and retreating force. But we had but little cavalry, and that not properly mounted.

We again formed column and resumed the march to Malinta, which place we found occupied by Wheaton's brigade after severe fighting. I saw General Wheaton and was informed by him that Colonel Egbert of the Twenty-second Infantry had been killed a short time before. The place where that gallant old veteran died is now marked by a monument which can be seen a few hundred yards to the east of the railroad track just south of Malinta. Our part of the fighting was over for the day, and we were allowed to take it easy.

Hale's brigade had pushed through the woods toward the town of Meycauayan, where the insurgents made a strong stand in trenches previously constructed. At a distance we watched the beautiful fight taking place in the open country, and with our field-glasses could make out quite well what was going on. In this combat General Hale was slightly wounded, and Captain Krayenbuhl of his staff was killed. Enough high bullets from the fight dropped among us to give us something of a personal interest in the matter, and a man of the Third Artillery near us was wounded by this long-range, dropping fire. There are some disadvantages about being even spectators of a fight when the modern high-power rifles are being used, as if they are given too much elevation, as the Filipinos were very prone to do, the bullets sometimes do not come to earth short of a couple of miles.

After the fight was over, and Hale's brigade had occupied the town with the fearful and wonderful name, or rather the place where it had been before the Filipinos in their retreat burned it, our brigade resumed its march for a couple of miles, and bivouacked in line in the open fields. Near the Twentieth Kansas were a number of stacks of rice straw, and everybody in the regiment had a soft bed that night. As there were other troops ahead of us, we were not required to place outposts, so that all had a much needed rest.

The big town of Malabon had been burned as soon as Wheaton's brigade had begun its advance past it, Malinta had gone up in smoke on the morning of this day, and Meycauayan, in spite of its name, had met a like fate in the evening. It was evident that the Filipino leaders were carrying out with a vengeance an idiotic policy of destroying the property of their own people under the impression that such action would hurt our feelings or make us peevish. A few days later, a copy of the order to destroy all towns before delivering them to the Americans, signed by Luna himself, was found. This action did not even inconvenience us, as in such weather all preferred bivouacking in the open to taking chances with vermin and dirt in the native houses. But it seemed a terrible pity to see these towns, some of them well built, go up one after the other. We did all we could to save them, but usually could accomplish nothing, as they burned like kindling-wood. The enemy also destroyed as many as possible of the bridges, both on the railroad and the wagon roads, and destroyed the telegraph line, and took out considerable sections of the railroad track. These acts of destruction were, of course, justifiable from the stand-point of military necessity, and caused us no little annoyance and delay.

The morning of the 27th we arose refreshed from our beds of straw, had our bacon, hardtack and coffee, and began a rather strenuous and noisy day. The work of Hall's brigade, so far as it bore on the Malolos campaign was over, and it operated in and near the Mariquina valley. Wheaton's brigade, which really belonged to the First Division operating south of Manila, was to follow us up and act as a reserve, and guard our line of communication with Manila, while the Second Division was to resume the march on the insurgent capital. Hale's brigade was to march on the right of the railroad, while ours, Otis's, was to keep on the left. The Third Artillery was again to have the advance in our brigade, followed at a distance of five hundred yards by the Twentieth Kansas, and behind us came the First Montana, the two last-named regiments marching in column in the road.

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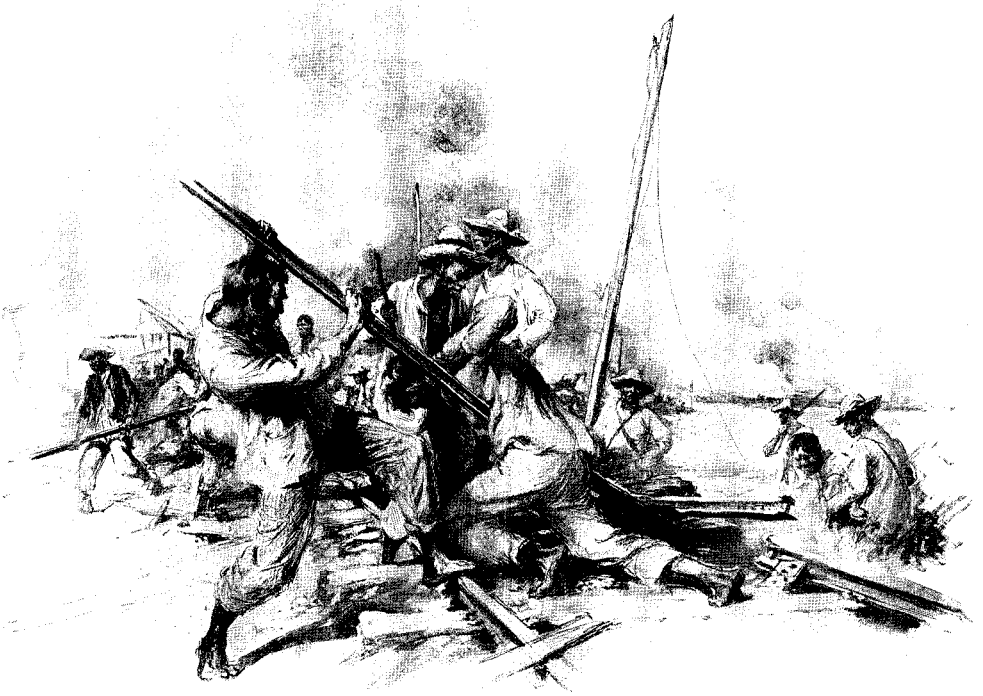

These acts of destruction were, of course, justifiable from the stand-point of military necessity.—Page 172.

As we pushed slowly north, the advance of my regiment five hundred yards in rear of the Third Artillery, a lively popping broke out a mile up the road, and we knew that the advance guard of the brigade was again getting into touch with the enemy. For a time two or three of the companies of the Third Artillery had been in column on the road in the heart of the town. We noticed that most of the men seemed to be in little groups along the side of the road, apparently very busy about something, but had no idea what was keeping them so occupied. As the firing on the front increased Major Kobbé ordered all his men to the front to reinforce the advance guard. The men fell in and marched up the road toward the sound of firing, casting longing glances toward the place they had just left. My regiment marched up to this point, and we at once saw the cause of the tender solicitude on the part of the gallant artillerymen. All along the road were little fires, and over each one was broiling a chicken. The men had had less than an hour in which to catch and dress them and get them started to broiling, so that they were not yet done, and as a half-cooked chicken is a little worse than none, they were compelled to leave them to the tender mercies of the Jayhawkers. It is an ill wind that blows no good, and as we halted to await the progress of events, the men were allowed to fall out. They did so with great alacrity. Only the leading battalion got any benefit from this windfall, as every chicken had been pre-empted before the men of the other two could arrive, they having been halted a little farther down the road. One artilleryman had lingered and was tenderly watching one bird. I asked him why he did not join, suggesting that his company commander might call him to account for straggling. "No sir. He won't. It's his chicken. I'm his striker. But I'll have to let it go. It won't be done in time." I replied that it would be a shame to waste so fine a bird, and that I would see that it was well appreciated. So I took the chicken, after it had cooked, and the man de-

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parted in sadness. So, I owe Lieutenant, now Captain Abernethy, one fine young chicken, which I hope to pay him for some day. After the chickens had been disposed of we sat about, listening to the firing on our front and right front.

It was evident that a stiff fight was on. In compliance with my orders to keep five hundred yards behind the Third Artillery, we now fell into column and pushed up the road through the ruined town. We had just halted, seeing some troops the required distance ahead of us, when much to our surprise we were briskly fired on from our left front. This was more than disconcerting, as it is bad business to come under fire at close range while in column. I did not know, however, that the firing line of the Third Artillery did not extend far enough to the left to cover the point from which the shots were coming. The men were at once ordered to lie down, being still in column, and Major Metcalf and I dismounted and ran out to the left into an open field to study the situation. Our appearance was the signal for an increased fire, and we could see to our front and left, not more than five hundred yards, a line of detached trenches, from which the fire was coming, and we could see the straw hats bobbing up and down. They appeared to be in the margin of a growth of woods and bamboo, and the country between us and them was perfectly level and open, being obstructed only by the low dikes of the rice fields.

That the enemy was on the opposite side of an impassable river occurred to no one. Neither of us had seen any map of the locality, and though it was known that we were approaching the Marilao River, it was thought to be a mile or more in advance. So we took the two leading companies from the advance battalion of the regiment, rushed them into the open, deployed under fire, and began the attack, advancing by rushes in the orthodox manner, until within about a hundred yards of our objective, when the charge was ordered, and we went at them with a rush. The men had raised the usual yell, and we thought that in a few seconds we would be among them, when we were brought up with a start, and the men instinctively threw themselves on the ground. We had rushed to the very brink of a river about eighty feet wide and ten feet deep. No wonder the Filipinos had stood their ground and had continued to salt us. It was a rather bad situation, as the enemy was sheltered in good trenches and our men had no cover other than rice dikes not more than a foot high. We had already had several men hit, including two mortally wounded, and I determined to withdraw the two companies from their position until a way could be found to ascertain if the river could be crossed.

Before the beginning of the advance from the Manila lines the various regiments had been provided with Chinese litter bearers. The men that we had had already shown at Tuliajan River that they were made of pretty good stuff, and now they were sent up to the firing line, only a few rods from the enemy's trenches, to bring back the wounded. They crossed the open stoically, picked up their burdens, and fell back with the two companies. It was a hard test, as they were fired on repeatedly while coming up. The two companies fell back only a short distance to a point where there was cover, and remained in line lying down. The retirement had been made without further loss and in perfect order. In the meantime the brigade commander had come up, and I explained the situation to him. He was of the opinion that I had made a mistake in retiring, though I represented that it was in no sense a retreat, but merely for the purpose of sheltering the men until a method of crossing could be found. I expressed my willingness to go back, and he consented.

The two companies that had made the attack, H and I, were now reinforced by C, and firing with great rapidity, and fairly combing the tops of the trenches with bullets we regained the bank of the stream without further loss. The Filipinos were kept down in their trenches by the fire poured in upon them, so that they simply could not rise up to take any aim at all. As we gradually overcame them our men rose to their feet to fire, in order to do better shooting than they could lying down. If the muzzle of a rifle appeared over the trench a score of bullets would strike the spot within a couple of seconds. In the meantime a number of us were running along the river bank, trying to find some means of crossing, and while engaged in this work I became aware of the fact that a very

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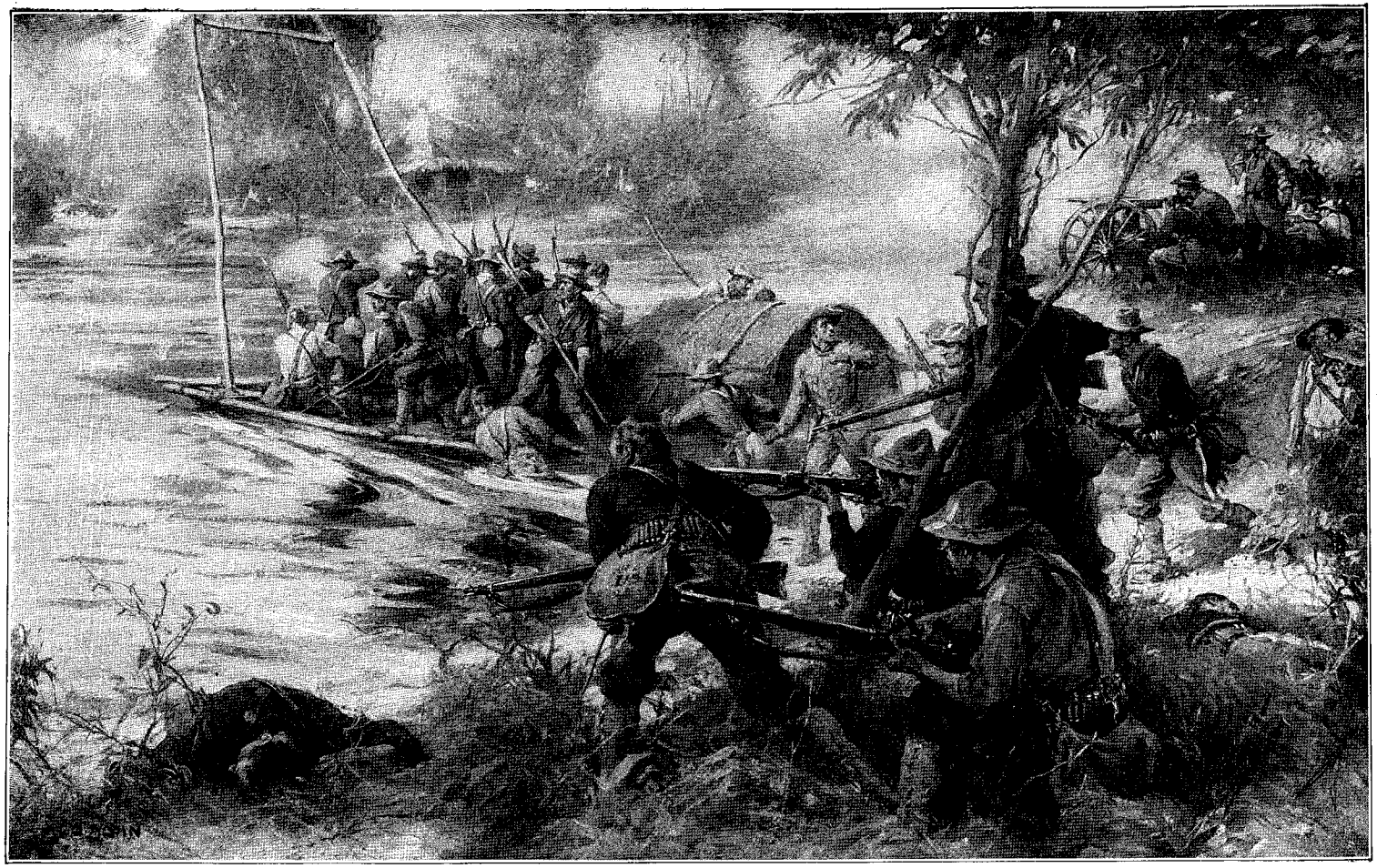

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

As soon as the raft reached our side I got on it with Lieutenant Hopkins and twenty-one men of Company C.—Page 176.

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brisk fight was going on with a couple of trenches to our right. I did not at the time know just what troops were involved, but could see a field-piece in action right on the bank of the river, firing on a trench across the stream, and could hear the tap, tap, tap of the Colt automatic. There were also a number of infantrymen. These latter had been engaged in the fight for some time, but we had not known it, being engaged with our own affairs farther to the left. Our three companies farther down the stream had completely mastered the fire in the trenches opposite them, but could not cross. I went over to where the artillery and the automatic were in action, and at this time Company D of my regiment, Captain Orwig, came up to take a hand in the fracas. Still a little further up was a company of the Tenth Pennsylvania of Hale's brigade that Major Bell, who was in command at this point, had brought over from beyond the railroad. In the meantime a raft was noticed moored to the opposite bank of the stream, about eighty yards below the trench that was fighting Major Bell's detachment. It would be necessary to swim the stream to get it, and I called for volunteers to do the work. Lieutenant Hardy, Trumpeter Barshfield, Corporal Drysdale (now a second lieutenant in the Seventeenth Infantry), and Privates Huntsman and Willey stripped off their clothing and plunged over the bank into the stream. They swam across, got the raft, and towed it to our side. It was a gallant piece of work well done. During this time the field-piece, the Colt gun, and Company D were pounding the near-by trench with great vigor, while the Pennsylvania company was handling another trench a little farther up-stream.

As soon as the raft reached our side I got on it with Lieutenant Hopkins and twenty-one men of Company C, and we poled it to the other bank. After sending out patrols to the front in order to give warning of a possible counter attack from any force that might be concealed in the vicinity, we gave our attention to the trench opposite the artillery, it being the nearest. But upon reaching it we found that the men in it had already raised the white flag and had signified to those across the river their desire to surrender. This was not on account of our crossing, but because of the fact that the gun was literally tearing their shelter to pieces, while the small-arms fire made escape from it impossible. As we came in the lower end of the trench a lieutenant and a private of the Tenth Pennsylvania, whose names are unknown to me, came in at the other end, they having crossed the stream by swimming a short distance above. We found in the trench twenty-four killed, and took thirty-four prisoners, of whom twelve were very badly wounded. We broke up and threw into the river thirty-one rifles and about four thousand pounds of ammunition. The prisoners were brought across the river on the raft and a canoe that had been found. Among the dead found here was one man who had in his chest, in a space that could be covered by one hand, five holes made by the little six millimetre bullets of the Colt automatic. Ensign Davis had served this gun in the open at a distance of about a hundred feet.

After we were all back in the United States some of the patriots of my regiment and those of the Tenth Pennsylvania tried to engage in a bloody newspaper war over the question as to who had crossed the river first, the men of one regiment or the other. I doubt if anybody could say to a certainty, as the two crossings were made from points that were not in view of each other, and probably no one man saw them both. It was a matter of absolutely no importance, as the two enterprises were independently carried on, and either would have succeeded alone.

Company D of the Twentieth Kansas had had one man killed at this point. Those of us who had crossed the river now went to the two trenches that our three companies farther to the left had overcome. The occupants had fled, taking their wounded with them, but had left a number of dead that we did not take the trouble to count.

I now hoped that I would be allowed to ferry the whole regiment across on the raft, a task that would have taken an hour or so, but was directed by the brigade commander to recross with the men that I had. For some time afterward I believed that if I could have had my way we could have rendered valuable service by marching up the stream on its north side, rolling up the insurgents in the trenches on that bank. I

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have subsequently learned that there was on our front a narrow but deep lagoon that would materially have interfered with such an operation. We might easily have been involved alone in a very nasty fight, so that I have no doubt that the wisest thing was done.

We remained on the south bank for some time, awaiting orders that depended on developments on other parts of the field. In the meantime the First South Dakota, of Hale's brigade, had after a very severe fight forced the passage at another point above the bridge. This affair, carried out under the direction of the commander of that regiment, Colonel A. S. Frost, was about as stiff as anything that occurred in the Philippines, the regiment in question losing seven killed, including three officers, and having about twenty-five wounded. It was totally independent of the crossing effected by my own regiment farther down the stream, neither operation having any effect on the other or being aided by it. About four o'clock the brigade commander directed me to cross the railroad bridge with the regiment and deploy on the left of the Third Artillery. So we formed column of fours and set out.

As one ascends the Marilao at this point the stream makes a considerable turn to the north until opposite the town of Marilao, whence its course is easterly. Therefore, though we were right on the stream, and near the railroad, we were nearly a mile from the bridge. As we drew near we were met by the adjutant-general of the division who informed me as to the situation, and stated that General MacArthur desired that I make all possible haste in ex-

The prisioners were brought across the river on the raft and a canoe that had been found.—Page 176.

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tending the existing line to the left. Hale's brigade and the Third Artillery of our own brigade were already across and in line of battle, awaiting the movement of a body of some thousands of the enemy, who could be seen coming up and deploying across the fields to the north, with the evident intention of making an attack before all the division could cross the stream. From the south bank we could see the enemy's line, which appeared to be about two miles long, and quite heavy, while behind it were troops in reserve. The ties had been removed from the bridge, making crossing it a very slow operation, but we made the greatest haste possible. The orderlies of the mounted officers managed to get their horses across by swimming them.

We had just begun the crossing, the men picking their way gingerly over the stringers, when the whole Filipino line opened fire on the troops deployed on the north bank, the distance being about twelve hundred yards. As the firing line of our troops was not more than a hundred yards in advance of the bridge, those of us on the structure naturally got our share of the bullets. The men were very quiet, and apparently somewhat nervous, as they knew that a man badly hit while on the bridge would in all probability fall into the stream. One man was killed in the crossing, and a few wounded. All of our troops that were in line were replying vigorously, the men lying close to the ground. Under such a fire it would have been folly to have held the regiment in such an exposed position until it could be properly formed. I had crossed the bridge at the head of the regiment, and found that my faithful orderly, Caldwell, had my dripping horse awaiting me, and so mounted and conducted the first few men as fast as they could run along a road which ran a few yards in rear of the prostrate and silent men of the Third Artillery, working their Krags for all they were worth, and directed them to continue the line of that organization to the left. Every man as he cleared the bridge leaped down the embankment and followed suit. It was a method of deployment not laid down in any drill book, but worked beautifully.

Just after leaving the railroad embankment I had passed two gray-haired sergeants of the Third Artillery, lying within a few feet of each other, still and calm in death, their faces as placid as if they were only asleep, and had a hurried glimpse of General MacArthur and his staff, standing near the right of the Third Artillery's line. As our right began to hook onto the left of the Third Artillery a number of the men greeted us with cheers, and cries of "Good for Kansas." It was not that they were in a pinch, but because a strong friendship had grown up between the two regiments. They were, however, naturally glad to see their exposed flank covered.

The fire of the Filipinos was of such a volume that we were pretty well satisfied that they were going to crowd the attack and come to close quarters with us. Even above the roar of firing we could hear that they were yelling. Only two battalions of my regiment were able to get on the firing line, owing to a lagoon that ran at almost right angles to the line, so that one had to be held in reserve. It was now getting dusk, and the flashes of the enemy's rifles could be made out in the gathering darkness. The field that we were in was perfectly dry, and the bullets from the Mausers striking in it flicked up innumerable little spots of dust, just like the effect of big drops of rain in a dusty road at the beginning of a shower. Much as I had to think about, there went through my mind those words of Kipling, "the bullets kicking up the dust spots on the green." How bullets could make dust spots on green turf, however, I leave for the poet to explain.

I do not know just how long the fight lasted, probably half an hour after we had got on the line. It stopped as suddenly as it had begun. What had occurred, though we did not know it at the time, was that Colonel Stotsenburg with his fine regiment, the First Nebraska, forming the extreme right of Hale's brigade, had in the gathering dusk moved forward quietly, and turned the Filipino left, rolling it up and inflicting heavy loss, thus making it necessary for the enemy's whole line to fall back. As the Filipino right rested on lagoons it could not have been turned. The troops bivouacked in line of battle, and lay down to sleep where they had fought. During the day, besides its wounded who recovered, the Twentieth Kansas had lost Cook Scherrer and Privates Carroll, Hatfield, Keeny, and Wahl, killed or mortally wounded.

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Every man as he cleared the bridge leaped down the embankment and followed suit.—Page 178.

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The necessity of repairing the railroad bridge and the much damaged track so that trains bringing up supplies from Manila could cross, as well as the construction of a bridge for our wheeled transportation, made it necessary for the whole division to remain on the north bank of the Marilao all the next day, and it was not until the morning of the 29th that we resumed the march. The day's rest and quiet had been a God-send to all, as the weather was becoming uncomfortably hot in the middle of the day, and in spite of the short marches the men were beginning to show signs of fatigue, this condition being partly due to the watchfulness imposed at night. But the regiment, in common with the whole division, formed line of battle, having the First and Second Battalions on the firing line and the Third in reserve, five hundred yards in rear, and we trudged across the open fields, still having our right on the railroad. On our left was the First Montana, and across the railroad, to the right, the Tenth Pennsylvania. The Third Artilery was in reserve.

As the long irregular line of blue approached the river near Bocaue we could see trenches on the opposite bank. Soon came the crackle of the Mausers and the usual whining and zipping of bullets. We quickened our pace, and when we were within eight hundred yards the two battalions on the firing line opened up. We made the attack at a fast walk, each man stopping only long enough to take aim, and reloading as he advanced. In some respects this method of attack is to be preferred to the advance by rushes, as the shooting is much more accurate. The enemy's fire was rather heavy, but after we opened very wild. Major Metcalf and six enlisted men were wounded. Metcalf, as has been told, had been shot through one ear in the trenches at Caloocan, and now went to the other extreme by getting a bullet through a foot, an exceedingly painful and annoying wound. For several hours he tried to stay with the regiment, but finally gave it up and sorrowfully allowed himself to be hauled back to Manila. He recovered in time to join us at San Fernando.

The Filipinos had learned by bitter experience that it was not always best to remain too long in their trenches, especially if the ground to the rear was open, so that they could be shot down in getting away, and now as the regiment began to yell and rush forward, they vacated. A few of us seized the railroad bridge, which they had not much injured, and several regiments crossed on it, deploying again on the other bank preparatory to continuing the advance. The loss of the enemy had been light, and we found only a few dead in their trenches and near them.

While we were forming on the north bank of this stream we could see at Bigaa station, about two miles up the track, a number of railroad trains, and could see that the enemy's troops were entraining. Our field-guns opened and created much confusion among them. As they fell back from Bigaa they burned the town, and we could see the dense clouds of smoke rolling skyward as we took up the march. Passing through Bigaa at about half past eleven, we met with no resistance on our part of the line, though we heard some firing by other organizations. We began fondly to hope that we might camp that night in Malolos, but it was not to be. At a little after four o'clock we approached the Guiguinto River, and found the trenches on the opposite bank deserted. The railroad bridge was burning, but the fire had made but very little progress, and was put out by the men of Company B of the Twentieth Kansas, the men carrying water from the river in vessels that they found in near-by houses. The stream was deep, and the banks high and steep, so that our seizure of this bridge was a most fortunate circumstance.

Across the river for about twelve hundred yards stretched a perfectly level field from which the rice had been harvested. Beyond that was what appeared to be dense woods. There was not a sign of life anywhere, but scouts were sent out up the railroad track a few hundred yards. The large force of the enemy, concealed in elaborate trenches in the margin of the woods, held their fire until they could make it count better than by giving themselves away in order to stir up a few scouts. No one had any doubt that the coast was absolutely clear, and the crossing began immediately. The ties had not been removed from the bridge, so that this was not a matter of difficulty. The Tenth Pennsylvania and the Twentieth Kansas began crossing at the same time, the former using the right-hand side of the structure and the latter the

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left-hand. Two field-pieces and the Colt automatic were brought across the bridge by hand and prepared to open to the front in case the necessity should arise. For the time being all horses had to be left on the south bank.

I was standing at the north end of the bridge, talking to General MacArthur and watching my regiment cross, when we were startled by a most terrific fire opened on us. The bullets came from the north, and it was correctly surmised that the enemy's trenches were in the edge of the woods on the opposite side of the field. It was by far the best shooting that I have ever seen the Filipinos do. They were beyond the effective range of our Springfields, and knew it. They had the exact range and were using their sights, and had a good rest for their rifles over the parapet of their trench. The bullets were whipping up little dust spots all about, and actually filling the air with their various sorts of noises. Major P. B. Strong, adjutant-general of the division, standing within three feet of General MacArthur, was wounded, and dozens of bullets struck the bridge.

The two regiments crossed with great rapidity, each company, as it cleared the bridge, deploying and rushing up to the firing line. The Tenth Pennsylvania deployed to the right of the railroad and the Twentieth Kansas to the left. It was enough to warm the cockles of a soldier's heart to see the perfect coolness of these now veteran fighters under that rain of bullets to which they could make no adequate reply. Each company of the Twentieth Kansas, as it cleared the bridge, formed line at one pace interval, moved on a run by the left flank, faced to the front at a point that would make its right coincide with the left of the company that had preceded it, and then fairly flew over the ground until it came up on the firing line, when it went down flat to the earth and the men began to work their rifles with great vigor. The most of our firing was by platoon volleys, and crash succeeded crash with intervals of only a few seconds. The two field-pieces and the Colt automatic were in action, and were adding to the uproar. We soon began to advance by rushes, in order to come to close quarters. I was up on the firing line, and having occasion to look to the rear in order to see if all of the regiment had cleared the bridge, was astonished at the number of writhing forms in the little part of the field that we had crossed, and at the number of men being assisted to the shelter of the few straw stacks. The cry "Hospital Corps" was coming from all sides.

Chief Trumpeter Barshfield and I were stooping down behind the prone men of Company G, and my attention was attracted to the difficulty one of the men, Private Birlew, was having in extracting a shell that had jammed in his piece. I was so close I could have touched him, and do not suppose I watched him more than three seconds, when I saw one whole side of his head torn open, and his face dropped down into the rice stubble, his hands clutched convulsively, and life's battle with him was over. The Filipinos had no mind to allow us to come to close quarters when they had no friendly stream to stop our rush, and when they saw that we were going to close with them, vacated their trenches, and the firing ceased as abruptly as it had begun.

I went at once toward the bridge to report to the division commander, and on my way passed one of the little straw stacks, and noticed behind it half a dozen wounded men being treated by the surgeons of the regiment who by the way got under fire as much as any of us. The fight had not lasted more than fifteen minutes, but the Twentieth Kansas had Privates Birlew, Dix, and Wilson killed, and Captain W. J. Watson and eighteen enlisted men wounded. Captain Watson, one of the best officers in the regiment, carries to this day, just back of his heart, the bullet received at Guiguinto. It was the last of his active service with the Twentieth Kansas, but he came back to the Philippines a year later in the Fortieth United States Volunteers, and lost a leg in an engagement in Mindanao. Having had his system sufficiently ventilated by bullets, Watson is now engaged in the peaceful pursuit of presiding over the post office at his home town of Pittsburg, Kansas.

The troops that had fought at Guiguinto bivouacked in line of battle. The next forenoon was spent in the necessary but prosaic work of distributing rations and ammunition, and it was after two o'clock in the afternoon when we resumed the march, the Twentieth Kansas having the

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same relative position as on the preceding day. We were more than interested in the long and well-made trench, twelve hundred yards north of the bridge that had sheltered our assailants of the night before. If there had been any dead or wounded in them they had been removed. It is very unlikely, however, that the Filipinos had had more than a few men hit, as they had fought at long range behind excellent cover, while we had been in the open. We advanced slowly and cautiously, passing line after line of formidable trenches that must have cost an enormous amount of labor on the part of the noncombatants who had been rounded up by thousands by the insurgent leaders and compelled to work on them. During the afternoon no resistance was encountered, and at night we encamped within three miles of the insurgent capital. We would have had time to go in, but it was supposed that resistance of a serious nature would be offered, and it was not desired to bring on a fight when there was not sufficient daylight left to finish it in style.

From a strategic stand-point, Malolos was a place of no importance, but it was taken for granted that the enemy would desperately resist our occupation of his capital because of the moral effect that such a disaster would have, not only discouraging their own people, but giving the impression in foreign lands that the insurgent cause was lost, for it must not be forgotten that to the last the deluded Filipinos gave themselves "Dutch courage" by believing every ridiculous rumor of foreign intervention in their behalf. All reports agreed that the great fight of the campaign was at hand, and it looked ominous, for on our front were line after line of trenches and some formidable earthen redoubts. Scouts reported that up to this evening they were strongly held.

The next morning we were up bright and early in anticipation of an eventful day, for, fighting or no fighting, the occupation of an enemy's capital is a historical event of importance. When daylight came not a trace of life was apparent in the trenches on the front of our brigade, but the Filipinos might be playing one of their sharp tricks, trying to lure us into an incautious advance. Beginning at exactly seven o'clock there was an artillery preparation of half an hour, in which the eight or ten field-pieces with us, under the direction of Major Young, vigorously shelled the trenches and redoubts at a distance of about a mile, but without causing any stir in their vicinity. Immediately upon the cessation of the cannonade the infantry advance began, the whole Second Division being deployed on a front of over two miles. As for two days past, the Twentieth Kansas formed the right of Otis's brigade, which was on the left of the railway.

The various regiments of the division had been so reduced by sickness, heat prostrations, and battle casualties that they did not aggregate the formidable total that a week before had forced the passage of the Tuliajan. Wheaton's brigade, which had been coming up in rear of the division, guarding the line of communication was now deployed immediately behind us as a support. So that as the two lines moved forward we numbered about six thousand men. As the advance was to be made successively from the right of the division to the left, Hale's brigade got the first start, and we heard some lively firing on its front and saw that it was carrying one or two lines of trenches. Immediately in advance of the Twentieth Kansas was a redoubt covering probably an acre of ground, with flanking trenches. We were within a thousand yards of it, when I had the regiment lie down, and sent a few scouts to examine the work. It was ticklish work, but manfully done. It would be better to sacrifice half a dozen men than five or six times that number. We watched the scouts anxiously as they darted forward and threw themselves on the ground between dashes. Finally they made the last rush and went over the parapet of the redoubt. It was with great relief that we heard no firing, and soon they were back on the parapet signalling that the coast was clear. We then went forward rapidly, and soon passed the work and were halted some distance beyond it by the division commander, who was close up to the firing line. There was still a little firing in the direction of Hale's brigade, and a number of high bullets fired at his right reached us, one man of the regiment being wounded.

We were now less than a mile from the nipa houses in the suburbs of Malolos. I was on the railroad track with the division commander, when he asked me if I would like to take a few men and feel my way into the town. I said I would be glad to, and

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took Lieutenant Ball and about a dozen men from Company E, leaving the regiment in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Little for the time being. Moving rapidly over to the left of the regiment, our little detachment found a narrow road leading into the capital, and we went up it on the jump, now and then halting for a few seconds to peer around corners. The road soon became a street, and here we were joined by the ubiquitous Mr. Creelman, quite out of breath from his exertions in overtaking us, he having "smelled a rat" when he saw us leave. We were fired upon by about a dozen men behind a street barricade of stones, gave them a couple of volleys and then rushed them. A minute later we were in the plaza or public square, and exchanged shots with a few men who were running through the streets starting fires. The buildings occupied by Aguinaldo as a residence and as offices and the Hall of Congress were burning. We gave such cheers as a few men could, and I sent back word to General MacArthur that the town was ours. In a few moments troops from all the regiments of the brigade, as well as the brigade commander himself, joined us.

Some time before we entered the square the First South Dakota had occupied the village of Barasoain, which is practically a continuation of Malolos, though it has, or at least then had, a separate municipal government. This circumstance caused some of our compatriots from the far north to feel irritated by the none too modest boast of a few of the men of the Twentieth Kansas to the effect that the Kansans had been the first men actually in the capital.

After all of us were comfortably seated about our own firesides in the United States the newspaper war waged over this question was only less bloody than the sanguinary long-range contest carried on by the Kansans with the men of the Tenth Pennsylvania over the Marilao affair. This is one of the weaknesses of troops having local or State pride to cater to. Circumstances had simply enabled men from these two regiments to be the first to enter Malolos and the neighboring town. As a matter of fact, the victory belonged to the whole division and the troops co-operating with it. Malolos was defended, not at Malolos itself, but at Caloocan, Tuliajan River, Malinta, Polo, Meycauayan, Marilao, Bocaue, and Guiguinto.

[The fourth of General Funston's Philippine papers, "From Malolos to San Fernando," will appear in the September Number.]

REPAYMENT

By John Kendrick Bangs

THAT part of me that from the earth hath come
  Let earth take back again when comes the hour
That marks of my achievement the full sum,
  And sets the limit to my feeble power.

I grudge no bit of it,—the loan of clay
  That from her breast I've ta'en I shall return,
And have no slight reluctance to repay,
  Nor ever think the debt incurred to spurn.

But that which of the spirit is in me
  Let no earth-creditor of me demand:
To earth give earth's, to Immortality
  The gifts divine from the Immortal Hand.

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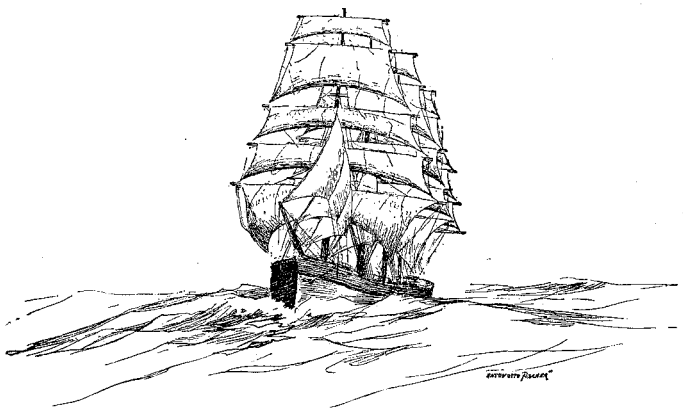
SAILING DAYS



FOUR PICTURES

BY

ANTON OTTO FISCHER

The artist followed the sea for eight years as an able seaman and the pictures are based upon actual experience

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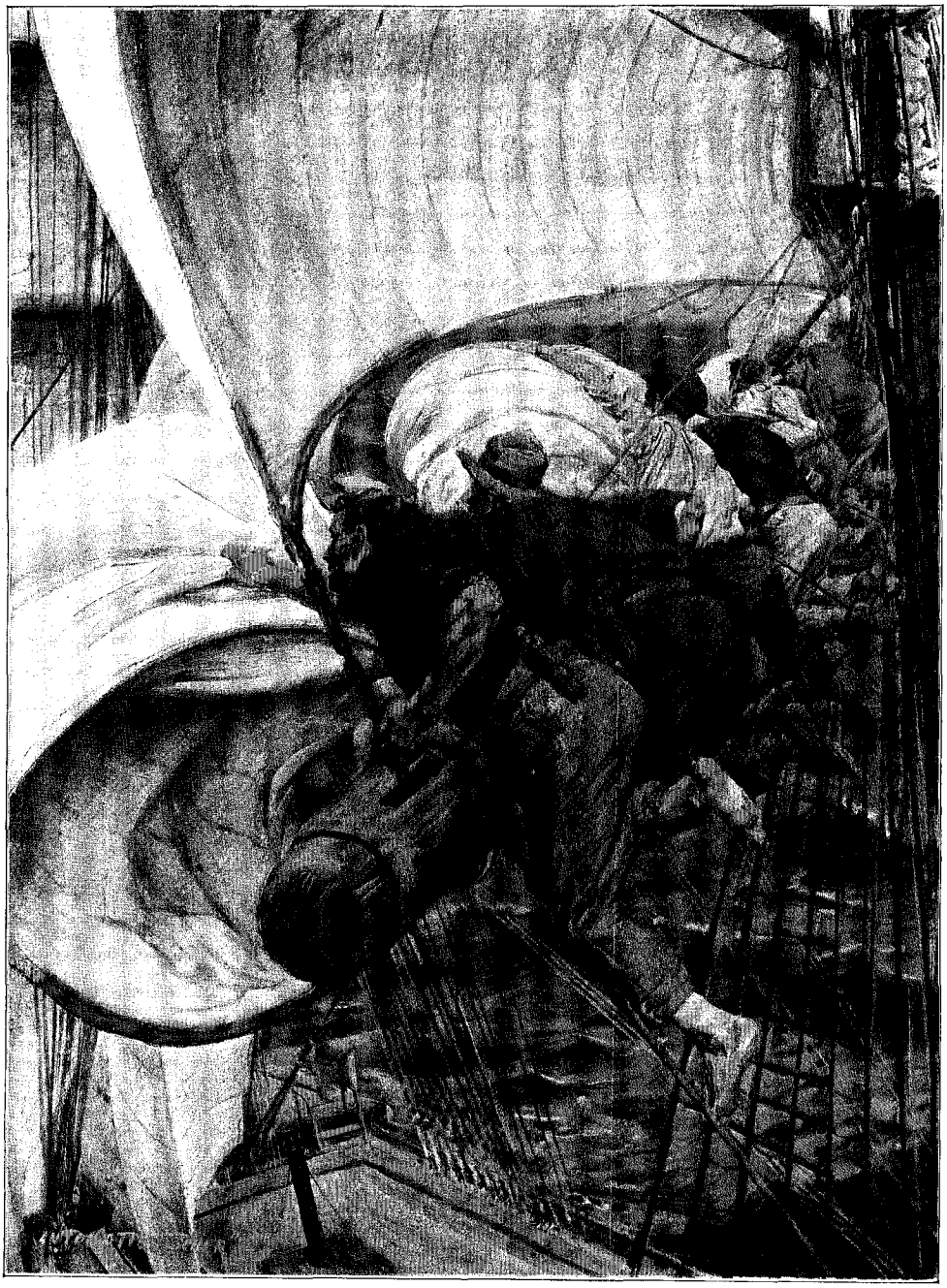

On the Yard-Arm—Furling the Mainsail.

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Man Overboard.

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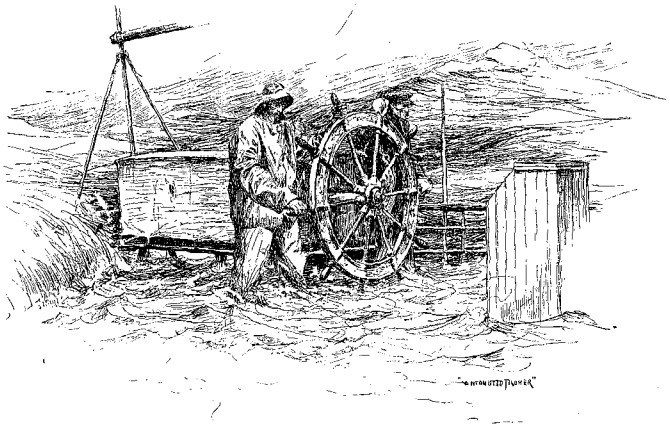

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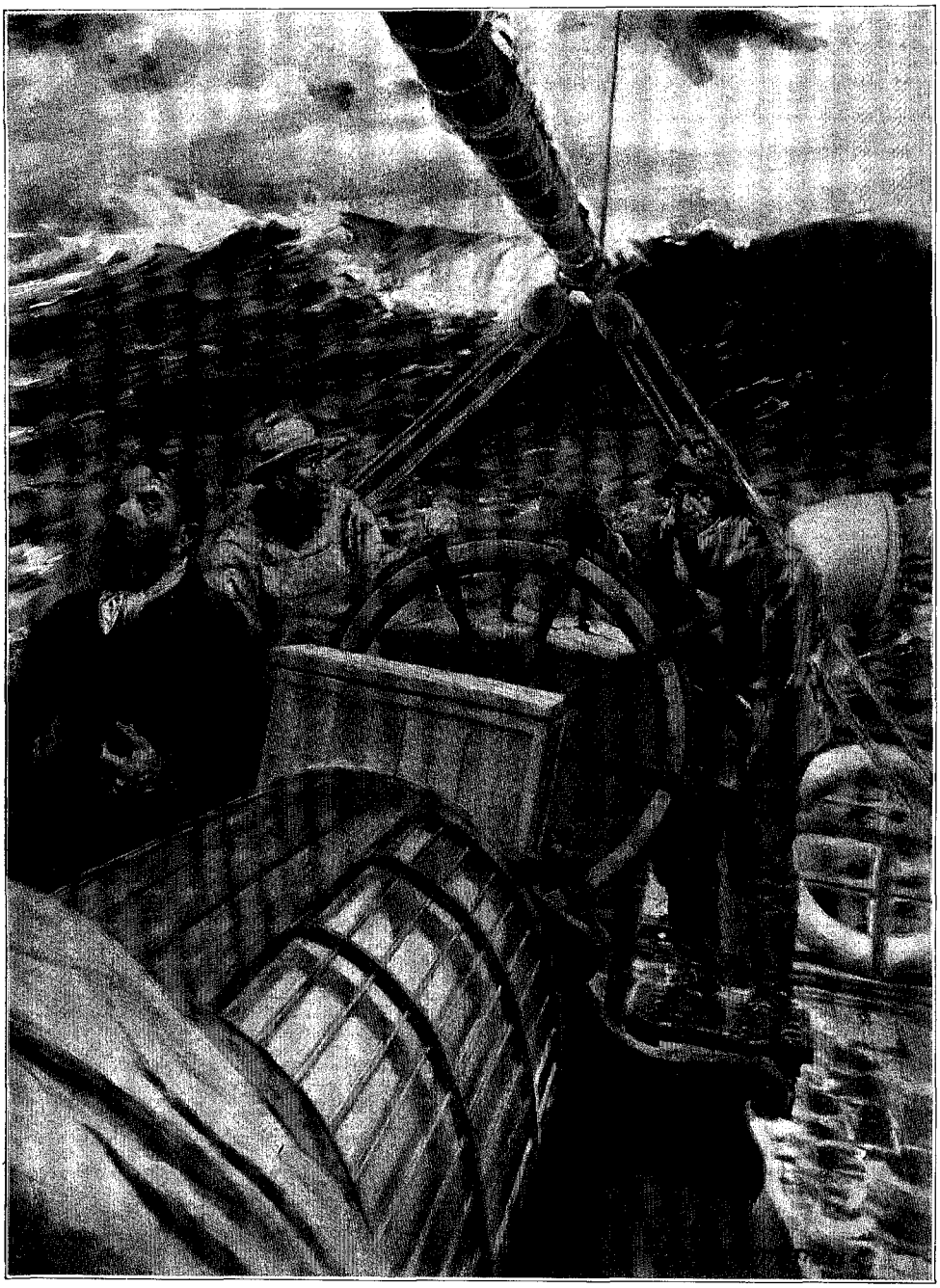

Running the East'ard Down—Homeward Bound off Cape Horn.

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Making Port in the Tropics—Taking on a Native Pilot.

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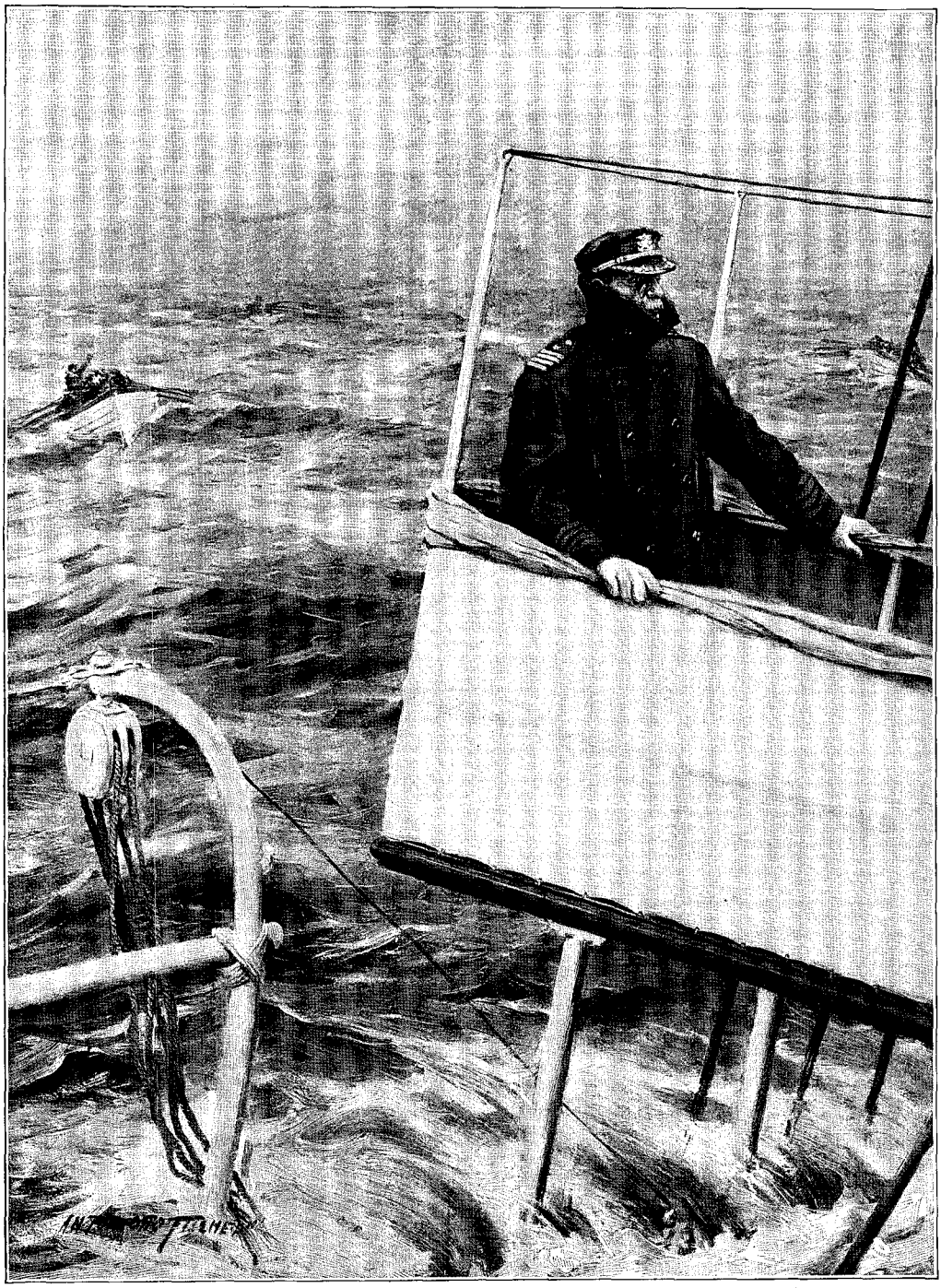

Drawn by Anton Otto Fischer.

"We were pulling toward her when it happened. . . ."—Page 198.

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OLD GOONEY

By John H. Walsh

ILLUSTRATION BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

WE were lying in Dutch Harbor on the night that the *Northerner* brought the crew of the *Pitcairn* into port. Our wardroom, over its coffee, was still talking of the wreck, vague word of which had come to us two hours before.

"Old Gooney, too, Old Gooney gone!" said some one, and I think there was a shade of annoyance in the voice that spoke. It was an annoyance which we all felt a little, yet which no one of us could have accounted for. That Gooney was gone, even to death, should not have been expected to annoy people, for Gooney had as perfect a reputation as a "sun-downer"—which is to say for meanness—as has any man who in a ship has ever gone down to the sea. I think it quite possible that we were ashamed of this unmanly feeling of annoyance. Certainly we were surprised at it, for we hated "Old Gooney"—at least we all said we did, and believed we were telling the truth. I suppose he had at one time or another had a fling at each of us. Me he put under hatches—for no matter what trivial thing—and I had hated him in my time very fervently, and had actually fancied that I should like to have my fingers on his flabby old throat.

"Old Gooney!" said I in a wondering, contemptuous tone, and I think I was going to tell of my experiences under him, when the steamer that brought old Doctor Stacy aboard came alongside. I was glad afterward that I omitted telling that experience. I never tell it now, for I feel differently about it.

We heard the reversing propeller churn the water at the gangway, and then Stacy came down into our midst. Good old Stacy! A man of all ages; a man who knew every one and whom no one knew in return; a lonesome, high-principled, Quixotic old bachelor. His face was red with the wind as he came into the wardroom, but the ashy pallor of weariness showed through the red, and there was something tragic in his appearance. He was just in, you see, from a wreck, followed by three days in a boat in a Bering Sea gale. He was tired through and through, one could easily see that, but he wanted to talk—almost had to talk, before he could rest—so we waited, for we all wanted to hear. Some one encouraged him by a random question, I remember, and that seemed to start him. He had sunk into a chair at the head of the table, and had lighted a little black pipe, one with a long stem. The ship was rolling rhythmically on a long swell that backed into the harbor from the sea. Stacy's face was in the shadow—he had turned out the lights near to him—and it was a detached voice that we heard, when he began to speak, a commonplace, matter-of-fact, business-like voice, loaded up a good deal with weariness and emotion.

"It all happened very simply," he said. "The fog cleared away, or, rather, opened up in a rift, for the wind was blowing pretty hard at the time. You know how the fog and rain swirl down and open up. Well, we were right on the reef, even when the fog moved aside. It was an uncharted reef, I believe; though how it has so long remained uncharted I don't see. Must every reef be discovered by the wrecking of ships? We couldn't do anything, of course. It was too late. Old Gooney was on the bridge himself, and he did everything possible, but it was no use. We went on pretty hard and we could hear plates tearing and rivets pulling their heads off—ominous sounds. The wind and the sea were pretty strong, as I've said, and they twisted us around through ninety degrees, and that made the hole larger. I thought it was like pushing a knife into a man's belly and twisting it up amongst his insides, and I fancy now that it was about as salubrious a thing as that would be. Old Gooney never winced, and yet you know how it must have hurt: it must have felt as though it were his own flesh and blood.

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The tide let us go off after a time, and that was kicking a wounded man into the street, knowing he'd bleed to death soon. Gooney said nothing, and we started to the southward, and as we drifted we were sinking. The feeling isn't good.

"You fellows didn't know Gooney as I did. No one did. I've known him a long time, ever since he was a midshipman, which seems like only since yesterday, when I think; but it has, nevertheless, been thirty years, no less, since we were together in Rio. Gooney!"—and he mused in silence for a moment, passing his hand wearily over his face. "Gooney!"

"Gooney!" he went on musingly. "His character was really pretty well marked out by that name. The way the name came to him indicates that. It wasn't one of those names that are suddenly saddled onto a man and by which he must live ever after. It came gradually and it was as though it were tried and fitted on him as a tailor fits a coat. Some one tried it tentatively; some one, I should say, who had watched the antics of the tropical gooney bird; you've all seen them. Well, it seemed to suit, so its vogue grew, and for ten years no one has called him anything else to his back than 'Old Gooney.' Oh, it was fair enough to call him any hard name; I don't controvert that. He was stupid, stubborn, malignant, in his way; and when it came to a wordy fight he fought, as it were, with beak and talons instead of with fists. I'm talking in metaphors; it makes speech easy.

"I've been near Gooney off and on a good deal, and I was with him and knew the circumstances of three of the crises of his life—two besides his death, if you choose to put it that way.

"Captain Irpit! One forgets his real name almost, he was so much better known as 'Old Gooney.' You never could have thought of calling Midshipman Irpit a 'Gooney.' You never could have fancied that he would be known afterward as the meanest man in the navy. He was a good-natured, good-looking, laughing, rather happy-go-lucky chap. He liked the girls pretty well, he had friends, and he liked to have fun. Yet of course all his future was in embryo within him—I must remember that—and I saw it start its growth; the planting was, of course, done by nature. The remarkable thing is that I saw it really start growth. I shall tell you about it to straighten out my own ideas in the matter. Oh, the force of an idea on human nature—at least on human nature as it was compounded in him! I wonder if the thing will appear to others as it appears to me.

"You see, we were lying in Rio; he was a midshipman then, and he and I used to go ashore a great deal together. We went to see a girl, of course. She interested him and she interested me, but I, nevertheless, always talked to the father while Irpit talked to the girl. I always have done that; I do it to this day: that's why I still am a bachelor, which is a good enough condition, too—but I wander.

"We came ashore one afternoon late to make our usual call. Irpit was melancholy, you know how we are in our youth, and as we strolled up to the house on the bluff we talked very little—at least he talked very little, and he listened to me with ill grace. At dinner the father and I—the father was a common-sense English chap, the English consul in Rio—made what talk there was, and Irpit and the girl kept very silent. He was moody and melancholy, you see. Perhaps there had been a disagreement between them—but I think not. At any rate, she ought to have rallied him and to have laughed at him. Instead of that she fell into step with him. She ought not to have done it, I say, for—well, it sounds queer, but the whole remainder of his life was on the anvil that night. He didn't know it, neither did she: no one could have known. There had been a violent flirtation, and the sympathy between them was very intense, very unusually intense; I myself felt the emotional strain of it. One could see the story in their faces, and the feeling of it came into your insides, somehow, just by its intensity.

"After dinner the father and I sipped coffee while Irpit and the girl talked to each other out on the porch. I sat next the window and I couldn't help hearing murmurs of conversation from outside. At first their voices were indistinct to me, but afterward I began unconsciously to hear whole sentences, whole thoughts, even. Once it fell preternaturally silent. The girl was talking. It was all very silly, I dare say, but I didn't think of it in that way then, and now it seems tragic. Her voice was tragic, too. 'I'm afraid of you,' she said

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in a low voice. 'I am afraid of you when you are fallen into melancholy like this. There is something sinister in it, something awful, something dark. I shall be afraid to close my eyes to-night. I wish I knew what you think at such times, what it all means.' Her voice was trembling as she finished, and I knew that she was shrinking into her chair. Oh, she meant what she said. It was pathetic. I wanted to go out and stand between them, to raise her out of her chair and to hearten her up. He made no answer that I heard, but I knew that he was sitting looking broodingly out over the sea, and I knew that his imagination must be touched; but I couldn't know that in a way it had taken fire. How did I know any of this? Oh, it was in the air; one couldn't help knowing. We know so much in life that we never are told that I think we must have twenty or a hundred subconscious senses which we can't name, can't locate, can't define, even after they have brought messages to us.

"Of course I moved away from the window—one would not wish to hear people talk of such things—and then the wind came up somewhat, too, blowing their further conversation out over the bay, and I heard no more. But I was thinking about it. The father and I, in consequence, could not seem to talk well to each other, and I was glad when Irpit desired to go home early.

"Oh, I know," went on the doctor wearily, "that this was the extravagance of youth. It wouldn't affect you or me now, perhaps it wouldn't have affected us then; but it affected him. It touched his imagination then, just as another very different thing did years later. His imagination wasn't particularly lively, but oh, the intensity of it! How it enlarged itself—a regular Gooney of an imagination! Who can say what will startle it or when it will stop?

"It sounds as though I, now, were in the extravagant period of youth or as though I were insane, but I could see changes in him from that night. We left Rio soon afterward, went round the Horn. I saw the thing. You are about to say he was only in love—no, that isn't true, although he was a little in love, I suppose. However, he was much more than that. He was lost in his imagination. At first he lived in a profound and distressful state of melancholy. Later he became morbid, bitter, satirical, malevolent. It was as though he breathed poisonous air. His presence had something morally pestilential in it. He used after a while to say things to me that made me aware that he considered himself a misanthrope and a scoundrel; and one could not help fancying that he took a morbid pride in certain of his least admirable characteristics. The men forward grew to hate him and of course his messmates avoided him. It seemed as though there were something unclean about him—and so there was in a way. I was greatly distressed by it all for a long time, and I used to talk to him about it. I used even to point out his sins to him sometimes; but I learned the futility of that. Such verbal belaborings as I gave him were taken, I thought, by his distorted mind as real compliments, as real evidence of the intensity of his wickedness. Oh, it was a horrible thing. I could not always bear to be near him. I felt as though I owed it to humanity to kill him—so I used to avoid him. And yet I ought not to have blamed him; such things are for God.

"I left the ship after we got to this coast, and I never was shipmates with him until about a year ago. But I had seen him from year to year, here and there, out in China, in Washington, in New York. I knew well what he had grown to be, and I suppose I was about the only man in the service who, in spite of what he was, remained on friendly terms with him. I, like every man else that knew him, despised him in those days, but I couldn't break with him; and he couldn't break with me, though I think he would have liked well to do so, for his fondness for me was about all that stood between him and the achievement of perfect, complete hatred of mankind. Properly speaking, I see now that he made a great sacrifice for me. What a fantastic mind he had!

"You all know what a rabid creature he became as the years went along. What a devilish ingenuity he developed in mentally torturing his officers and men. You know he drove Wheeligan to suicide, you know how Huick went insane. I suppose you all knew better than I did; for I was never shipmates with him again, you see, until last year. The worst of all was the matter

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of his wife. I suppose every decent man that knew her wanted to kill him when he heard about it. Most people never knew what became of her, but I happened to find out. Hank Teller and I met her one night in New York, earning a living from men on the street. We talked with her a little—and before she died she wrote me a letter. She died in jail—old Admiral Borget's daughter——!

"Oh, I suppose one should call it insanity, although, indeed, it matters little what name you apply to it. How it changed his appearance, too! You know what he grew to look like, the yellow teeth floating vaguely in his huge mouth, the fetid, rotten look of his flesh, his huge jowl, his vague, watery eyes—and I tell you it all began in Rio and I saw it start. I heard the seed words spoken and I have seen the development of this extraordinary and morbid growth. I read you no moral. It could have happened to no one but Gooney. It could not have failed happening to him. But the monstrosity of it appalls me, all coming from the words of a sweet, pure, simple girl, whom he hadn't seen since, whom he never wrote to. It sounds improbable but I know it is true. I know it better than I know anything.

"It was about a year ago that I became shipmates with him again. You know what he was then. To me he was a singularly pitiable object, just as he was singularly despicable. I felt that I knew where his misfortunes began—they were many times more his misfortunes than they were other people's. He was, I think, even more unfortunate than his wife, for sin is the greatest of all misfortunes, and he had sinned against every one and everything. I felt—I think it was because I had seen the thing start—that I was in a measure an accomplice and that I was a blameworthy person. Thus, even when I despised him, I never could judge him. As I commenced again being shipmates with him I remember wondering if he could never go back in his development of criminal tendencies—they were criminal in the highest sense. Might it not, as it were, be possible to administer an antidote or an alterative; which is to say, could not one capture the fortifications of his insanity some way, could not one either flank or assault them?

"This matter was very much in my mind as I went my bachelor rounds in San Francisco, but I don't know what I concluded. Indeed, I think I concluded nothing. I waited, and the event made my conclusion for me. Do you remember a play that was running there about a year ago, 'The Deification'? It had its points, you remember, both good and bad ones. There was, however, a real actress in that show. Nora Rezania, a new star, was the one I mean. Do you remember her? I suppose it was having Gooney much in my mind that reminded me when I first saw her of the girl that Gooney and I had seen thirty years before in fever-stricken Rio. As the evening went on the likeness of Rezania to Nell Furley seemed to grow—at least I thought it did, and I watched her more closely than any one, for it was like setting the clock back, like growing young again. Besides, I had a queer feeling about her. I somehow felt that through this strange resemblance something might be done for Gooney. You see, I had my theory that Gooney had a diseased imagination, and I thought I knew the blow that had started the horrible abscess in his fancy. I suppose my interest was mostly scientific, for I despised Old Gooney and hardly desired to be useful to him. But if something could help Gooney, I wanted to find out what it was and to apply it. To do so seemed a piece of work worthy of being done. And then the romance of it—do you see it all? Why, it would be like finding the pole or leading a cavalry charge or dying in a forlorn hope. It came to me as an inspiration what the treatment might be. I remember the lines yet. That was it! He should hear Rezania recite certain lines of her part; they were sublime, pathetic, convincing. Your playwright takes a woman down near the fag end of life. She has suffered shame, contumely, abuse, injustice; and, behold, her spirit still is unconquered. She is pale, worn, emaciated, but her eyes, emblems of her spirit, are filled with soft, lambent flames. It was wonderful to see. Undaunted, that is the word. Her face was like sunrise, though death was upon her. You remember her voice, Jim," and he addressed one of us. "You remember the manner of her speaking these words, a very even, quiet, impressive manner: 'How strong I am! It is not possible to injure

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me. I am noble; I am generous; I am unconquerable; difficulty is opportunity to me. You see then, do you not, that I am virtuous, that I can do no evil, that I am incorruptible, true to my trust?—and hence I die: it is my privilege to die!' And she stabs herself in the heart—a great-hearted woman.

"Once I had thought of it I felt sure that here was the thing. I at once laid my plans with infinite care. I prepared Gooney's mind for what was to come. I talked of Rio, mentioned that to me Rezania looked like little Nell Furley, and then one night I got him ashore to the theatre. He heard, actually heard with his mind, as well as with his ears, what Rezania had to say—I saw that at once—and I think that properly speaking her words were the first to which he had really listened for thirty years. Thirty years, that is a long time to live in the dark—and that is what he had mentally done. Thirty years, think of it! His lips trembled as he heard Rezania's final tragic words. His flabby old lips trembled and worked convulsively and pathetically, and I knew that he had heard. It was strange how the passage affected him. And the effect was not passing, for his imagination, as I've said, had inertia. As we walked down to the water-front he was totally silent. Afterward in the launch he repeated that last passage in a halting sort of way. It was interesting and it was affecting. It seemed to me that his imagination was locked in a stout room, and that only two persons in the world, and they both women, carried the keys to it. One couldn't help seeing that unusual things were amove again, one couldn't help predicting great changes—and the changes came rapidly. I could see them after that, day by day. They were in a measure the reverse of the changes I had seen thirty years before. He changed in appearance, in manner, in thoughts, in every way possible. He even seemed to grow younger and stronger. But oh, in a way he was the same Gooney still, a man with an imagination that had inertia. Now, however, his imagination was sweeping him in the opposite direction. In the same degree that he had actually desired to become despicable and to earn the hatred of people, he now desired to become admirable, and I think he desired people to like him. Oh, the power of an idea on such a man! It is without limit, beyond comprehension, infinite.

"'I can do nothing unworthy; such deeds are not possible to me,' said he to me quietly one evening on the quarter-deck under the stars, when we were talking of evil. And it was so. You knew it was so when you looked at him; no unworthy thoughts could lurk even in the darkest recesses of the mind behind that now clear, luminous eye. Strangely, he seemed to forget that he had ever been otherwise, and used to speak as though he had spent a lifetime in the practise of virtue.

"And the measure of it all was shown us when the wreck came. He was equal to the thing. He stood on the bridge when we struck. He stood there calm, strong, fearless, tireless, patient, yet sudden to act, masterful. The rest of us were somewhat confused, but not he. There must have been a tremendous egoism in him; he showed it in both parts of his life. I see him yet as he stood there that morning, the sea making clear breaches across deck, the ship settling low and lower in the water, the life-boats ready to lower, the wind stringing spray and foam in ribbons to leeward, the crew hanging in the wake of deck erections here and there, every one waiting on him and carrying out his orders with extraordinary promptness and order. And his orders were wise.

"He sent us all off in the boats, lowering the boats one by one, almost lowering them with his own hands. I had an idea that he was coming off himself in the last boat, although before I left he pressed my hand warmly and bade me good-by. But he had no mind to leave his ship at such a time. When the crew of the last boat saw that, they moved as if to take him by force, but it was impossible. You couldn't deny the calm, God-like commands that came from him. You couldn't do it, I say. He was too sure of himself, too certain of his ground, too certain of what was his duty, and his imagination carried too much inertia. He was utterly disregardful of importunity, he was above fear, above the love of life even. Jenkins was in charge of that last boat, and he told me that he was helpless before Gooney in this matter, that Gooney was like God, unapproachably and superhumanly virtuous, calm, unafraid.

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And Jenkins is a square-jawed, stiff-backed man, a true man. The men in the boat besought him to come, and wept as they did so. Can you fancy any one unmoved by tears of grown men? I think he never even faltered. Jenkins said he almost seemed not to hear as he motioned them with a beneficent smile into their boat. 'No,' said he sadly aloud, 'a captain should go with his ship—such a thing as leaving is not possible to me; I am too steadfast, too honorable, and I have too much regard for the traditions of duty.' And it was true; these things were his masters now just as his faculties of hatred had formerly been.

"After the last boat left the ship's side I saw through my glasses that Gooney was still on the bridge. I ought to have known that this was what he would do, but I did not. The shock of seeing him there, the thought of the uselessness of his sacrifice—if sacrifice it were—moved me profoundly, and I rather excitedly directed the crew to pull to the ship. But it would have done no good. Jenkins would have brought him, I think, if it were possible to bring him—I could have done no more. He had made up his mind; or, if you like to call it differently, he had lost himself in the foliage of his own exuberant fancy. Nevertheless, we did pull back toward the ship, but the wind was against us and when we arrived it was too late.

"A striking part of that long, exhausting pull was the emotion we all felt, not I alone, but the whole crew, sailormen, coal-passers, cooks, every one of us. It was as though we were all mad. We shouted inanely, and cursed, and our faces were wetted constantly with tears. In that patch of visible ocean I think Gooney was the only calm human being, the only person with collected faculties. The other boat crews were like ours.

"We got rather close to the old ship toward the end, and I could see that she was dangerously far down in the water. I urged the crew to more violent efforts, but it was no use, they were doing their best. Other boats were pulling toward the ship also, but they were all pulling against a half gale of wind, and it was slow work. Occasionally a boat's crew would raise their voices in unison in an attempt to attract their captain's attention, and afterward they would wave their hands persuasively and commandingly toward our boat. But Gooney had made up his mind, I say, and so had the sea. If Gooney heard them he made no sound, and made no change in his rhythmic swing across the bridge, back and forth, a man on watch. Oh, it was pathetic and inspiring to see him.

"The old ship went down very quietly, but she went suddenly. We were pulling toward her when it happened and we may have been a quarter-mile distant. I could see Old Gooney very plainly through my glasses. I could even almost see the expression of his face and I could almost read his glances. He never changed his calm pacing of the bridge; he seemed calm, unterrified, unintimidated. He even seemed cheerful, and there somehow was an atmosphere of generosity and beneficence about him. How much of all this came from my imagination who shall say? But it is certain that he continued almost until the end to pace the bridge very coolly and quietly. Thus much all of us saw. It happened very suddenly, as I have said, for he disappeared while we were obscured from him in the trough of a sea. Strangely enough, no man in any of the boats saw him actually go under water. He was there—he was not there. It was divine legerdemain, nature's hocus pocus, gravity's sleight of hand. We searched for him for hours, but finally the wind scattered us, and it would now be impossible to find the place.

"It was a very wonderful thing that he did—to watch the water creep up toward him, to die undismayed, hopeful, cheerful, with the measure of his years far from full.

"And oh, the power of an idea! One should remember that—we are all Gooneys a little bit."

And the doctor stumbled off down the alleyway of state-rooms, and we all sat still and smoked.

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THE CHESS PLAYERS

By Olive M. Briggs

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. IVANOWSKI

THERE were three of us dining together that night in my Paris studio, Count Nicot, Tony DeJong, and myself.

The Count was slim and small and dark, very foreign looking, with a short mustache which he twirled incessantly. DeJong was big and blonde, with a hearty laugh and honest blue eyes. His skin was ruddy and bronzed like a sailor.

Dinner was over. We were lingering over our wine and smoke, enjoying the quiet of the dimly lit studio, and DeJong had just finished a yarn of the sea—a weird tale of shipwreck, revenge and a woman, which had left us all shivering—when Nicot's voice broke the lull suddenly. It was a low voice, magnetic, with a carrying quality.

"That's a queer thing, DeJong; one of the queerest I ever heard. You experienced that really yourself, did you?"

The Count and I both looked up with interest.

DeJong was engaged in filling his pipe. He wedged the tobacco well in with his thumb, and held the match to the bowl before answering.

"Experienced it myself?" he said, "what? Why of course I experienced it. There's nothing so queer in this world as the truth. Don't you know that, gentlemen?"

"Sacré!" exclaimed Nicot. "Monsieur, you are right! To some, such an outcome would seem unlikely, but I've seen strange things in the course of my life. Where women are concerned everything is possible. Black skins or white, Asiatics or Europeans, it makes no difference. When their love, their passion, their jealousy is aroused, it is like the spark at the end of the gunpowder fuse. The strongest man—if he takes fire—whiff, bang, gone, good-by!"

The Count laughed as he spoke.

"Take the Russian case of Klafsky, for example—the most extraordinary affair that was. All the European papers were full of it a few years ago. You remember? In Paris the feeling ran very high, in Zurich and Geneva they held mass meetings, and in Milan there was a riot. But no one knew the real facts of the case; no one ever will know. The Russian police force were as mystified as the Central Revolutionists. Both were equally in the dark, and both equally swore vengeance. It was a curious situation."

"Klafsky!" cried DeJong, "Klafsky! . . . Wait a moment, Monsieur. Where have I heard that name before? It sounds familiar."

"My dear sir," said the Count—he began to twirl the ends of his mustache impatiently—"of course you have heard it. Am I not telling you? At the time the thing happened, for a fortnight there, the press, the people, the whole world was interested."

"What!" I exclaimed, "You don't mean that Marx affair in Switzerland? The Russian police spy who——"

"The same," said Nicot. "No wonder you stammer. Who? What? Where? Why? Exactly—was he Marx or was he Klafsky? Was he a police spy, or was he a Revolutionist? . . . Those are the questions that two great counter organizations have been asking themselves many times over, and are still asking themselves to-day. So far as I know, they have found no answer, and they never will."

"I suppose there's a reason for that," said Tony.

The Count gave a quick glance over his shoulder. "Dites, mon ami—are the walls thick?"

"So-so!"

"No one beyond?"

"No one." I laughed.

"Or upstairs there?" He pointed to the staircase.

"Oh, that's all right." I said.

"Mais——" The Count gave a protesting shrug with his shoulders, pointing

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to the back of the valet as he cleared the table.

"That's all right, Nicot. He doesn't know English. But still, if you like—shall I send him away?"

This by-play was in gestures, under our breath.

"Eh bien, if you please, mon ami—yes."

DeJong and the Count both waited in silence, smoking abstractedly, while I beckoned to the servant, whispering to him in French some order or other. Then the valet vanished, leaving the dishes.

"Thank you," said Nicot, "it is always wiser to take precautions." He glanced again behind him as if still undecided, hesitated a moment, and then went on. "You will give me your word of honor, gentlemen? I count on that. Otherwise I shouldn't dare to speak. Not a breath, not a syllable of what I am going to tell you will ever be repeated, not even to your wives?"

DeJong interrupted him with a roar of laughter.

"Good heavens, man!" he exclaimed, throwing his pipe down, "All this Russian secretiveness is enough to develop nerves in a cow! In America we shout everything on the housetops, and don't care a continental! . . . There are no police spies in Paris, are there?"

"Aren't there?" said Nicot—"My dear fellow, if ever you have occasion to speak of Russian affairs on this side of the water, take my advice—whether it be Paris or Basle, Cologne, the Riviera or Constantinople, look over your shoulder first, and drop the tone of your voice low. Not for your own sake, you understand, but for those whose names you happen to mention. Many a tragedy has come from careless talk in a train or a restaurant, a story told lightly, or an opinion repeated. Even with the utmost caution sometimes, a stray word let fall may prove a matter of life or death."

"You smile, sir?" he turned to DeJong gravely, "but unless you have personal acquaintance with these matters; unless the tragedies, their cause and effect, are brought home to you closely, specially, you cannot understand. For my part, my father was a Frenchman, my mother was a Pole, so I am three-quarter socialist and one quarter—" He looked from one face to the other slowly. "If the case had been reversed, I should have been three-quarter revolutionist probably instead. As it is, I sympathize and I comprehend. I do not approve! No!"

The Count's eyes flashed.

"I approve of no system, no society, no cause that puts a man in the position of Klafsky. Whatever his motives were, whatever his real character and purpose, it was a terrible problem he had to face. Whatever you may say of him, he faced it squarely. He did what he thought was right as he saw it. Can any man do more? There is no question of political sympathies in this case, gentlemen, because both sides abused and reviled him alike. He had lived between two fires for a dozen years or more—it takes a fairly brave man to do that—and the first time his foot slipped, they both let loose on him.

"If Klafsky were alive now—pray heaven he is not—he is either lying at the bottom of some dungeon in Russia, or the Tribunal of Terror have him fast in their clutches. They vowed they'd get him sooner or later, that there wasn't a prison in all the Tsar's dominions strong enough or deep enough to hide him from their vengeance, so they may have succeeded. Either fate is unspeakable."

We all shuddered, and again the Count glanced over his shoulder, swiftly, fleetingly, behind and about him.

"You give your word, gentlemen?"

As he said this, he stretched out his right hand solemnly, and DeJong and I each shook it in turn, one after the other, across the table. Then the Count sat back and folded his arms.

"You probably think," he said, "most people do, that all Russian tragedies are enacted in Russia; but some of the most pitiful dramas I know have taken place right here in Paris; and in Switzerland, where the exiles congregate, the terrible stories I could tell you are countless. You remember when Bazilieff was extradited? . . . He was tracked to Bern by a Russian spy, and then disappeared; lay low for a while like a fox under cover. It wasn't until nearly a year later, the poor fellow tried to get marriage papers for the sake of his child that had just been born—to legalize the Nihilistic ceremony which had

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been interrupted. In a second he was pounced on. All those months some one had been watching, listening, waiting for just that very thing. They knew he would try it sooner or later.

I was in Bern at the time; and his young wife—the girl who had escaped with him from Warsaw—she was at the station with the baby in her arms to see him taken back. Bazilieff, when his case was tried, only made one request. "Extradite me, if you must," he said, "but marry us first." The Russian Church refused. So the boy—he was just twenty-two they told me—he was rushed back to Petersburg under strong police guard, and heaven only knows what became of him there! . . . The one little slip, you see; the mistake they made for love of one another. Their very honesty and morality killed them. Some one had talked.

The reason I mention this case to you, gentlemen, is because of Klafsky's connection with it. Nobody guessed it of course at the time, nobody imagines now outside of official circles; but from this you can see the double nature of the man, and the blacker side of the life he was leading. Condemn him if you please. All Europe condemned him a few years ago, even the side he had been serving, even the side he was driven to serve—even Nadine. But before you judge, let me tell you what happened."

Nicot took up his glass of wine, emptied it, and set it down again on the table. Both DeJong and I were listening intently. Again came that quick, instinctive glance around, searching the shadows. The Count then resumed.

"Yes—well, it happened one August. I had a friend with me, a man by the name of Reuss, from Bavaria, and we were travelling together through the Bernese Oberland; lounging in the valleys or climbing to the heights; doing a peak or two here or there, according to our fancies and the weather conditions. Reuss was a painter. You know his work, perhaps, mon ami?"

"Oh, very well," I said, "of the Munich set I think, was he not?"

"Just so; a rank impressionist but a good fellow. He was making little magenta daubs of the Alps as we went along—regular blotches, with the paint stuck on all at sixes and sevens. His sense of beauty was a trifle distorted, to my mind at least; but for all that, it was he who first saw Nadine. This is how it occurred."

We were on our way to Interlaken; and the boat from Thun was just out of the river, at the point where they turn, you know, into the lake. We had come on at Scherzligen with a big crowd, for those boats are always packed in the season, and were threading our way in and out through the benches, trying to find places. Suddenly I felt Reuss give a jog to my elbow.

"Sacrement! . . . Look over there, will you?"

"Where?" said I, staring about me. The confusion of tourists was anything but inviting.

"Straight ahead, at the bow! The chess-players—see! Push along, Nicot, I want to get a nearer view of her profile."

"Bon Dieu!" I exclaimed.

We elbowed our way to the end of the boat.

Beyond the benches, at the extreme bow, was a little group of people, unmistakably Russians, three men and two women. Two were seated on the capstans close together, with their backs against the rail; the others clustered about them. The couple on the capstans held a chess-board between them, on which the eyes of all five were riveted. What struck me in a flash was the extraordinary absorption of the whole party. Evidently the tourists, with their crowding and chatter, did not exist for them. They were as unconscious of their surroundings as though alone by themselves on a desert island; the curious glances passed by them unheeded. Either the panorama of snow mountains was an old story, or they were indifferent to Alpine scenery, for not one of the group paid the slightest attention.

The afternoon was unusually beautiful. One of those clear, crisp days after a storm, and the horns of the Blümli glistened like silver. Off in the distance rose the Bernese range, Jungfrau, Mönch and Eiger, all three, silhouetted in white against the blue of the summer sky; the clouds drifting off from their summits like smoke, delicate, fleecy, hardly to be distinguished from the snow-fields themselves. There were white-caps on the lake; and the wind came whistling under the awnings, sharp, bracing, straight from the glaciers.

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"Get nearer, can't you?" said Reuss softly, "Push ahead to the rail. There's a woman ahead with a veil a yard broad, I can't see a thing! . . . Sacré, but that's odd! Nicot, I say—it can't be a tournament?"

"They are Russian students, that's clear," I whispered back, "and they must be chess fiends to play in the midst of a crowd like this. I'd give something to be able to watch their moves! . . . Let me pass please, madame."

We edged still closer, beyond the last bench, and stood against the rail, holding on to our hats. The Russians were now within close range. Reuss began to gaze fixedly across at the Blümli, and I followed suit, lifting my field glasses.

"Colossal, isn't it?" he exclaimed with enthusiasm.

"Superb!"

"Couldn't have had a better day for the view!"

"No! Ma foi—we're in luck!"

But all this finesse was lost on our neighbors; they never turned an eyelash. From where we stood now, we could make out the board. From the look of it, and the increasing absorption of the circle, the game seemed to be a close one.

"Hiss-st, Reuss!" I whispered, "is that your profile there?"

"Yes," he whispered back, "the girl at the board. That's a rare head, isn't it? Look at the brow, and the curves of the cheek and the chin—they're exquisite. She's winning, too, if I'm not mistaken. What wouldn't I give to get her on canvas like that, with the hood of her cape drawn over her hair, and her curls blown in the wind! . . . How old would you make her?"

"About twenty or thereabouts; not more. Sacrement, she is winning!"

The girl suddenly lifted her eyes and looked around. She held her opponent's black knight in her hand, and her gaze sought that of the Russian who was nearest us. He was so near that, as their eyes met, we caught her expression, almost as if it were meant for ourselves. It was a curious one, and instinctively we wondered what the man was like, what his look could have been to call forth the other. The girl's hand trembled as she put the knight down; and she lifted her hand to her hood for a moment, as if to draw the folds closer. The other slowly advanced a rook; then she castled to the left and the game went on.

Her opponent was a black-eyed, anæmic young fellow, poorly dressed, roughly shaven, unhealthy looking. He also seemed nervous. Another man of the same type stood directly behind him. At his elbow, watching closely, was the other woman heavily built, very Slavic in feature. She might have been his sister, and her eyes never wavered from the board for a second. When the black knight vanished, she gave a quick sigh of relief, or disappointment—it was hard to tell which.

The Russian who was standing beside the girl, was a man of a different stamp, much older. He was a tall, athletic looking fellow, with a loden cape slung over his shoulders, a cap on his head pulled down over his eyes, and something about him that was distinguished, apart, irresistible, compelling. One of those strong personalities that make themselves felt by their presence alone, without the necessity for speech or action. His back was turned to us, so all we could see was his thick black hair slightly tinged with gray, and the freedom and picturesqueness of his poise as he stood there. He was smoking, and his face was bent over the chess players.

"What do you take him to be, Reuss—the tall one? He seems a sort of leader."

"I don't know," he whispered, "but I've run across that fellow before somewhere. Where, for the life of me, I can't recall; perhaps it will come to me later! . . . Ha—Nicot!"

"Sh-h-h!"

"There's something up between him and the girl."

"Looks like it."

"There's something up between the whole lot of them, something more than we think."

I nodded.

"There's more at stake than a mere game of chess. From the absorption of them all and the way they take it, you'd suppose it was a matter of life or death. Sacré! . . . That's queer!"

"What?"

"Pretend to be admiring the Blümli, Nicot; don't attract attention. Mon Dieu, did you see that?"

The young man had made a move with his queen; the girl brought hers forward.

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He advanced a black bishop; the girl moved her knight. Just as pretty a play as you ever saw. "Check king!" she said.

At this exclamation, the tall man behind her threw away his cigar and made a motion as if to protest. His manner was strange, half startled, like one who is fighting for self-control. The girl glanced up again. She was smiling faintly, and he laid his hand on her shoulder, coming nearer. When she felt his touch—it was plain to see—a little shiver seemed to run through her, and the blood rushed away from her cheeks and lips, leaving her pale almost as he was. Several more moves were made in silence.

With each play the intensity of the atmosphere seemed to increase. The waits were interminable, the manœuvres intricate, the outcome still uncertain. The two were well matched and were evidently playing a very strong game. But why such emotion? Why such extraordinary interest? It was out of all proportion. Reuss shrugged his shoulders.

"These Russians must be an excitable set," he muttered, "Either that, or——"

"Or what?"

"They are playing for a purpose, and to win or lose means more than we think it does."

Scarcely had he whispered these words in my ear than the tall Russian turned, and we caught his face full. The agony expressed in it I shall never forget. It was as if you saw a man in the midst of a death struggle. Fear, even terror, were written large in every feature, in every line, but the fear and the terror were not for himself. The struggle was not for his own life. Although we were only a few feet away, and his gaze was straight toward us, it was clear enough that he saw nothing, he felt nothing, he heard nothing. His mind was absorbed in something apart.

Whether the touch on her shoulder communicated his thought to the girl or not, she began shivering again; and all of a sudden she dashed her queen forward.

"Check king! . . . Check king!"

The tone of her voice was indescribable. It was triumphant like a battle cry; and then in the midst her breath seemed to fail her. Her opponent gave a quick exclamation, which the man and the woman behind him echoed. It seemed one almost of satisfaction. Instantly, as if stunned, the tall Russian passed his hand over his eyes, hiding them from the light. It was the gesture of one who is drawing on a mask. Then his hand dropped, in a flash he was changed. The expression was gone, and his manner careless.

"She's winning," said Reuss, "and for some reason that tall fellow there, the leader—parbleu, now where have I seen him before? . . . Look, Nicot."

The girl had thrown back her head with a laugh, an odd little laugh, like a child half pleased with itself, half frightened.

"Boje moi!" she cried, "my God—it's checkmate!"

For a moment all five of them seemed transfixed. Nobody moved, nobody spoke; they all stood staring down at the chessboard.

"That's a funny thing," said Reuss softly. "She's won sure enough, but she's pale as death! I don't understand this exalté strain. Why don't they congratulate her? What's the matter with them?"

Before I could answer, the spell broke.

The Russians began to talk excitedly together, gesticulating freely. One of the young men folded the chess-board up, slipping the chessmen into his pocket. The boat had just left Beatenbucht. As we watched, the girl rose slowly, unsteadily, to her feet, and drew aside a little, back toward the rail where the tall man was leaning. The two put their heads close and they spoke in a whisper, but Reuss and I were very near. As we understood Russian we could not help hearing. This is what they said, word for word, as I remember it. The girl's voice first, soft as a breath.

"Well—it's settled now, Marx."

The man murmured something.

"Don't worry. It shall all be carried out just as you planned, to the very letter. Can I not do it as well as he? . . . Why are you sad?"

"You are too young, Nadine, for this sort of business. You ought not to have drawn for the game at all. If I had dreamed—but Mieke is one of our best players, and he told me, he swore to me——"

"I know," the girl interrupted contemptuously, "he wanted to do it himself. It was she!" A little backward thrust of her

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elbow indicated the other woman, who was still talking, gesticulating behind them. "She was frightened for him." The fool! Bah—they're poor stuff for patriots! I'm not afraid, Marx! I'm not that sort."

The man gave her a sudden strange look, half proud, half tender, inscrutable; and his fist clenched as it rested on the rail.

"No," he said, "you're not—you're not, Nadine. You've got more courage in that little finger of yours than ten of Mieke put together. And you'll need it all to-night, all the nerve you have, child! . . . Are you sure of yourself?"

"Yes."

"You won't flinch?"

She threw back her head and her eyes flashed up at him. He studied them for a moment, staring down into their depths.

"Regardless of consequences—remember."

"I remember."

The girl laughed out, but her lip we saw was quivering. The man made a sudden movement as if to put his arm around her, a movement checked half-way as he realized the crowd. That the two understood one another was evident. The absolute trust in her face was beautiful.

"We're nearly there," he said, "we'll be in Interlaken directly. You know where to meet me to-night—and when?"

"The pavilion—eight o'clock—on the Harder path. You will bring the——"

"Sh-h-h!" he whispered, looking over his shoulder, "Yes, I'll have it all ready. You're to go to the Kursaal, you know, straight from there."

"Mélikoff is certain, is he?"

"Chut! . . . He has ordered a table reserved, and you're to have the next, number twenty-four."

As the Russian said this the girl blanched, shrinking back with instinctive recoil as from a blow. And then to our amazement we saw that she was trembling. There could be no doubt of the fact this time. In every limb, in every muscle she was trembling like a leaf.

Whether the man noticed or not, we could not tell. If he did, he made no comment. There was silence between them. The two stood side by side against the rail, staring down into the water.

By this time the boat was approaching the pier, and the passengers began to move toward the gangway. Reuss and I went off to attend to our traps. It was all confusion. When we landed finally, hurrying along to escape the line of porters, we scanned the throngs in vain. The Russians had vanished.

Nicot stopped for a moment, filled his glass with wine, and took up another cigar. He glanced around the studio.

"This tale doesn't bore you I hope, gentlemen."

DeJong leaned forward, pushing the matches toward the Count. He looked preoccupied I thought, but his tone was full of warmth.

"Go on, Nicot, go on! . . . But stop, man, light your cigar first."

"Presently," said Nicot, "thanks! . . . The servant may be back."

"That's so," I exclaimed, "We're both on pins and needles, Count! By George, I remember distinctly when the picture of Marx first came out in the papers. Cossack type—wasn't he? Strong-featured, dark-browed, striking-looking fellow? And Nadine, a pretty little wistful-eyed thing? . . . Not much of the criminal about either one of them. He didn't look a traitor, and as for that child—well, you can't tell much from a newspaper print."

The Count shook his head.

"Nor from the human countenance either, study it as you may. You're a portrait painter, my friend, so you'll bear me out in this! Far from understanding others, we shall probably be puzzled by ourselves some day. As far as I can make it—in any very strongly developed individuality, there are a number of different characters involved. Which of them finally wins out is determined by what—influence, circumstances, training—who can say? With Marx, they had all combined to make him what he was—up to a certain period. He didn't choose his career. Nature gave him certain talents; his country recognized and used them. To earn his bread he started—was forced you might say—along a certain road, just as most of us are. The line of least resistance or the line of most, according to our cravings. With him, it was the latter case. Struggle, danger, excitement—they were the very breath of life to him. His nerves were strong, his wits were keen, and he tried to

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Dinner was over. We were lingering over our wine and smoke, enjoying the quiet of the dimly lit studio.—Page 199.

serve his country—did it, too, for twelve years. There's no doubt about that. Spy, agent as he was, he did his country good service. And then came the cross-roads; then came Nadine.

That I should have happened to be present in his life at that critical moment was curious enough. Still more curious, perhaps, that I witnessed the struggle. And the way it happened, gentlemen—that was the most curious part of all; the reason why, personally, no matter what the world says, I could never judge him harshly. Hearing, seeing what I did that awful night in Interlaken, watching a man's soul bared as it were, writhing, agonizing, on the rack, in torture—who am I to fling a stone? Who are you? Who are any of us? We can only be thankful to have escaped the test ourselves.

Well, that evening Reuss and I, of course, were ignorant of all this. We proceeded to our hotel, a small one, not far from the East station, and dined quietly under the plantain trees, looking over toward the Jungfrau. We were too tired and hungry to talk much, and it wasn't until the coffee that Reuss suddenly gave an exclamation and clapped me on the shoulder.

"Sacrement, Nicot!"

"What?"

"I know now where I've seen him!"

"Who?"

"The Russian—that tall fellow."

"Mon Dieu! . . . Where?"

Reuss gave me a queer look. "You heard that conversation, yes? . . . Odd, wasn't it? Did you understand the trend?"

"Not particularly. They seemed to be mixed up in something, and the chess figured as a blind. What did you make out of it, Reuss?"

"Why, they're Nihilists," he said, "They belong to that Central Revolutionary set. Those two were drawing lots there on the boat over the chess-board, and the little girl won. She'll be up to some deviltry tonight. I shouldn't be at all surprised if she meant to kill Mélikoff. He's here in Interlaken. I looked it up in the Fremden list before I came down. A regular old Tartar too, with a list of crimes at his door. The only wonder is that they've let him live so long! There's her chance—the Kursaal, the table next reserved! . . . Parbleu, Nicot, what shall we do? We'll have to put a spoke in their wheel somehow."

"Call in the police," I said.

"Not enough to go on, man."

"Then—" All of a sudden a thought struck me. "Here, I have it! You go to the Kursaal, Reuss; and I'll try the pa-

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vilion. If you keep an eye on table 24, I'll do the same with that couple up yonder. Eight o'clock was it—the Harder Promenade?"

"Yes. There's time enough still."

"All right. When that interview takes place I'll be present. I know that pavilion. We'll find out, Reuss, between us, and save the old Tartar from his fate a while longer. Fancy that sort of thing in peaceful little Interlaken!"

Reuss drew his brows together.

"It isn't the plot that puzzles me," he said, "I've run up against these people before and I recognize their ways. The girl's a tool of course; an excitable child, full of visions and fancies. You could see for yourself she was wax in his hands. Why, she'd walk into hell at a glance from that man! . . . No, it's the chief himself that disturbs me, their leader! What was it the girl called him, Nicot?"

"She spoke to him as Marx."

"Exactly—Marx! Well," Reuss gave a strange laugh, "the last time I saw him—I remember it now perfectly. It was six months or so ago, and I was painting the portrait of Glazov—ex-Governor of Elisabetpol, and a man of high position. He had something to do with the secret police, just what I don't know, but one day—it was in his private salon in the hotel at Nauheim—he was sitting to me. Sacré, how it all comes back! Suddenly there came a light tap at the door.

"Come in," said Glazov, "Is that you, Klafsky?"

"And in walked this fellow with a portfolio under his arm. The very same man, that I'd swear to. The same build, the same swing to his shoulders, the same deep-set, piercing eyes, the same strong, vibrating personality.

"Glazov excused himself for a moment, and the two proceeded to go over the portfolio right there before me. You know, Nicot, it's my business to study faces. Once I've studied them I never forget. That Klafsky was an agent, a Russian police spy reporting to his chief. They went over a long list of names together; and after some they put a cross, and after some they put a question. Whatever the report was, Glazov looked pleased as Punch.

"You'll get an order for this some day, Klafsky; you're the best man we have. Why during the last years, since you've been on the force, every one of their schemes has miscarried. Thanks to you we've foiled them all, one after the other. If it hadn't been for you—the Minister of Education, the Minister of the Interior, the Vice-Governor of Ufa, Prince Androkof, the Chief of Police of Vladikavkaz, the Grand-Duke Boris himself, and hosts of others—they were all doomed men, and they owe their lives to you."

With that Klafsky made a low bow and went out.

But that expression on the General's face, you can see it in the portrait now—the look that Klafsky brought there, the look of the cat when the bird is in its claws. It was Klafsky put the bird there. And now—ha-ha! His name is Marx, is it? A revolutionist—a leader? . . . Do you follow all this, Nicot?"

"No," said I, "I don't! It's a damned queer business. But if he's luring that Russian girl on to her death—these provocative agents, I've heard of them before—they are perfect devils! . . . Good-by, Reuss, I'm off. That Harder path will be a dark meeting place to-night. Don't forget the Kursaal!"

"Bah, Nicot! It's not Mélikoff I'm worried about—it's the girl! If that fellow really is Klafsky, why he'll head her off himself. The moment she's in deep enough, caught in his trap, he'll hand the proofs over secretly to the Russian police. She'll be in prison for life, just as quick as that—and she'll never know what struck her! Mélikoff! Parbleu, he's safe enough! They'll never let her touch him! . . . Well, good-by, Nicot, good luck!"

"Gentlemen"—the Count paused—"when Reuss and I parted that night—he sipping his coffee on the hotel terrace, I striding down the Höheweg off into the darkness—we both little dreamed what we had ahead of us. The moon, which had come up earlier in the evening, had gone under a cloud, so once out of the village it was black as pitch. The trees along the path loomed up like gaunt spectres. The forest stretched out mysterious and vast, silent as the grave. Below were the lights in the valley twinkling. Above were the stars. Beyond were the snow peaks. So I groped my way upward. The walk is twenty minutes, but it seemed hours.

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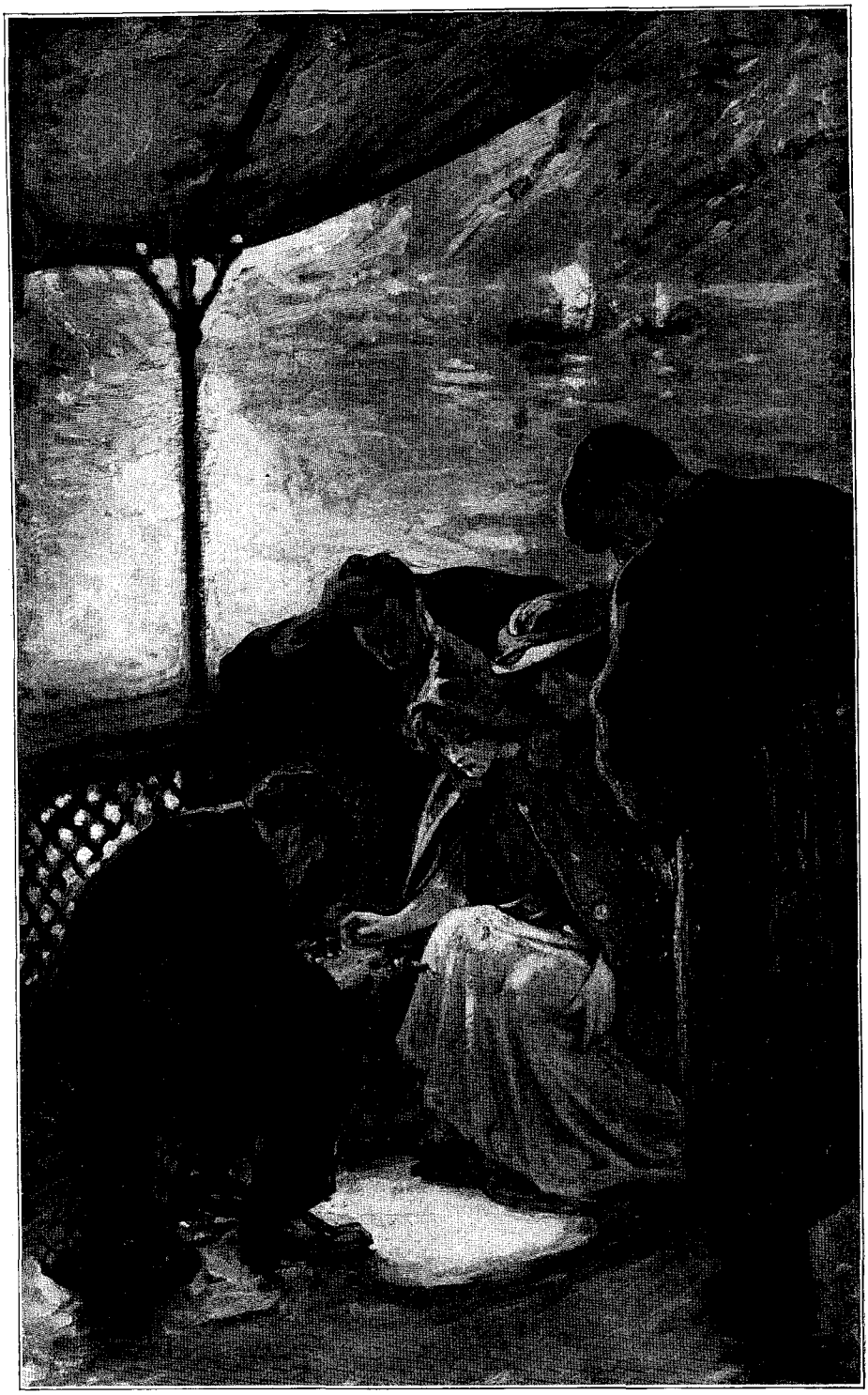

Drawn by S. Ivanowski.

What struck me in a flash was the extraordinary absorption of the whole party.—Page 201.

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You know that pavilion, don't you? It stands on a ledge overlooking the valley, and is charming in the sunshine; but at that time of night, you can imagine, the place was lonely as a cave. I stole in on tiptoe and hid myself in a shadowy corner, and waited and listened. It was nervous work. The waiting was even worse than the walk. It was too dark to see my watch face, and I dared not strike a match. Was it eight o'clock—was it past? Were they coming? Was it the wrong pavilion perhaps? Was there another beyond? Had I misunderstood, or had something kept them?

Just as I was asking myself these questions, standing first on one foot then on the other, peering out into the open space at the head of the path, all of a sudden a shadow crossed it. It passed so quickly, I could not be sure—and then came another. The shadows flitted across the entrance of the pavilion. A large one, a small one, and then—I could see nothing, but I heard breathing. The smaller shadow seemed to be panting.

"Sh-h-h!"

The hiss was so close that I started back.

"Did you hear anything, Marx?"

"Chut!"

"It must have been the leaves crackling."

"No—it was a movement."

"Perhaps it was your own!"

"Perhaps! . . . Come nearer, Nadine, come nearer! Tell me, you would go anywhere, you would do anything that I told you—would you?"

"Yes, Marx."

"No matter what the risk, no matter what the consequences—life imprisonment, even death?"

"Yes—Marx."

"Why would you, Nadine?"

"For the cause's sake," said the girl faintly. I could tell from the tone that her breath was still fluttering, but the words were unmistakable. "Are you not our chief? You have suffered everything, you have braved everything. You are our leader, and there is no one in all the revolutionary party who has done what you have done, who has been what you have been. Have you not planned the attacks for years now? And have we not always followed your call, blindly unfalteringly—at a demi-mot?"

"You have, Nadine! God help me—you have!"

The man's voice came suddenly hoarse, full of passion.

"You trust me so much then? . . . Ha!" he laughed aloud roughly, "You trust me as much as that, do you? . . . Speak! Why don't you speak?"

"Yes, yes—I trust you."

"Come then, douscha moja,* sit down beside me. Put your hand in mine, and let us look at the stars together. The night is too beautiful for the Kursaal, for vengeance! Forget it, little one. I love you. I love you as I never loved a woman before! . . . Come nearer, put your head on my shoulder. I love you!"

The girl gave a low cry. Whether she resisted him in the darkness, I could not tell. The man went on talking, pleading, in rough, passionate Russian phrases. "If you trust me as much as that, douschka,† then you love me too! You are so dear to me—so dear to me! God! Come closer. Let me look at your face, let me read your eyes, let me kiss you on your lips!"

For a moment or two there was silence in the pavilion, and all I could hear was their hurried breathing. Then the girl seemed to rouse."

"Is it time to go? Look! The music has just begun in the Kursaal. Don't you hear it from here? . . . Let me go, Marx, don't hold me. You are trying to test me, dearest. You think I'm afraid?"

"Stay with me," said the man.

"Let me go—Marx!"

"Is the murder of Mélikoff more than my love?"

"Murder!" The girl started so that I felt it from where I stood. "Murder! Why, hasn't the Tribunal tried him fairly and condemned him? Wasn't it you who planned it all, who signed the paper? Didn't you give out the orders yourself? What do you mean?"

"Nothing," said the man, "I've changed my mind, that's all. The orders are revoked."

"But the vow, Marx—you forget I am bound!"

"No matter."

"But it's too late now! You have telegraphed my name to head-quarters as the winner of the tournament. The commit-

* My little soul. † Soul.

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tee will expect the second wire to-night. To back out at the last moment like this—you know what that means, Marx? You remember what happened to Tatiana?"

"Up to that time, the affair had turned out very much as I had supposed. Whether Klafsky loved the girl or not, he was holding her back, just as Reuss said he would.

The man, with his arms stretched out to the girl, his face white and haggard, full of despair.

"I do," said the man, "God help me! God help me!"

Just as he said this, the moon broke from behind the clouds; the rays fell across the path, illuminating it as with a search-light. At the door of the pavilion stood the two close together. The man, with his arms stretched out to the girl, his face white and haggard, full of despair—and she, gazing up at him like a startled bird. A strange scene, gentlemen!

The Count hesitated.

Mélikoff's life was as safe as yours or mine; so at least I thought then. But what were the fellow's intentions toward Nadine? That he meant to hand her over—I never doubted it a moment. And then, my friends, the unexpected happened. Klafsky broke down.

Whether it was the look of adoration and loyalty in the girl's eyes, or whether it was his conscience awakened at last—heaven only knows! Suddenly he buried his head in his hands. It was the most intimate, the

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most searching, the most terrible confession. He told her everything, he bared his life to her, he never spared himself for a single second; and the girl stood there stock still and gasping. It was as if he were thrusting a knife into her heart.

Those two figures in the moonlight I shall never forget. The shadowy path, the black outline of the mountains beyond, the pallor of their faces standing out against the darkness—and that voice, tense, low, broken, like a cry through the night. The tragedy of the situation, the hopelessness, seemed to catch him by the throat. From the first syllable to the last the girl scarcely breathed; but her face spoke for her. He looked into it, read and accepted the verdict. For a moment or two the silence was ghastly.

"Gentlemen," said Nicot, "what you would have done in my place I don't know, but crouching there hidden, watching those two, listening to what was never meant for any ears but hers, I felt like a thief. For any third person to be present unknown at such a scene as that—it seemed abominable, like desecration. You may blame me, perhaps, in the light of what followed. I turned my back on them and stole away without a sound.

What happened afterward up there in the night—no one knows, no one ever will know. Whether she forgave him, whether she won him over, whether he paid it as the price of her love, or whether he tried to prevent her and couldn't! I have puzzled over that question for years, and am no nearer the solution. One hour exactly after I reached the hotel, Reuss came rushing in pale as a ghost, with his eyes almost starting out of his head.

"Great heaven, Nicot—have you heard what's happened?"

"Mon Dieu! . . . What?"

"Mélikoff has just been shot!"

"Shot?"

"At the Kursaal, right in the midst of the music! Every one was very gay, drinking their beer and listening to the jodlers. I had been watching the General all the evening. He was with a large party, very near me; and the table behind, number twenty-four was empty; the only unoccupied table in the place! All of a sudden came the crack of a revolver, from somewhere right out of space it seemed—so sharp, so sudden, so near! Everybody sprang to his feet in horror! And there lay Mélikoff with his arms across the table!"

"Well—" For a moment or two the Count was silent. "That was Reuss' report, word for word, and the rest of the story you know, gentlemen. It was all in the papers. Nadine was arrested, Klafsky disappeared. Mélikoff, poor fellow—he deserved it, but then——"

"Dead?" exclaimed DeJong.

"No, no!" said the Count impatiently, "Didn't you read the account, my friend? No more dead than you are! As a matter of fact it was fright that knocked him over. Any military man will tell you, in battle sometimes it happens that way. Mélikoff, the old sinner—his life had been threatened a score of times; and when he heard the crack, of course he thought he was gone, and fainted away out of sheer terror. That ball—" the Count laughed, "why didn't it kill him? . . . My friends, that ball was a blank cartridge."

"What?"

"No, you don't say!"

DeJong and I both gave exclamations.

"Exactly. That part of it wasn't mentioned in print. The fact never got out, but it's true for all that. The whole affair was hushed up by the authorities there in Interlaken. Nadine was whisked away. And then, forty-eight hours later, all Europe was ringing with the news. You remember? The news, the secret, gentlemen, that only her ears and mine had heard —Klafsky's confession.

"You read all about it, didn't you? The Russian government was furious. They had lost one of their best agents. Their trump card was taken, their hand forced, their trick exposed. Naturally they vowed vengeance. As for the Revolutionists, they were roused to a man! The entire party, especially those who had followed Klafsky's leading, when they realized—imagine! Twelve years they'd been his dupe, they'd been playing his chess games. Imagine what they must have felt! Heavy tragedians in spirit, and all their dramas, thanks to Klafsky, one after the other, turned into a farce! They were mad, they were crazy! If they could have gotten their fingers on him—sacrement, they'd have torn him to pieces!"

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Drawn by S. Ivanowski.

"Everybody sprang to his feet in horror! And there lay Mélikoff with his arms across the table!"—Page 210.

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We all instinctively gave a shudder. The Count glanced behind him.

"Yes, between you and me, we don't know of course, but with Nadine in prison—I may be wrong!"

"You mean," said DeJong thoughtfully, "if Klafsky were alive, he wouldn't have deserted her?"

"Just that," said the Count, "and yet the extraordinary part of it is, the part that bothers me the most—I can't believe it of her, and I won't—and still it's the only thing to believe. Who was it told the secret? It wasn't Klafsky, it wasn't I, so it must have been——"

"No," said Tony, "not necessarily."

"How then, my dear sir?" The Count leaned forward and his face was flushed. "You don't suppose for a moment that Klafsky himself——"

"No, no, I don't!"

"Or that I—parbleu, man!"

"Of course not!" DeJong laughed, "Not you, Count—not you. But that night, you and Reuss talked it over, I daresay?"

"We did—yes," said Nicot.

"Great Scott, Tony!" I broke in with an exclamation, "I believe you're right, man! Why that would explain then—think for a moment, Nicot! The news came out in the German papers first. You must recall that? I wondered at the time why an incident in Switzerland——"

The Count gave a gasp.

"Reuss?" he cried, "Reuss? . . . I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Most likely thing in the world," I returned. "From the mere fact that the girl carried out her programme, I knew directly that *she* had never spoken. And what you say about the blank cartridge— Jove, that's a very pretty point! Klafsky must have hit on that loop-hole in desperation, as a final resort, and yet it didn't save her. What a tragic story! She in prison, and he—dead, you think, Nicot?"

"Dead or worse."

There was silence for a moment around the table, and then DeJong lifted his glass suddenly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "in August, three years ago, two Russians were found hidden in the hold of a merchant ship. They were stowaways, a man and a woman; and how they got there has always been a mystery. I was captain at the time, and the ship was on its way to America. They were brought before me, and they told me their story. The choice was mine to make. They were utterly at my mercy, and they both knew it.

"Two roads stretched before them. The one led to Siberia, a life of torture, a death of misery. The other to America, freedom—with the chance to start afresh.

"Here's to the Chess Players! . . . A better life beyond the sea!"

THE YOUNG SINGER

By Tertius van Dyke

O how many songs will you make, my lad,
And when will your task be done?
I have dreamed me a dream of the long, brave years,
And my task is just begun.

And where will you find a theme, my lad,
Since the world is no more young?
While the man and the woman hope and seek
There's always a song unsung.

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THE CALL OF BROTHERHOOD

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

HAVE you heard it, the dominant call
Of the City's great cry, and the Thrall
And the Throb and the Pulse of its Life
And the Touch and the Stir of its Strife,
As amid the dread Dust and the Din
It wages its battle of Sin?

Have you felt in the crowds of the street
The echo of mutinous feet
As they march to their final release,
As they struggle and strive without Peace?
Marching how, marching where, and to what?
Oh! by all that there is, or is not,
We must march too, and shoulder to shoulder!
If a frail sister slip, we must hold her,
If a brother be lost in the strain
Of the infinite pitfalls of pain,
We must love him, and lift him again.
For we are the Guarded, the Shielded,
And yet we have wavered and yielded
To the sins that we could not resist.
By the right of the joys we have missed,
By the right of the deeds left undone,
By the right of our victories won,
Perchance we their burdens may bear,
As brothers with right to our share.
The baby who pulls at the breast
In its pitiful purpose to wrest
The milk that has dried in the vein,
That is sapped by Life's fever and drain;
The turbulent prisoners of toil,
Whose faces are black with the soil
And scarred with the sins of the Soul,
Who are paying the terrible toll
Of the way they have chosen to tread,
As they march on in truculent dread—
And the Old, and the Weary, who fall—
Oh! let us be one with them all!

By the infinite fear of our fears,
By the passionate pain of our tears,
Let us hold out our impotent hands,
Made strong by Jehovah's commands,
The God of the militant Poor
Who are stronger than we to endure,
Let us march in the front of the Van
Of the Brotherhood Valiant of Man!

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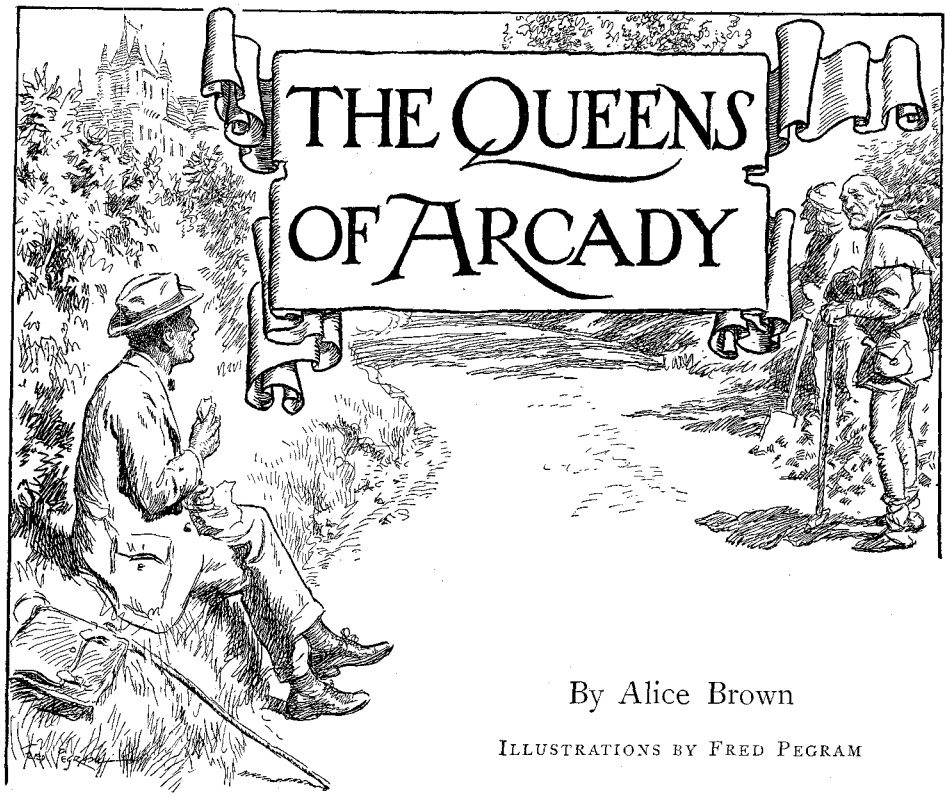

By Alice Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED PEGRAM

HE was one of the most intrepid of our war correspondents, and his name was Mitchell. Something was being said about the creation of little imaginary kingdoms since the Prisoner of Zenda showed the way. One of us had smiled at the poverty of imagination visible in the efflorescence of multiple kingdoms, but it was somebody who had no more conception of the richness of cerebral life involved in even daring to infringe the Zenda copyright than he had of the force that goes to the bursting of buds in the spring.

"But you know," said Mitchell, "there really are those little kingdoms, rafts of 'em, if you're clever enough to hunt 'em down."

"You don't mean to tell me," said I, "that any inch of Europe lies there uncharted, waiting for your swashbuckling pen? That you can put out a careless finger, to the east presumably, somewhere round Bulgaria or Roumania, and hit a kingdom made to your hand?"

"Oh, but they exist," said he, with the irritating dogmatism of the man who has in his pocket the very fact that will floor you, meaning to conclude later whether to bring it out.

"Where?"

"Oh, lots of places: men's minds, if you like."

My triumph this,—but I was not allowed to score.

"I could tell you what happened in one of those same kingdoms."

"Same latitude, I dare say, round the corner from Roumania?"

"Not so far away. We'll call it the kingdom of Arcady. Good old name. Stands for illogical content, makes you lubricated and expectant at the start. I dropped in there because for five years there'd been the most eccentric goings on. King Solon—I'm making up names—he'd died, and his wife, Queen Ismia, in the minority of the young prince, Belphœbus, had been acting regent. The things that woman had done! To begin with, the king, some time before his death, had got up a report that a few of his former subjects living in the little province of Flos, nominally under the protection of the King of Altaria, were unjustly

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treated there. They were allowed to naturalize only after a residence of seven years. During that seven years they were ineligible for public office, and he called it a sin and a shame to leave them unchampioned. So he proposed to annex Flos—for purely philanthropic reasons, mind you,—and he did it. The Florians didn't make any resistance. They'd been indifferently miserable under the Altarians, and couldn't do much worse here."

"What did the King of Altaria say to it?"

"Oh, he did what a pig does at crucial points of pig history. He squealed. Because, you see, he knew the true inwardness."

"Paternal feeling?"

"Not for a minute. That was the second reason, made to wear outside. There's always a serviceable reason hidden by the other, like a flannel petticoat under mother's black silk. The real reason was that the Florians had discovered quicksilver to an astounding extent. It was a good time to annex 'em. Also because Altaria was busy with a boundary war on her other border, with the Tellurians. I never felt sure Arcady and old Telluria hadn't hatched up the whole thing between themselves and shared the loot. Briefly, then, Flos became Arcadian."

"Wasn't there any row?" said I. "Didn't it stir up the tribunal at The Hague? I never heard—"

"You make me tired," said Mitchell. "When I tell you these things happened, if you're a polite person you wont pin me down and ask me fool questions. It hurts my professional feelings. Well, the first thing Queen Ismia did was to ask the Florians if they wanted to be given back. They deliberated. They'd developed a caution bump after untold experiences of frying-pan and fire, and they implied they'd wait and see how the regent behaved herself, and whether the prince was a good provider and the old ship of state didn't seem likely to careen too far. The queen was all there from the start. She shortened the hours of work for the silk spinners, and she built up the national theatre. And on Lady Day the girls from the silk mill would come to the palace, bales in hand, and present them toward the support of the theatre. They came crowned with garlands and sang national songs, old ones dug out of the past by a poet they had, and altogether it was a proud little festival. It brought tears to the eyes, if you'll permit the banality. And so it was with all trades. If workers wanted to give a little bit of extra time, they were furnished with raw material, and they threw in the finished product toward the national theatre. So it was their theatre. See?"

I was irritating enough to ask here if he were a socialist, and he brought his complex capable hand down on the table.

"Now," said he, "don't accuse me of propaganda. I'm telling you what happened, that's all. And it happened. You'd better believe it. It was always my impression that the queen had shown all a woman's guile—a woman's in addition to a queen's, and you know a queen must have some instinct of statecraft even if she's only expected to bear princes. She's neighbor to it, so to speak, and snuffed it in with her breath. She had used her arsenal of persuasive weapons to convince the kingdom it wasn't she that brought about the kind, pretty, sanitary ways of government, but the prince. All through his minority she was weaving a magic carpet for him to ride straight into the affections of his people. And he had done that very thing. He was a fine upstanding fellow with honest eyes, but not tried at all as yet, not forced up against circumstance and made to take his leap or die in the ditch. My first sight of him was the day I pottered into the kingdom. I was in no particular hurry, and I wanted to go in just that way, walking, Rücksack for luggage, to test the democratic feel of the place. I'd heard a lot about it, and if there was plenty of material lying round loose, I was going to write a book. Just as I was sitting down by the roadside—there was an oleander hedge at my back—to eat my cheese sandwich, to give me heart to storm the castle, a young man went by, clattery-bing, on a big gray horse. Two old road-menders saluted, and he returned it in a kind of gayety I liked; and then the road-menders, as if they couldn't contain their pride in him, turned to me and clacked, 'That's our prince.'"

"'Oh,' said I, blowing my sandwich (for microbes are no respecters of the dust of princes), 'where's his retinue?'"

"One of the old men was bent like a sickle, but he straightened up to something rather magnificent.

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"'Am I to tell her majesty,' I said, 'that her poet declines to come?'"—Page 223.

"'That's our prince,' said he. 'Our prince has no call for guards. We're Arcadians. He's Prince of Arcady.'

"But I turned, by the chance that is the inner direction of the mind, and saw in the field a running figure. It leaped ditches. It ran like a scarecrow made of sticks, and I even fancied scarecrow's rags were fluttering from its thin, swift legs.

"'Look at that,' said I. 'Is that going to head off your prince?'

"But the gaffer had gone back to his chronic apathy, and looked, open-mouthed, for a minute, and then fell to work at his stones. And I finished my sandwich, and tramped on into the town and up to the open castle gates. I had understood that in Arcady you might have free access to the prince and Queen Ismia, and indeed might claim shelter there so long as the bedrooms held out. There was a soldier at the gate, a sympathetic sort of fellow, and finding by my own word that I was an American on my travels, with a great desire to pay my respects, he passed me on, and another official did the same; and I was actually, toil-stained as I was from my tramp and the prince's passing, led into the morning-room where the prince and his mother were at table like any simple folk. The signs of grandeur were in the hall itself, the wonderful lancet-windows, the cedars outside with centuries since Lebanon in their bones,—and, too, in the prince and his mother, the very cut of them. They looked mighty nice to me, that mother and son. She was a slim, small woman—yes, really little; there wasn't much to her except her royal manners—with lots of white hair, and he was the big lad I told you about. They wore the ancient costume of the country, and it fitted the lancet-windows like a glove.

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I was prepared for that. It had been one of her astounding clevernesses, though ascribed, of course, to the prince. They had thought it encouraging to national feeling, national industries, to return to the national dress. No head waiter's swallow-tail in his. No Parisian latest agony for the lady. The clothes were ready for a picture gallery, for grand opera. And they looked indestructible. I could believe they'd been laid away in cedar chests for longer than the prince had lived.

"The queen had my card beside her plate. She smiled at me and she looked very charming. I could see at once she was the sort of woman you want to pick a nose-gay for, or lay down your cloak in the mud.

"'You have come on a gala day,' said she. 'We are going on pilgrimage. Will you join us?'

"The man had brought another plate—there was very informal service—and the prince motioned me to his right hand. And I sat down as I was, and wished I had not eaten the cheese sandwich."

"What language do they speak?" I asked.

"Oh, any language. There's an Arcadian patois something like German, but often they speak French."

"They knew who you were," said I. "They had your card. They wouldn't admit any obscure man to breakfast. You know that, Mitchell."

"Oh, go 'way," said Mitchell. "Go 'way wid yer blarney. Anyhow, I was there, and the queen was good to me. Well, I asked lots about Arcady, hinted at my book, and they were as right down cosey and sensible as you please. She, the queen, came to business at once, straight as a string. She told me what the prince had done to touch up the government and trim it with gimp and fancy lace, and how they'd gone a long way on the road before anybody got wind of it. They're such an inconsiderable kingdom, you see, in point of territory. Even you never heard of 'em."

"Mrs. Prig never did either," said I. "We 'don't believe there's no sich a person.'"

"Well, you pack your grip next summer, and I'll buy you a ticket and give you an elementary phrase-book and you see. But when the outlying continents did hear of the changes in Arcady, first they got gay. They said, 'Arcady's looking up.' Then they said it was comic opera. Then when they began to run over the tax list it made 'em sit up. But I'm giving you only the retail side of it. When breakfast was over, we three, the prince and the queen and me, plain American, we went out to walk on the terrace, and there was a sunken garden and a peacock strutting back and forth through a pleached alley, and there were flags on the towers. And the queen began to tell me what a festival it was to-day: for you see, by luck, it was the day for the silk-weavers to come and bring their bales; and by George they did come, and a mighty pretty sight it was, girls walking two and two, holding up their bales as if they were shields with heroes on 'em, and everybody garlanded. And the girls sang: and the songs were all gentle, simple songs of sowing seed and reaping grain and blessing the apple-trees and thanking the good God. And then the queen asked me if I had ever heard of Erdreich, the poet, and I said I had, and knew a lot of his stuff by heart. You see Erdreich was one of those destined chaps that aren't perhaps discovered when the curtain goes up, but have an entrance that determines the course of the play. With all this revival of the ancient humble life, here was Erdreich, by God's luck, ready to snatch the old ballads out of time forgot, and put them in modern dress, just as simple, just as pure; and there were those, scholars and such, that said the revival of the ancient spirit of Arcady was just because Erdreich had taught the populace to sing peace and kindliness into themselves, and there was great bandying about of the old saw about caring not who made the history of the nation so somebody might make the songs. And this day, said the queen, she and the prince and certain of the royal household were going to ride to the home of Erdreich, perhaps ten miles out in the valley of the Arca, and pay their respects. His crowning would come later, and that would be official and the kingdom would take part. But this was only to show in what love they held him. The prince—always the prince!—had judged it best.

"While we were talking about Erdreich, a man came out: I hesitate to say lackey. You see everybody had the same look of intentness on the business in hand and, if I may make a very subtle thing so definite,

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of love for Arcady. This man came out and gave the queen a written message, and she read it, and without changing a shade of expression, except that the red came into her cheeks, she gave it to the prince.

"'The King of Telluria!' said he, speaking out as impulsively as you might if you'd got a wire to say Aunt Sophy was imminent and you knew there was no custard pie. 'Coming here. Coming to-day, with a small retinue. What does it mean?'

"They were both troubled. I could see royalty wasn't in the habit of bearing down on 'em, even neighboring royalty. But the queen said quite sweetly, like a housekeeper caught making jam and putting a good face on her stained fingers, that the visit to Erdreich should be given up. And then, if you will believe me, I was offered a room at the palace, and they would send for my luggage."

"Because you were the distinguished Mitchell."

"Distinguished nothing. Because I was going to write a book about Arcady, and they wanted most tremendously to have it done. Already I thought I'd discovered something: that the queen prized Arcady almost as much as she prized the prince. As for him, I didn't know. He hadn't had his test.

"Now the rest of this story I am going to tell you as I had it afterward when I could braid the strands together. If you ask me why I knew this or that, or how I could have been in the room or in three places at once, I can't and sha'n't tell you. Ask a weaver how he got that little thread of blue, when his blue had given out. Maybe he walked forty miles for it. Maybe he wrenched a flower off its stem and made a dye. My weaving is life, and you've got to accept the web as I toss it to you done."

"That's a bargain," said I. "Give us the web. All I ask is to see and handle."

"Good for you! Some things you've always got to take on trust, as that the doctor won't poison you, though he knows how, and that there isn't a bull in the pasture mixed up with the huckleberries. Well, the King of Telluria came, he and all his knights riding on fierce horses as if they'd been statues come to life. They'd taken train to the border and ridden the rest. I give you my word I could see just how they'd look if I'd had the formula for stiffening 'em into equestrian statues to be sold for public squares. The king was the regular old sort. If you'd painted him up, you could have tucked him into a pack of cards and nobody 'd have known the difference. Now, I am an attentive student of modern affairs, and I knew what that quick breath of the prince meant when he heard they were coming. There had been newspaper nods and whispers about a match between the prince and the Princess Eda of Telluria, and if the prince had been a common Johnnie like you or me, he would have said, 'Mother, do you s'pose she's coming, too?' But, living under the freeze of royal etiquette, all he could do was simply to say nothing and kick his princely self for a fool for hoping even for a minute that princesses could go round calling with their fathers unannounced.

"And the next entrance was the incredible one of the Princess Eda herself. The king and his suite had been taken off to their rooms, and the prince had gone after them, and while the queen stood in the great hall thinking hard—perhaps about how she should guide the ship of state with these buccaneers bearing down on it—a slim young girl, with her yellow hair tied up tight under a veil, and her eyes obscured behind goggles, ran in and up to her, as if she knew just where she meant to go. And the queen started, and being a queen, though in Arcady, perhaps wondered whose head had got to come off for allowing even this butterfly invasion; but the princess held up a hand and said, 'Hush! hush!' and kissed her. And the queen started and said, 'Eda, Eda! Why, Eda!' then, just like any other mother, 'How glad he'll be!' But Eda made her understand at once that there was no man in it at all. She had come as wildly as the storm comes out of the north. She had to come. Why? She didn't know. All a girl's vague, wistful wonder under driving impulse shone out in her here. At least she wanted to set foot in Arcady. And she could never run away from home save when her father, too, was absent; and how often could you hope to find a king out of his kingdom? And she had impressed, kidnapped, terrorized old Bertelius, the librarian and her friend, and he and she had motored by the mountain road in terror of their lives, by cliff and chasm; because, you see (here her mouth

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smiled enchantingly), Bertelius was all afire about the young poet Erdreich. He had never hoped to see him; and now, if he was game, here was the chance.

"'You shall see Erdreich, both of you,' said the queen. 'It will be safest. If you stayed here you would have to lie in hiding, and that's not—' She stopped and smiled, but the princess knew she meant not royal nor possible, and blushed a little because her adventure had perhaps proven her too bold. 'You shall go at once to Erdreich' said the queen. 'His grandmother will be good to you.'

"'But—' said the princess. She looked most imploring. Queen Ismia understood. What the princess had really come for was not any wholesale adventure, not to let Bertelius meet the young poet, but to see the prince. Adventure, indeed, the adventure of meeting the prince, from the wings as you might say, while he was neither throwing over her the irised glamour of the spring pigeon nor carolling serenades. At this the queen kissed her. She smiled, too, and the princess blushed. 'Listen to me,' said the queen. 'We are going to-morrow at latest to pay our respects to Erdreich and his grandmother. You can be the little maid about the cottage. You can see and not be looked at, not be spoken to. Will that please you?'

"'But my father!' said the princess. Her eyes now were full of light and courage.

"'Would our good King of Telluria be likely to concern himself with kitchen wenches in cottages?' said the queen. 'No, child, he won't look at you.'

"So they kissed fervently like women in the armed truce of conspiracy, and the princess and old Bertelius set off, something to his disgust, on foot and the lady in borrowed clothes, for the poet's valley.

"Now that night it was apparent that something was happening in Arcady, a thing that never happened before. The king had come as his own envoy. He wanted to talk it over, this business of privilege and land jobbings and the like, and he and the prince and Queen Ismia sat together on the terrace and looked at the moon. Enough to set you crazy, the moon of Arcady is. There are a great many lovers there. And the prince fixed his eyes on the black line of the Tellurian mountains over in the east, and remembered they were snow-covered and so a symbol of Eda and her cold virginity, and he sighed. But something waked him up like a bomb that scatters and doesn't strike.

"'You're ridiculous, if you will permit me to say so,' old Telluria was remarking. 'You've got no army.'

"'Oh, yes, pardon me,' said the queen, precisely and bitingly. 'Every man in Arcady is prepared to defend her to the death.'

"'What with?—pitchforks, spades, and rakes?'

"'Pitchforks, if that's what they happen to have in their hands at the minute. Spades and rakes? Yes. They keep her men well fed.'

"'You've made no appropriation for the army since the late king died.'

"There was an implication here, and the queen heard it and broke two sticks of her fan in the good old way, and the prince, very wide awake now, felt his face grow hot. The implication was that this had been a sort of hand-to-mouth housekeeping woman's work, and not the old slam-bang immemorial style at all.

"'We have made appropriations,' said the queen. She sounded icier than the snow on the Tellurian mountains. 'But not for war. Do you know what we have done with our money?'

"He did know, but he grunted out a wholesale repudiation of anything she could or might have done.

"'We've brought down the water from the mountains. It's in every man's dooryard. It flows through every man's vineyard, if he wants it. There are no droughts any more in Arcady; none that hurt us. Piping from the mountains costs a good bit, cousin Telluria. Piping *on* the mountains used to be the fashion; but now we can do that with a good heart, because we've done the other piping, too.'

"She was rather a gay little queen, you see, and she'd got her blood up. She could afford to jolly him. After all, he was only old Telluria out of a pack of cards. But he was a man, too, and he knew the secret springs of man's vanity and cowardice better even than she, though she was wiser than women are. All through this talk he had the air of setting her aside because she was a woman and calling on the prince to support him in man's tradition. You know

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the recipe. When a woman cuts straight to the heart of things, you say to her in a fagged way, as if you'd been on deck since Adam, 'My dear, it isn't done that gait.' If she's bright and saucy she says, 'But it could be, and save the cost of miles of tape.' The queen knew her son was being inducted into the axioms of kingship, and her heart swelled and her throat choked and she could say nothing.

"'Did you know,' said the king,—he was addressing the prince openly now—'did you know those damned Florians had discovered gold?'

"Now there is no reason why the Florians should be damned except that they live in a rocky, ungrateful spot where they are likely to come on metals that make them work very hard, sometimes underground, and rouse ill passions in the folks that don't have to work, but live in the light,—necessarily, you see, so it can set off the Florian diamonds. That's what the sun is for. The prince said No, he hadn't known it. His port was beginning to swell perceptibly and he, too, left his mother out of the talk. He'd begun to wonder whether he'd been breeched sufficiently early.

"'I knew it,' said the queen. But nobody listened.

"'I have a few fellows stationed there,' said the king, 'workmen ostensibly. They keep me informed, in cipher.'

"'I have some very good friends among the Florian workmen,' said the queen. 'They tell me what has happened without reserve.'

"'They're very close-mouthed,' said the king to the prince.

"'They talk to me very freely,' said the queen, 'because they know I shall keep their confidence.'

"'I don't care for those fellows,' said the king. 'They've given us all a good deal of trouble, first and last. Of course,' he went on, still to the prince, 'if it should happen that we formed any sort of alliance—" Here he stopped, and it was evident what alliance he meant. He meant Eda.

"The prince got very hot and choked a little, but he answered straight off, with a becoming dignity, 'As to that, sir, it is in your hands and in hers.'

"'In that case,' said the king, 'I should feel that we might work together in our ideas of Flos. But if you hand it back to Altaria—' Here he broke out and wasn't kingly for a minute—'By the Lord, I never heard of such a thing. Passing a province over to—to—' He was so mad he sputtered.

"'To the power you filched it from,' said the queen. 'The chances are it will never happen, sir. We have left it to their option, and they are very loyal to us, very grateful.'

"'But in case it did go back to Altaria,' said the king, 'I might feel obliged to put out a restraining hand. You see, my subjects there don't have all the privileges I could wish——'

"'Years ago,' said the queen, 'when the late king annexed Flos, he used those very arguments. Yet, as everybody remembers to our shame, that was the year the quicksilver was discovered.'

"'Ah!' said the king suavely. He was stroking his kingly beard, and if it had been daylight it could probably have been seen that he looked greedy and very ugly. 'Ah, so it was.'

"'And this year,' said the queen, 'they have discovered gold. And this year you think of annexing Flos.'

"'They're troublesome neighbors,' said the king.

"'They're rich neighbors,' said the queen.

"'Well,' said the king to Belphœbus, as if this was a bargain between two. 'Think it over.'

"So they all went to their royal couches, the king scornful of Arcady and its housekeeping, the prince in a state of aggrieved dignity toward his mother because she had been such a thriftless regent, and Queen Ismia holding her head so high you'd have thought she'd hardly see over her nose.

"Now the real part of my story is to come, so I'll scamp a little here and tell how the queen, in spite of this complication of her royal guest, pouring innuendo into the prince's ear about the good old ways of government, kept pressing the question of going to pay Erdreich, the poet, the royal respects. She had to, you see, it being a pact she'd made with Eda, who was probably at the cottage Erdreich, sweeping and dusting with strange implements, when she'd only been accustomed to riding-whips and golf-sticks. And perhaps, too, Eda was falling in love with the poet; for a poet

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in the hand is worth twoscore princes in the bush. So they set out on horseback, the queen very sweet and smiling because she'd got her way, and the king quite grumpy because this trailing of poets seemed to him a waste of time, and the prince also grumpy now he was making a point of doing everything the king did: just as a little boy at school copies the big boy, or even swaggers and smokes like father. It was a pretty ride down a cliff road into a green valley with the sound of water all the way."

"Did you go, too?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. On a very good nag the queen had ordered out for me. There wasn't much talk, and that of an incidental sort. But once I thought I caught a glimpse, in a path alongside ours, of the scarecrow I'd seen running that morning to head off the prince. And the old king saw him too, and reined up and called to everybody indiscriminately:

" 'Secure that fellow!'

"But here the prince suddenly took a stand and was very princely.

" 'I beg your pardon,' said he. 'I think I'd let him go. He's only a poor fellow just out of prison. He runs extraordinarily. He ran me down the other day—I was on horseback, too—to tell me how glad he was to get back to Arcady.'

" 'Where'd he been?' fumed the king. I can see his old walrus mustaches bristling now. 'Where'd the fellow been?'

"The prince looked at him modestly, as if he'd really rather not say. Then he did answer in a very low tone.

" 'He was a Florian, sir, imprisoned for his attempt on the life of—my father.'

" 'And he's out!' The old walrus needed an ice-floe to cool him now. 'You've let him out!'

"The prince was three-quarters turning to his mother. But she wouldn't help him. She wouldn't even hear.

" 'We judged it best,' said the prince. He didn't stutter. He was clear and cool. I fancied he was thinking what mother would wish him to say. 'What he did, he did from his sense of awful injustice. We'd treated the Florians like the deuce, you know. And so—well, mother and I just let those prisoners out.'

" 'Very well,' said the king. It was the way a Mauser would have spoken, if it could. 'If you and your mother are not blown up for your pains, it isn't because you don't deserve to be. And if I'm in it with you, sir, I'll never forgive you, by God, never.'

"But now the figure wasn't to be seen any more among the trees. I rather debated with myself whether I'd seen it at all.

"After we had ridden some nine miles, the valley opened out into a place that smiled, a circle of green a good many acres wide, a place to be happy in, and there on the edge of the forest was a thatched cottage, all roses and pinks, and on the doorstep, in a brown frock, and looking as if she had caught an enchanted dream by the tail-feather and couldn't believe in it yet, sat the Princess Eda, her hair braided in a pigtail down her back. We had been going softly on the green, but when she saw us she looked up frightened and stood there, held by the royal instinct not to fly, and yet with the fear of her father written all over her face. But he'd no thought of her, and the queen gave her a careless cold glance and said to her:

" 'Go in, my good girl, and tell Erdreich and his mother their friends have come to visit them.'

"With that we dismounted, and the grooms that rode with us led the horses away to the shade; and out of the cottage came a beautiful old woman in the peasant dress of Arcady. Her hair was snow white, but thick and fine, as if it wasn't old at all, but some special kind of beautiful hair a young person as well might be glad to have. And she had pink cheeks and eyes bluer than anything, even blue flowers; for they've a surface, if it's only velvet, and here was liquid of a depth not to be plumbed. The old woman's eyes met the eyes of the queen. It was a strange look for a peasant and a queen to blend and take again. It seemed to ask and answer a question. 'Is all well?' asked the eyes of each, and the answer was, 'Not so very well.' But the queen did her part with a royal courtesy. They had come, she said, to see Erdreich. Was he at home? No, the old dame answered, with a careful deference, Erdreich was away on one of his stays in the forest. The queen knew how he withdrew himself, from time to time, and sought out the foresters and old men too feeble now to do anything but tend cattle on the mountainside, and took down from their lips the

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stories and ballads of ancient Arcady. But the grandmother had heard his horn from the glade a mile farther on, by the brook-side, and this was where he often lingered to make his poems to the sound of falling water. Now, before anybody else could get a chance, I very humbly and, I hope, not discourteously bowed before the queen —she was queen and woman, too, as well as regent; she liked the old customs of the bent knee and beseeching eyes—and asked permission to ride over to the glade and tell the poet he had guests at home. You see, I was dying to be in it, and I knew pretty well what the royal crowd here was likely to do: the queen to talk nicely to the old woman, the king to yawn his head off, because he didn't care a hoot for poetry, and the prince to hit his leg with his riding-crop and wish he was at home trying on the crown. The queen gave me a smile. I have that smile now. I keep it by me.

"'By all means, go,' said she. 'We shall be indebted to you.'

"And I got my horse and rode away, and if I'd heard a jingle of any sort, even a couple of nickels in my pocket, I should have known I was a knight off on a quest to be remembered 'way through the twentieth century. The road roughened to a cart path, and the cart path ran impetuously into the forest, and got timid and narrowed until now the undergrowth brushed my horse's nose and closed against his flanks. And then it opened again, and there was daylight before me, green between trunks of trees. And I rode on at a trot and came out on a clearing, all bluebells, and there was a woodman's hut, and Erdreich and Bertelius sat on a bench by the door, deep in talk. How did I know them? By their mugs, man. Bertelius is one of the most celebrated Dryasdusts in the world. His nose for a first edition is longer than Cyrano's, and more sensitive than Rover's. And don't you s'pose I'd seen a photograph of Erdreich, the poet, in the translated volume of Miss de Smith, of Phœnix, Arizona? I halted, and tied my horse to a little beech-tree, and made myself known in rather more mediæval language than I use every day, as a messenger from the queen. Would Erdreich be pleased to come home and let royalty show him how inferior royalty thought itself, at this stage of the world's progress? I expected him to jump up, beg me to mount my horse, and let him, hand on flank, trot after me back again and so go tailing into notoriety. Nothing of the sort. He was very courteous, this young poet, very grave and unaffected, but he'd got some other bee in his bonnet besides the plaudits of royalty. It buzzed most horribly and scared the other one away. Bertelius took no manner of notice of me. In his eyes I was probably an outlander speaking indifferent Arcadian and not likely to understand a tithe of what he began to pour out in a rush, all of it adjurations to Erdreich to 'remember, remember."

"How did he look? Was he really an old man?'"

"Is he, you mean. He's not dead yet. Bertelius—well, he looks absolutely and entirely as if you had made up a recipe for a librarian and had the finishing touches put on by a costumer: long beard, eyes permanently in hiding, little cap, and a sort of monkish habit. And Erdreich was a very spectacular young person, handsomer than the prince, oh, far handsomer. I was glad Eda hadn't seen him first. He was all yellow hair and blue eyes, and strong as a forester: which he was, indeed, before he dropped into poetry. Now I took the cue old Bertelius thrust on me, and I stood there by my horse dull and dumb as a groom, and listening. (Do you ever think how much listening is done by the chaps that are hanging round to do things, the ones the novelists give 'impassive faces' to? You'd think their ears would grow by cocking.) And it's my long suit that I can understand any language you'll mention better than I speak it. So there you are. Bertelius and I might have been hob-nobbing at a coffee *Klatsch*, and he giving me his entire confidence and attention for all I lost.

"'You are a young man, Erdreich,' said he. 'Heed an old one.'

"Erdreich looked at him much as the prince had been looking at the King of Telluria, with the worship of the ignorant for the seasoned, the wistful gleam in the eye that says, 'If I knew what you do, how much better I could use it. I don't hanker after being you; but oh, how I want to know!' It's precisely like the puppy trotting round after the old sheep-killer. 'I won't kill sheep,' says the puppy's eye.

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'Oh, no! but just let me come into the pasture and see you nab 'em.'

"'Your genius is buried here,' said Bertelius, and I could see he was Bertelius the tempter. 'All the best years of your life when you should have been writing your splendid dramas, you have been wandering round the forest reviving old ballads.'

"'You know why,' said the poet. He looked, in spite of his fresh color, worn and worried, as if his day's excursion with Bertelius had been a sort of debauch. 'I wanted to write my dramas, but my grandmother told me—begged me—to collect the folk-songs first, because in a little time all the people that know them will be dead.'

"'Your grandmother!' said the man of books. It was pity in his tone; it was implication. 'Think,' it seemed to say, 'think, young poet, what you are telling me. You are saying that you allow the mammal who brought your mother and incidentally you into the world and provided you with food for a few years after, to settle the status of your most admirable and unusual brain. Think what you are saying. It is absurd.' Bertelius spoke significantly. 'This is a country,' said he, 'governed by women. Telluria is governed by a man.'

"The poet had flushed up a deep girlish pink. He began to justify his grandmother, justify himself.

"'She knew the way my genius—my tastes—went. My dramas were all for war.'

"'War,' said Bertelius gravely, 'is a necessity, an ill necessity.'

"The poet's eyes began to glow.

"'But she says,' he began, and then apologized. 'Grandmother is very wise.' Bertelius bowed benignantly. 'She says the mind of the people inflames so easily. They can't bear dramas of war, she says. Give them the old legends of honor, of reaping and sowing, of hunger and thirst that the children may be fed. Give them those, she says, and teach them to look on war as an insane fury.'

"Bertelius bowed again. His delicate mouth curled up a little at the corners.

"'Very amiable,' said he, 'very feminine and sweet. Ladies are temperamentally timid. We won't discuss that. But let me urge you again to come to Telluria and revive our ballads for us.'

"'You said it was wasted time,' the poet fished up out of their talk.

"'Not if other things go with it. But in Telluria you would have time for the other things, your dramas, your glorious dramas.'

"I saw the game. Dryasdust wanted the ballads of his own country dug out of oblivion, and this boy had the antiquary nose. The drama business was lagnappe, thrown in. It was time for me to fling a stone and make a ripple. I stepped forward. I spoke with the deepest respect.

"'Am I to tell her majesty,' I said, 'that her poet declines to come?'

"Erdreich was on his feet. He was pale now, white as Bertelius's beard. It was not the custom in Arcady, I could see, for Queen Ismia to be told it wasn't convenient.

"'I'll come,' said he, 'I'll come at once.' He turned to Bertelius. 'Shall I leave you, sir? Or will you come?'

"Old Bertelius had got out a black book and a pair of horn spectacles. The fire had died down in him, and he was fractious and hungry for the seclusion of the printed page.

"'Ay, ay,' said he. 'Go. Think it over. I'll come by and by.'

"So we left him there, and I, leading my horse—for the poet had refused to take it and let me follow—we made short work of the distance, and quite silent and rather hot, came out on the cottage again. And there I could read at once the history of the time since I'd been gone, and read it from the two pictures there before me. The king and the prince were together pacing up and down before the door, the king soliloquizing and the prince giving ear. Just inside, by a window of plants, were the queen and the peasant grandmother, standing face to face, eye to eye, and very grave. The two groups were like hostile armies during truce. When we came up, the tension broke, and the prince spoke to Erdreich very prettily as if he were a brother, and telling him the queen was within. Would he go in and greet her. Erdreich, all a timid propriety, went in, and the other two followed, but I stood outside by the little window. I began to feel I was out of the picture, and I'd better be content with listening. Well, there were fine speeches, and the queen told Erdreich what a loyal subject he was, and told the king how valuable Erdreich was, and talked with her eyelids and brows to the prince to the effect that he was to say so too. But the old grandmother, if you please, without a look at anybody, got out a wheel and

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pulled it into the middle of the room and began to spin. Erdreich looked at her for a minute as if she had committed treason. The King of Telluria frowned; he seemed to challenge everybody to tell him why he should have the impression that a peasant woman, almost invisible from her insignificance, should be presuming to go on with sordid occupations under his royal eyes. Only Queen Ismia wasn't upset. She kept on talking to Erdreich and he looked flattered and dazed, and in a minute or two, as if they were going to play stage-coach, everybody sat down in a circle about the grandmother, and I saw Queen Ismia touch the old woman's glittering head-dress. It was the ancient headgear of the Arcadian women, handed down from generation to generation, and worn on gala days. I could have sworn she didn't have it on when we came. Now the queen touched it and said in a kind of lulling, soothing cradle tone, 'It's very bright.'

"Well, I saw it was bright. And I grew abnormally conscious of the hum of the wheel, and something inside my ears kept saying, 'It's very bright. It's very bright.' But then something else further inside me said, 'You fool, you're a war correspondent, and you were at the explosion in Spain, and you've been 'most destroyed by a destroyer, and you didn't turn a hair. And you're outside the window, and what has got them hasn't got you. So keep your eye peeled, my boy, and you'll begin to understand something about the ins and outs of sovereignty!'

"For something had got 'em all, all but the two women. I began to think of them as the two queens now: for though Queen Ismia had on the plainest of black habits, she looked most awfully regal. And when I glanced at the old peasant woman and saw how inscrutable she was, as if she'd got some sort of power under her hand and was turning it on, bit by bit, bit by bit, but not too fast for fear the sheathing would split, I could think only of her crown and how she, too, must be a kind of queen."

"What were the others doing, the three men?"

"They were asleep, and the old king was making horrible faces. It was the prince I watched most. I had an idea from the way the two queens looked at him that he was the centre of the play. He began to writhe and then to talk, wonderingly sometimes as if he spelled a lesson from a book too hard for him, and sometimes violently.

"'We're not prepared.' That's what he called out first. 'We're not prepared.' Then he stopped a minute, as if he saw things and they told their story. 'But we couldn't be prepared,' said he. 'Nobody could be prepared for that. They're dropping on us from the clouds. They're dropping bombs. My God! my God! there's the theatre gone. There's the silk factory. The girls in there! Why, mother, they were girls, nothing but girls. And that's their blood.'

"The poet sat stark on a little stool, staring at the whirring wheel.

"'Do you think,' said he—it was the Lady Macbeth tone—'do you think roses would grow out of such blood as that?'

"The old king was seeing things. I've never made up my mind whether they all saw the same things, or different ones adapted to their grade and text-book. The old king gave a groan.

"'She need not have died,' said he. 'Eda needn't have died, she and her little son!'

"The peasant woman spoke.

"'It will happen,' said she, in a kind of monotonous voice, as if she'd set it to the tune of the wheel. 'It will happen if you open the door. Your hand is on the latch. Shall you open the door?'

"And now it was Erdreich talking. He, too, sat under the same paralysis of horror, but his horror was at himself.

"'I called it doughty deeds,' said he, 'but it was blood. This war? This is the butcher's trade. Oh, horrible! blood! blood!'

"But after all it was the prince that told us most.

"'What do you see, Prince?' said the old peasant woman, in a steady tone, as if she was afraid to speak too loud. He might have been the watcher on the tower and she the soldier down below. The prince was trembling. I got uneasy as I looked at him. He behaved like a horse I'd seen shuddering with sunstroke.

"'It's all destroyed,' said he. 'The palace is destroyed. That wouldn't matter, though we did like the windows—mother, didn't we like the windows looking toward the west?—But the little houses down by the river, where the workmen went every night and played on their fiddles and dug

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Drawn by Fred Pegram.

"For something had got 'em all, all but the two women."—Page 224.

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in their gardens, they're all gone. They dropped explosives on them, and then the fire——'

"The old king roared out, 'Who's that?' and whether he meant he saw the same been caught in a net and couldn't help it. And then the wheel stopped and the old woman got quietly up and set it aside and lifted off her head-dress and laid it on a shelf behind a curtain, and Queen Ismia

"Those two young things all afire with love and youth, holding each other's hands and forgetting they weren't invisible."—Page 227.

thing or not, I shall never know, but the prince answered him:

"'The prisoner! the prisoner that runs fast with something in his hand. That's an automatic rifle in his hand. He's coming to us—us—us—he'll blow us into powder.'

"I began to have a sensation in my head as if everybody was a fool, and yet we'd was saying in an even, unhurried way, as if she'd been talking for the last half-hour, 'And so, Erdreich, we came to tell you how dear you are to the kingdom and to us.'

"And Erdreich opened his eyes and blinked them like a baby, and found at the same minute the queen was talking to him and he was sitting while she stood; and he got on his feet like lightning, stumbling a

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little, and stood there all afire with devotion and ready to get her the moon and seven stars if she wanted 'em. And the prince, too, opened his eyes, and he cried out in a wild voice:

"'Mother, mother! God save Arcady!' And then he looked straight to where Eda stood in the doorway in her borrowed dress. And he got up and made three steps across the room and said her name, 'Eda! Eda!' twice, with a kind of sob. And she sobbed, too. It was the prettiest sight I ever saw, those two young things all afire with love and youth, holding each other's hands and forgetting they weren't invisible.

"'How did you know me?' said Eda.

"'Of course I knew you, Eda,' said he. 'How did you know me?'

"'Oh, I've been peeping through the crack.'

"And they both laughed, and the king came awake, and gave a roaring 'Haw! haw!' Nobody seemed to wonder how anybody had got anywhere. They were just there, that's all.

"'Cousin,' said the old king. He was speaking to Queen Ismia. 'I like your way of doing things. You're a mighty fine housekeeper. You're a mighty fine mother. Why, a kingdom's only a bigger sort of household, after all. I believe if you and Altaria and I agreed on a sort of iron-clad treaty, we could all turn our war tax into something practical, as you've done. Roads we need, roads and schools. What say, cousin?'

"'We must consult the prince,' said she, as if statecraft wasn't a stitch she knew. 'And now shall we ride home again? There's a horse and a habit for Eda. I had them brought along.' And even then, if you'll believe me, nobody thought to say, 'How did Eda come here? And where's Bertelius? And is he going to sit a thousand years, like Merlin in the forest, with horn spectacles and a black book?' You see, when you're happy because you've found the road to happiness, you're in a dream, and in a dream you don't need to know how anything is. It is, that's all.

"Oh, there's one other thing. I almost forgot it. When we were all on our horses, out between the trees comes the scarecrow man, like a slanting bamboo pole shot from a sling. And he'd something in his hand. It was a little thing: a flower, a blue flower, the *Canpanula Arcadinensis*. Do you know where it grows in Arcady? It's at the feet of inaccessible cliffs in gorges it makes you dizzy to look into. And now it's Arcady's national flower. He pressed himself close to us, and held it up to the queen. She put out her hand to take it. I wish you could have seen her face. That was a queen.

"'For you, madam,' said he. His eyes were sad, wild, lonesome eyes—the eyes of a prisoner—but they were full of light. 'All the gems are yours, and all the flowers.'

"And she not only took the flower, that queen, she laid her hand on his ragged shoulder, and her eyes were full of tears."

He stopped.

"Well," said I, "what happened?"

"That's all."

"Did the prince marry Eda?"

"Oh, yes."

"Did the powers go to war?"

"Oh, dear me, no! Nobody went to war ever, after what they'd seen."

"Is Arcady in actual existence now?"

"Course it is, much as ever it was."

"What's the use, Mitchell," said I, "what *is* the use? You know this whole story is a part of your bluff."

"No, 'tisn't either. It's a part of my busy past. Didn't I tell you I saw it myself, *pars-magna-fuied* it? Well, if I didn't somebody told me. Who was it, now? Who was it told me? Come to think of it, was it the German Emperor, that day he said he'd written a comic opera and didn't know how to get his third act? You ask him, some time when it comes in just right."

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MUMBLETY-PEG AND MIDDLE AGE

By Walter Prichard Eaton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WORTH BREHM

OLD HUNDRED and I were taking our Saturday afternoon walk in the country—that is, in such suburbanized country as we could achieve in the neighborhood of New York. We had passed innumerable small boys and not a few small girls, but save for an occasional noisy group on a base-ball diamond none of them seemed to be playing any definite games.

"Did we use to wander aimlessly round that way?" asked Old Hundred.

"We did not," said I. "If it wasn't marbles in spring or tops in autumn it was duck-on-the-rock or stick-knife or——"

"Only we didn't call it stick-knife," said Old Hundred, "we called it mumbletypeg."

"We called it stick-knife," said I.

"Your memory is curiously bad," said Old Hundred. "You are always forgetting about these important matters. It was mumblety-peg."

"My memory bad!" I sniffed. "I suppose you think I've forgotten how I always licked you at stick-knife?"

Old Hundred grinned. Old Hundred's grin, to-day as much as thirty years ago, is a mask for some coming trouble. He always grinned before he sailed into the other fellow, which was an effective way to catch the other fellow off his guard. I presume he grins now before he cross-questions a witness. "I'll play you a game right now," he said softly.

"You're on," said I.

We selected a spot of clean, thin turf behind a roadside fence. It was in reality a part of somebody's yard, but it was the best we could do. I still carry a pocket knife of generous proportions, to whittle with when we go for a walk, and this I produced and opened, handing it to Old Hundred. "Now, begin," said I, as we squatted down.

He held the knife somewhat gingerly, first by the blade, then by the handle. "Wha—what do you do first?" he finally asked.

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"Do?" said I. "Don't you remember?"

"No," he replied, "and neither do you."

"Give me the knife," I cried. I relied on the feel of it in my hand to awaken a dormant muscular memory to help me out. But no muscular memory was stirred. Old Hundred watched me with a smile. "Begin, begin!" he urged.

"Let's see," said I, "I think you took it first by the tip of the blade, this way, and made it stick up." I threw the knife. It stuck, but almost lay upon the ground.

"You've got to get two fingers under it," said Old Hundred. He tried, but there wasn't room. "You fail," he cried. "There's a point for me."

"Not till you've made it stick," said I.

We grew interested in our game. We threw the knife from our nose and chin, we dropped it from our forehead, we jumped it over our hand, we half-closed the blade and tossed it that way, and finally, when the tally was reckoned up in my favor, I began to look about for a stick to whittle into the peg.

Old Hundred rose and dusted his clothes. "Here," I cried. "You're not done yet!"

"Oh, yes I am!" he answered.

"Quitter, quitter, quitter!" I taunted.

"That may be," said he, "but a learned lawyer of forty-five with a dirty mug is rather more self-conscious than a boy of ten. I'll buy you a dinner when we get to town."

"Oh, very well," said I, peevishly, "but I didn't think you'd so degenerated. I'll let you off if you'll admit it was stick-knife.'

"I'll admit it," said Old Hundred. "I suppose in a minute you'll ask me to admit that prisoners'-base was relievo."

"What *was* relievo, by the way?" I asked.

"Relievo—relievo?" said Old Hundred. "Why that was a game we played mostly on the ice, up on Birch Meadow, don't you remember? When we got tired of hockey, we all put our coats and hockey sticks in a pile, one man was It, and the rest tried to skate from a distant line around the pile and back. If the chap who was It tagged anybody before he got around, that chap had to be It with him, and so on till everybody was caught. Then the first one tagged had to be It for a new start."

"I remember that game," said I. "I remember how Frank White, who could skate like a fiend, used to be the last one caught. Sometimes he'd get around a hundred boys, ducking and dodging and taking half a mile of ice to do it in, but escaping untouched. Sometimes, if there weren't many playing, he'd go around backwards, just to taunt us. But I don't think that game was relievo. That doesn't sound like the name to me."

"What was it, then?" said Old Hundred.

"I don't know," I answered. "It's funny how you forget things."

By this time we were strolling along the road again. "Speaking of Birch Meadow," said Old Hundred, "what glorious skating we kids used to have there! I never go by Central Park in winter without pitying the poor New York youngsters, just hobbling round and round on a half-acre pond where the surface is cut up into powder an inch thick, and the crowd is so dense you can scarcely see the ice. Shall you ever forget that mile-long pond in the woods, not deep enough to drown in anywhere, and frozen over with smooth black ice as early as Thanksgiving Day? How we used to rush to it, up Love Lane, as soon as school was out!"

"Do you remember," said I, "how we passed it last year, and found the woods all cut and the water drained off?"

"Don't be a wet blanket," said Old Hundred, crossly. "The country has to grow."

I looked at him out of the corner of my eye. The mood of memory was on him. I repented of my speech. "Yes," I answered. "No doubt the country has to grow. The colleges now play hockey on ponds made by the fire department. But there isn't that thrilling ring to your runners nor that long-drawn echo from the wooded shores when a crack crosses the ice."

"I can see it all this minute," said Old Hundred. "I can see my little self like a different person [which, indeed, he was!] as one of the crowd. We had chosen up sides—ten, twenty, thirty on a side. Stones, dragged from the shores, were put down for goals. Most of us had hockey sticks we had cut ourselves in the woods, hickory, with a bit of the curved root for the blade. You were one of the few boys who could afford a store stick. We had a hard rubber ball. Bobbie Pratt was always one goal because he had big feet. And over the black ice, against the sombre background of those cathedral aisles of white

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pine, we chased that ball, charging in solid ranks so that the ice sagged and protested under the rush of our runners, wheeling suddenly, darting in pursuit of one boy who had snaked the ball out from the maze of feet and was flying with it toward the goal, all rapid action, panting breath, superb life. It really must have been a beautiful sight, one of those hockey games. I can still hear the ring and roar of the runners as the crowd swept down in a charge!"

I smiled. "And I can still feel the ice when somebody's stick got caught between my legs. 'Hi, fellers, come look at the star Willie made!' I can hear you shouting, as you examined the spot where my anatomy had been violently superimposed on the skating surface."

Old Hundred smiled too. "Fine little animals we were!" he said. "I suppose one reason why we don't see more games nowadays is because we live in the city. Even this suburbanized region is really city, dirtied all over with its spawn. Lord, Bill, think if we'd been cramped up in an East Side street, or reduced to Central Park for a skating pond! A precious lot of reminiscences we'd have to-day, wouldn't we? They build the kids what they call public play grounds, and then they have to hire teachers to teach 'em how to play. Poor beggars, think of having to be taught by a grown-up how to play a game! They all have a rudimentary idea of base-ball; the American spirit and the sporting extras see to that. But I never see 'em playing anything else much, not even out here where the suburbs smut an otherwise attractive landscape."

"Perhaps," I ventured, "not only the lack of space and free open in the city has something to do with it, but the fact that the seasons there grow and change so unperceived. Games, you remember, go by a kind of immutable rotation—as much a law of childhood as gravitation of the universe. Marbles belong to spring, to the first weeks after the frost is out of the ground. They are a kind of celebration of the season, of the return to bare earth. Tops belong to autumn, hockey to the ice, base-ball to the spring and summer, football to the cold, snappy fall, and I seem to remember that even such games as hide-and-seek or puss-in-the-corner were played constantly at one period, not at all at another. If you played 'em out of time, they didn't seem right; there was no zest to them. Now, most of these game periods were determined long ago by physical conditions of ground and climate. They stem us back to nature. Cramp the youngsters in the artificial life of a city, and you snap this stem. My theory may be wild, all wrong. Yet I can't help feeling that our games, which we accepted and absorbed as a part of the universe, as much as our parents or the woods and fields, *were* a part of that nature which surrounded us, linking us with the beginnings of the race. Most kids' games are centuries upon centuries old, they say. I can't help believing that for every skyscraper we erect we end the life, for thousands of children, of one more game."

Old Hundred had listened attentively to my long discourse, nodding his head approvingly. "No doubt, no doubt," he said. "I shall hereafter regard the Metropolitan Tower as a memorial shaft, which ought to bear an inscription, 'Hic jacet, Puss-in-the-corner.' Yet I saw some poor little duffers on the East Side the other day trying to play soak with a tattered old ball, which kept getting lost under the push carts."

"They die hard," said I.

We had by this time come on our walk into a group of houses, the outskirts of a town. Several small boys were, apparently, aimlessly walking about.

"Why don't they *do* something," Old Hundred exclaimed, half to himself. "Don't they know how, even out here?"

"Suppose you teach 'em," I suggested.

Again Old Hundred grinned. He walked over among the small boys, who stopped their talk and regarded him silently. "Ever play duck-on-the-rock?" he asked, with that curiously embarrassed friendliness of the middle-aged man trying to make up to boyhood. After a certain period, most of us unconsciously regard a small boy as a kind of buzz saw, to be handled with extreme care.

The boys looked at one another, as if picking a spokesman. Finally one of them, a freckle-faced, stocky youngster who looked more like a country lad than the rest, replied: "They dunno how," he said. "They're afraid the stones'll hurt 'em. We used to play it up State all the time."

"There's your theory," said Old Hundred in an aside to me.

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Drawn by Worth Brehm.

"Most of us had hockey sticks we had cut ourselves in the woods."—Page 229.

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"You're a liar," said one of the other boys. "We ain't afraid, are we, Bill?"

"Naw," said Bill.

"Who's a liar?" said the first speaker, doubling his fists. "I'll knock your block off in about a minute."

"Ah, come on an' do it, Rube!" taunted the other.

Old Hundred hereupon interfered. "Let's not fight, let's play," he said. "If they don't know how, we'll teach 'em, eh Rube? Want to learn, boys?"

They looked at him for a moment with the instinctive suspicion of their class, decided in his favor, and assented. Like all men, Old Hundred was flattered by this mark of confidence from the severest critics in the world. He and Rube hunted out a large rock, and placed it on the curb. Each boy found his individual duck, Old Hundred tried to count out for It, couldn't remember the rhyme, and had to turn the job over to Rube, who delivered himself of the following:

"As I went up to Salt Lake
I met a little rattlesnake,
He'd e't so much of jelly cake,
It made his little belly ache."

When It was thus selected, automatically and poetically, Old Hundred drew a line in the road, parallel to the curb, It put his duck on the rock, and the rest started to pitch. Suddenly one demon spotted me, a smiling by-stander. "Hi," he called, "Old Coattails ain't playin'."

"Quitter, quitter, quitter!" taunted Old Hundred.

I started to make some remark about the self-consciousness of a learned litterateur of forty-five, but my speech was drowned in a derisive howl from the buzz saws. I meekly accepted the inevitable, and hunted myself out a duck.

After ten minutes of madly dashing back to the line pursued by those supernaturally active young cubs, after stooping again and again to pick up my duck, after dodging flying stones and sometimes not succeeding, I was quite ready to quit. Old Hundred, flushed and perspiring, was playing as if his life depended on it. When he was tagged, he took his turn as It without a murmur. He was one of the kids, and they knew it. But finally he, too, felt the pace in his bones. We left the boys still playing, quite careless of whether we went or stayed. We were dusty and hot; our hands were scratched and grimed. "Ah!" said Old Hundred, looking back, "I've accomplished something to-day, and had a good time doing it! The ungrateful little savages; they might have said good-by."

"Yet you wouldn't pull up the mumblety-peg for me," I said.

"My dear fellow," he replied, "that is quite different. To take a dare from a man is childish. Not to take a dare from a child is unmanly."

"You talk like G. K. Chesterton," said I.

"Which shows that occasionally Chesterton is right," said he. "Speaking of dares, I'd like to see a gang of kids playing dares or follow-your-leader right now. Remember how we used to play follow-your-leader by the hour? You had to do just what he did, like a row of sheep. When there were girls in the game, you always ended up by turning a somersault, which was a subtle jest never to be too much enjoyed."

"And Alice Perkins used to take that dare, too, I remember," said I.

"Alice never could bear to be stumped," he mused. "She's either become a mighty fine woman or a bad one. She was the only girl we ever allowed to perform in the circuses up in your backyard. Often we wouldn't even admit girls as spectators. Remember the sign you painted to that effect? She was the lady trapeze artist and bareback rider. You were the bareback, as I recall it—or was it Fatty Newell? Anyhow, one of her stunts was to hang by her legs and drink a tumbler of water."

I felt my muscles. "I wonder," said I, "if I could still skin the cat?"

"I'll bet I can chin myself ten times," said Old Hundred.

We cast about for a convenient limb. There was an apple-tree beside the road, with a horizontal limb some eight feet above the ground. I tried first. I got myself over all right, till I hung inverted, my fountain pen, pencil, and eyeglass case falling out of my pocket. But there I stuck. There was no strength in my arms to pull me up. So I curled clean over and dropped to the ground, very red in the face, my clothes covered with powdered apple-tree bark. Old Hundred grasped the limb to chin himself. He got up once easily, he got up a second time with difficulty, he got up a

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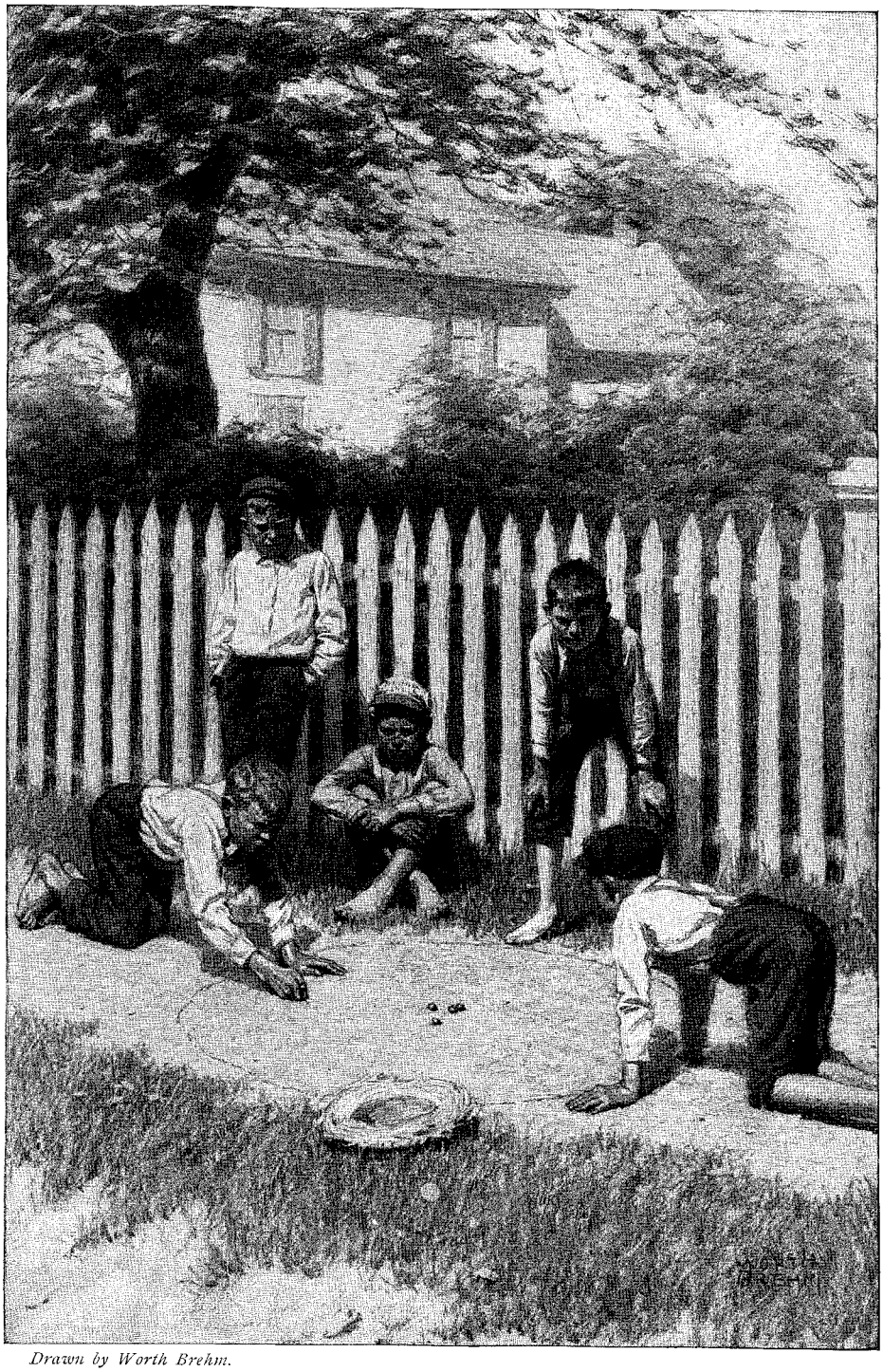

Drawn by Worth Brehm.

"Marbles belong to spring."—Page 230.

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third time by an heroic effort, the veins standing out on his forehead. The fourth time he stuck two inches off the ground.

"You are old, Father William," I quoted.

He rubbed his biceps sadly. "I'm out of practice!" he said with some asperity. But we tried no more stunts on the apple-tree.

Beyond the orchard was a piece of split rail fence, gray and old, with brambles growing at the intersections—one of the relics of an elder day in Westchester County. Old Hundred looked at it as he put on his coat.

"There ought to be a bumblebees' nest in that fence," he said. "If we should poke the bees out we'd find honey, nice gritty honey, all over rotted wood from our fingers."

"Are you looking for trouble?" I asked. "However, if you hold your breath, a bee can't sting you."

"I recall that ancient superstition—with pain," he smiled. "Why does a bee have such a fascination for a boy? Is it because he makes honey?"

"Not at all; that's a secondary issue. It's because he's a bee," I answered. "Don't you remember the fun of stoning those gray hornets' nests which used to be built under the school-house eaves in summer? We waited till the first recess to plug a stone through 'em, and nobody could get back in the door without being stung. It was against the unwritten law to stone the school-house nests in vacation time!"

"Recess!" mused Old Hundred. "Do you know, sometimes in court when the judge announces a recess (which he pronounces with the accent on the second syllable, a manifest error), those old school-days come back to me, and my case drops clean out of my head for the moment."

"I should think that would be embarrassing," said I.

"It isn't," he said, "it's restful. Besides, it often restores my mislaid sense of humor. I picture the judge out in a school-yard playing leap-frog with the learned counsel for the prosecution and the foreman of the jury. It makes 'em more human to see 'em so."

"A Gilbertian idea, to say the least," I smiled. "Why not set the whole court to playing squat-tag?"

"There was step-tag, too," said Old Hundred. "Remember that? The boy or girl who was It shut his eyes and counted ten. Then he opened his eyes suddenly, and if he saw any part of you moving you became It. On 'ten' you tried to freeze into stiffness. We must have struck some funny attitudes."

"Attitudes," said I, "that was another game. Somebody said 'fear' or 'cat' or 'geography,' and you had to assume an attitude expressive of the word. The girls liked that game."

"Oh, the girls always liked games where they could show off or get personal attention," replied Old Hundred. "They liked hide-and-seek because you came after them, or because you took one of 'em and went off with her alone to hide behind the wood shed. They liked kissing games best, though—drop-the-handkerchief and post-office."

"Those weren't recess games," I amended. "Those were party games. You played them when you had your best clothes on, which entirely changed your mental attitude, anyhow. When a girl dropped the handkerchief behind you you had to chase her and kiss her if you could, and when you got a letter in post-office you had to go into the next room and be kissed. Everybody tittered at you when you came back."

"Well, soak and scrub were recess games, anyhow. I can hear that glad yell, 'Scrub one!' rising from the first boy who burst out of the school-house door. Then there were dare-base, and foot-ball, which we used to play with an old bladder, or at best a round, black rubber ball, not one of these modern leather lemons. We used to kick it, too. I don't remember tackling and rushing, till we got older and went to prep school—or you and I went to prep school."

"I'd hate to have been tackled on the old school playground," said I. "It was hard as rocks."

"It *was* rocks," said Old Hundred. "You could spin a top on it anywhere."

"Could you spin a top now?" I asked.

"Sure!" said Old Hundred. "And pop at a snapper, too."

"It's wicked to play marbles for keeps," said I impressively. "Only the bad boys do that."

"Poor mother!" said Old Hundred. "Remember the marble rakes we used to make? We cut a series of little arches in a board, numbered 'em one, two, three, and

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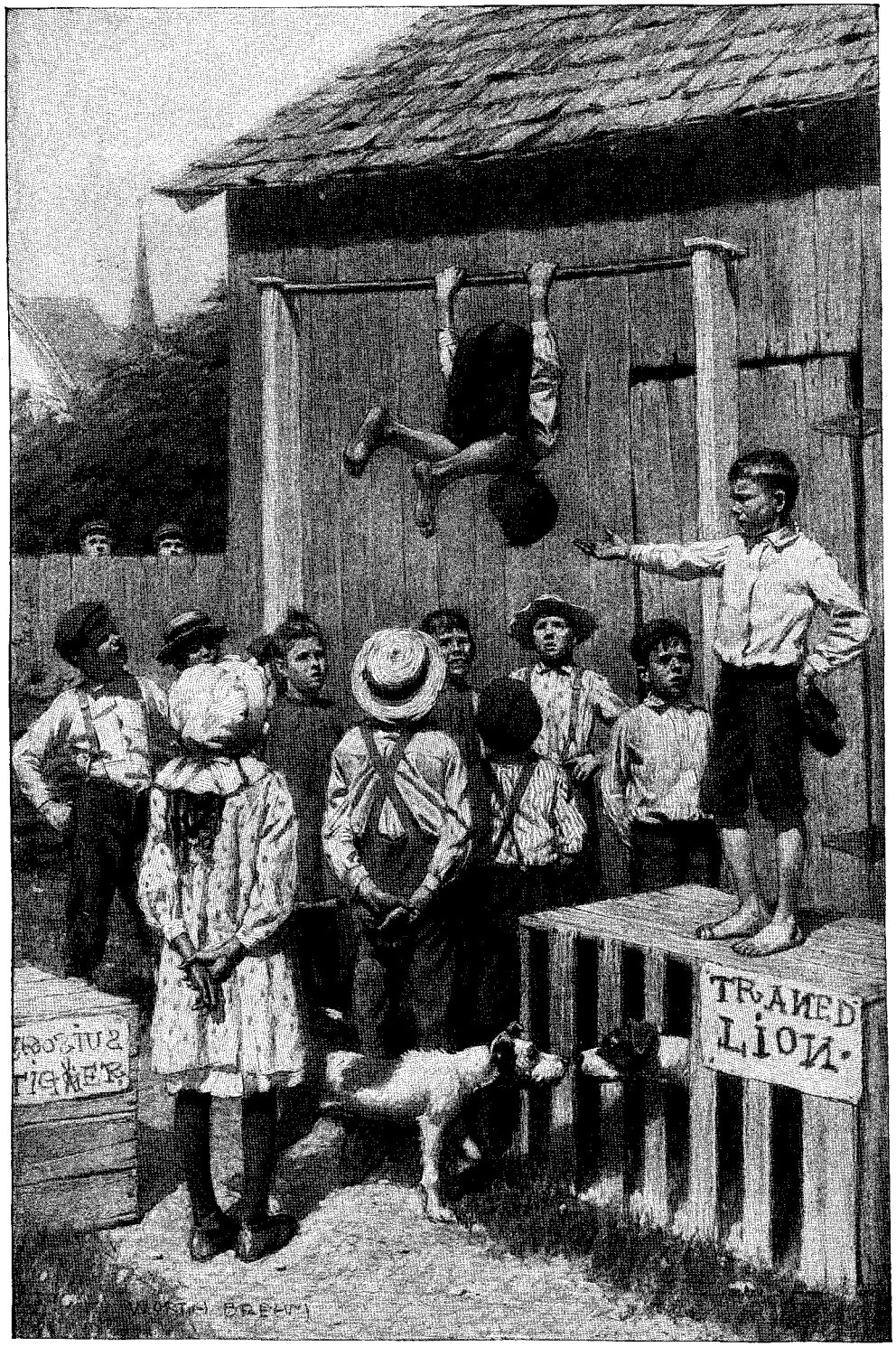

Drawn by Worth Brehm.

The circus in the backyard.—Page 232.

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"Tops belong to autumn."—Page 230.

so on, and stood the board up across the concrete sidewalk down by Lyceum Hall. The other kids rolled their marbles from the curb. If a marble went through an arch, the owner of the rake had to give the boy as many marbles as the number over the arch. If the boy missed, the owner took his marble. It was very profitable for the owner. And my mother found out I had a rake. That night it went into the kitchen fire, while I was lectured on the awful consequences of gambling."

"I know," said I. "It was almost as terrible as sending 'comic valentines.' Remember the 'comics'? They were horribly colored lithographs of teachers, old maids, dudes, and the like, with equally horrible verses under them. They cost a penny apiece, and you bought 'em at Damon's drug store. They were so wicked that Emily Ruggles wouldn't sell 'em."

"Emily Ruggles's!" exclaimed Old Hundred. "Shall you ever forget Emily Ruggles's? It was in Lyceum Hall building, a little dark store up a flight of steps—a notion store, I guess they called it. To us kids it was just Emily Ruggles's. It was full of marbles, tops, 'scholars' companions,' air-guns, sheets of paper soldiers, valentines, fire-crackers before the Fourth, elastic for sling-shots, spools, needles and yards of blue calico with white dots, which hung over strings above the counters. Emily was a dark, heavy-browed spinster with a booming bass voice and a stern manner, and when you crept, awed and timid, into the store she glared at you and boomed out, 'Which side, young man?' Yet her store was a kid's paradise. I have often wondered since whether she didn't, in her heart, really love us youngsters, for all her forbidding manner."

"Of course she loved us," said I. "She loved her country, too. Don't you remember the story of how she paid for a substitute in the Civil War, because she couldn't go to the front and fight herself? Poor woman, she took the only way she knew to show her affection for us. She stocked her little shop with a delectable ar-

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ray which kept a procession of children pushing open the door and timidly yet joyfully entering its dark recesses, where bags of marbles and bundles of pencils gleamed beneath the canopies of calico. Nowadays I never see such shops any more. I don't know whether there are any tops and marbles on the market. One never sees them. Certainly one never sees nice little shops devoted to their sale. Children are not important any longer."

Old Hundred sighed. We walked on in silence, toward the brow of a hill, and presently the Hudson gleamed below us, while across its misty expanse the hills of New Jersey huddled into the sinking sun. Old Hundred sat down on a stone.

"I'm weary," he said, "and my muscles ache, and I'm stiff and sore and forty-five. Bill, you're getting bald. Wipe your shiny high-brow. You look ridiculous."

"Shut up," said I, "and don't get maudlin just because you can't chin yourself ten times Remember, it's because you're out of practice!"

"Out of practice, out of practice!" he said viciously. "A year at Muldoon's wouldn't bring me back the thoughtless joy of a hockey game, would it? No, nor the delight of playing puss-in-the-corner, or following a paper trail through the October woods, or yelling 'Daddy on the castle, Daddy on the castle!' while we jumped on Frank Swain's veranda and off again into his mother's flower bed!"

"I trust not," said I. "Just what are you getting at?"

"This," answered Old Hundred: "that I, you, none of us, go into things now for the sheer exuberance of our bodies and the sheer delight of playing a game. We must have some ulterior motive—usually a sordid one, getting money or downing the other fellow; and most of the time we have to drive our poor, old rackety bodies with a whip. About the time a man begins to vote, he begins to disintegrate. The rest of life is a gradual running down, or breaking up. The Hindoos were right."

"Old Hundred," said I, "you are something of an idiot. Those games of ours were nature's school; nature takes that way to teach us how to behave ourselves socially, how to conquer others, but mostly how to conquer ourselves. We were men-pups, that's all. For Heaven's sake, can't you have a pleasant afternoon thinking of your boyhood without becoming maudlin?"

"You talk like a book by G. Stanley Hall," retorted Old Hundred. "No doubt our games were nature's way of teaching us how to be men, but that doesn't alter the fact that the process of being taught was better than the process of putting the knowledge into practice. I hate these folks who rhapsodize sentimentally over children as 'potential little men.' Potential fiddlesticks! Their charm is because they *ain't* men yet, because they are still trailing clouds of glory, because they are nice, mysterious, imaginative, sensitive, nasty little beasts. You! All you are thinking of is that dinner I owe you! Well, come on, then, we'll go back into that monstrous heap of mortar down there to the south, where there are no children who know how to play, no tops, no marbles, no woods and ponds and bees' nests in the fences, no Emily Ruggleses; where every building is, as you say, the gravestone of a game, and the only sport left is the playing of the market for keeps!"

He got up painfully. I got up painfully. We both limped. Down the hill in silence we went. On the train Old Hundred lighted a cigar. "What do you say to the club for dinner?" he asked. "I ought to go across to the Bar Association afterward and look up some cases on that rebate suit. By Jove, but it's going to be a pretty trial!"

"That pleases me all right," I answered. "I've got to meet Ainsley after the theatre and go over our new third act. I think you are going to like it better than the old."

At the next station Old Hundred went out on the platform and hailed a newsboy. "I want to see how the market closed," he explained, as he buried himself in his paper.

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KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

XXVII

THE sudden halting of two vehicles close to the horse-block of the Temple Mansion—one an aristocratic carry-all driven by a man in livery, and the other a dilapidated city hack in charge of a negro in patched overcoat and whitey-brown hat, the discharge of their inmates, one of whom was Colonel Talbot Rutter of Moorlands carrying two pillows, and another a strange young man loaded down with blankets—the slow disembarking of a gentleman in so wretched a state of health that he was practically carried up the front steps by his body-servant, and the subsequent arrival of Dr. Teackle on the double quick—was a sight so unusual in and around peaceful Kennedy Square, that it is not surprising that all sorts of reports—most of them alarming—reached the club long before St. George had been comfortably tucked away in bed.

Various versions were afloat: "St. George was back from Wesley with a touch of chills and fever—" "St. George was back from Wesley with a load of buckshot in his right arm—" "St. George had broken his collar-bone riding to hounds—"etc.

Richard Horn was the first to spring to his feet—it was the afternoon hour and the club was full—and cross the Square on the run, followed by Clayton, Bowman, and two or three others. These, with one accord, banged away on the knocker, only to be met by Dr. Teackle, who explained that there was nothing seriously the matter with Mr. Temple, except an attack of foolhardiness in coming up the bay when he should have stayed in bed—but even that should cause his friends no uneasiness, as he was still as tough as a lightwood knot, and bubbling over with good humor; all he needed was rest, and that he must have—so please everybody come to-morrow.

By the next morning the widening of ripples caused by the dropping of a high-grade invalid into the still pool of Kennedy Square, spread with such force and persistency that one wavelet overflowed Kate's dressing-room. Indeed, it came in with Mammy Henny and her coffee.

"Marse George back, honey—Ben done see Todd. Got a mis'ry in his back dat bad it tuk two gemmens to tote him up de steps."

"Uncle George home, and ill!"

That was enough for Kate. She didn't want any coffee—she didn't want any toast or muffins, or hominy—she wanted her shoes and stockings and— Yes! everything, and quick!—and would Mammy Henny call Ben and send him right away to Mr. Temple's and find out how her dear Uncle George had passed the night, and give him her dearest love and tell him she would come right over to see him the moment she could get into her clothes; and could she send him anything to eat; and did the doctor think it was dangerous—? Yes—and Ben must keep on to Dr. Teackle's and find out if it *was* dangerous—and say to him that Miss Seymour wanted to know *immediately*, and—" (Here the poor child lost her breath, she was dressing all the time, Mammy Henny's fingers and ears doing their best) "and tell Mr. Temple, too," she rushed on, "that he must send word by Ben for *anything* and *everything* he needed" (strong accent on the two words) . . . all of which was repeated through the crack of the door to patient Ben when he presented himself, with the additional assurance that he must tell Mr. Temple it wouldn't be many minutes before she would be with him—as she was nearly dressed; all but her hair.

She was right about her good intentions, but she was wrong about the number of minutes necessary to carry them out. There was her morning gown to button up, and the gaiters to lace up the sides of the smoothly turned ankles, and her hair was to be braided and caught up in her neck (she always wore it that way in the morning) and the dearest of snug bonnets—a "*cabriolet*"

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from Paris—a sort of hood, stiffened with wires, out of which peeped pink rosebuds quite as they do from a trellis—had to be put on, and the white strings had to be tied "just so"—the bows flared out and the long ends smoothed flat; and then the lace cape and scarf and her parasol—all these and a dozen other little niceties had to be adjusted before she could trip down her father's stairs and out of her father's swinging gate and on through the park to her dear Uncle George.

But when she did—and it took her all of an hour—nothing that the morning sun shone on was quite as lovely, and no waft of air so refreshing or so welcome as our beloved Kate when she burst in upon him.

"Oh!—you dear, *dear* thing!" she cried, tossing her parasol on Pawson's table and stretching out her arms toward him sitting in his chair. "Oh, I am so sorry! Why didn't you let me know you were ill? I would have gone down to Wesley. Oh!—I *knew* something was the matter with you or you would have answered my letters."

He had struggled to his feet at the first sound of her footsteps in the hall, and had her in his arms long before she had finished her greeting;—indeed her last sentence was addressed to the collar of his coat against which her cheek was cushioned.

"Who said I was ill?" he asked with one of his bubbling laughs when he got his breath.

"Todd told Ben—and you *are!*—and it breaks my heart." She was holding herself off now, scanning his pale face and shrunken frame—"Oh, I am so sorry you did not let me know!"

"Todd is a chatterer, and Ben no better; I've only had a bad cold—and you couldn't have done me a bit of good if you had come—and now I am entirely well, never felt better in my life. Oh—but it's good to get hold of you, Kate—and you are still the same bunch of roses. Sit down now and tell me all about it. I wish I had a better chair for you, my dear, but the place is quite dismantled, as you see. I expected to stay the winter when I left."

She had not given a thought to the chair or to the changes—had not even noticed them. That the room was stripped of its furniture prior to a long stay was what invariably occurred in her own house every summer: it was her dear uncle's pale, shrunken face and the blue veins that showed in the backs of his dear transparent hands which she held between her own, and the thin, emaciated wrists that absorbed her.

"You poor, dear Uncle George!" she purred—"and nobody to look after you"—He had drawn up Pawson's chair and had placed her in it beside the one he sat in, and had then dropped slowly into his own, the better to hide from her his weakness—but it did not deceive her. "I'm going to have you put back to bed this very minute; you are not strong enough to sit up. Let me call Aunt Jemima."

St. George shook his head good-naturedly in denial and smoothed her hands with his fingers.

"Call nobody and do nothing but sit beside me and let me look into your face and listen to your voice. I have been pretty badly shaken up;—had two weeks of it that couldn't have been much worse—but since then I have been on the mend and am getting stronger every minute. I haven't had any medicine and I don't want any now—I just want you and—" he hesitated, and seeing nothing in her eyes of hope for Harry, finished the sentence, "and one or two others to sit by me and cheer me up; that's better than all the doctors in the world. And now, first about your father and then about yourself."

"He's very well—he's off somewhere, went away two days ago. He'll be back in a week," she rejoined absently. "But you must have something to eat—*good* things!"—her mind still occupied with his condition. "I'm going to have some chicken broth made the moment I get home and it will be sent fresh every day: and you must eat every bit of it!"

Again St. George's laugh rang out. He had let her run on—it was music to his ears—that he might later on find some clue on which he could frame a question he had been revolving in his mind ever since he heard her voice in the hall. He would not tell her about Harry yet—better wait until he could read her thoughts the clearer. If he could discover by some roundabout way that she would still refuse to see him it would be best not to embarrass her with any such request; especially on this her first visit.

"Yes—I'll eat anything and everything you send me, you dear Kate—and many

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thanks to you, provided you'll come with it —you are the best broth for me. But you haven't answered my question—not all of it. What have *you* been doing since I left?"

"Wondering whether you would forgive me for the rude way in which I left you the last time I saw you,—the night of Mr. Horn's reading, for one thing. I went off with Mr. Willits and never said a word to you. I wrote you a letter telling you how sorry I was, but you never answered it, and that made me more anxious than ever."

"What foolishness, Kate! I never got it, of course, or you would have heard from me right away. A number of my letters have gone astray of late. But I don't remember a thing about it, except that you walked off with your—" again he hesitated —"with Mr. Willits, which, of course, was the most natural thing for you to do in the world. How is he, by the way?"

Kate drew back her shoulders with that quick movement common to her when some antagonism in her mind preceded her spoken word.

"I don't know—I haven't seen him for some weeks."

St. George started in his chair: "You haven't! He isn't ill, is he?"

"No, I think not," she rejoined calmly.

"Oh, then he has gone down to his father's. Yes, I remember he goes quite often," he ventured.

"No, I think he is still here." Her gaze was on the window as she spoke, through which could be seen the tops of the trees glistening in the sunlight.

"And you haven't seen him? Why?" asked St. George wonderingly—he was not sure he had heard her aright.

"I told him not to come," she replied in a positive tone.

St. George settled back in his chair. Had there been a clock in the room its faintest tick would have rung out like a trip-hammer.

"Then you have had a quarrel: he has broken his promise to you and got drunk again."

"No, he has never broken it; he has kept it as faithfully as Harry kept his."

"You don't mean, Kate, that you have broken off your engagement?"

She reached over and picked up her parasol: "There never was any engagement. I have always felt sorry for Mr. Willits and tried my best to love him and couldn't—that is all. He understands it perfectly; we both do. It was one of the things that couldn't be."

All sorts of possibilities stumbled one over the other in his mind. A dim light increasing in intensity began to shine about him. What it meant he dared not hope. "What does your father say?" he asked slowly, after a pause in which he had not taken his eyes from her face.

"Nothing—and it wouldn't alter the case if he did. I am the best judge of what is good for me." There was a certain finality in her cadences that repelled all further discussion. He remembered having heard the same ring before.

"When did all this happen?—this telling him not to come?" he persisted, determined to widen the inquiry. His mind was still unable to fully grasp the situation.

"About five weeks ago. Do you want to know the very night?" She turned her head as she spoke and looked at him with her full, deep eyes.

"Yes, if you wish me to."

"The night Mr. Horn read the 'Cricket on the Hearth,'" she answered in a tone of relief—as if some great crisis had marked the hour, the passing of which had brought her infinite peace. "I told him when I got home, and I have never seen him since."

For some seconds St. George did not move. He had turned from her and sat with his head resting on his hand, his eyes fixed on the smouldering fire: he dare not trust himself to speak; wide ranges opened before him. The light had strengthened until it was blinding. Kate sat motionless, her hands in her lap, her eyes searching St. George's face for some indication of the effect of her news. Then finding him still silent and absorbed in his thoughts, she went on:

"There was nothing else to do, Uncle George. I had done all I could to please my father and one or two of my friends. There was nothing against him—he is very kind and very considerate—but somehow I—" She paused and drew a long breath.

"Somehow what?" demanded St. George raising his head and fixing his eyes upon her. The situation was becoming vital now—too vital for any further delay.

"Oh, I don't know—I couldn't love him —that's all. He has many excellent quali-

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ties—too many maybe," and she smiled faintly. "You know I never liked people who were too good—that is, too willing to do everything you wanted them to do—especially men who ought really to be masters and—" She stopped and played with the top of her parasol, smoothing the knob with her palm as if the better to straighten out the tangle in her mind. "I expect you will think me queer, Uncle George, but I have come to the conclusion that I will never love anybody again—I am through with all that. It's very hard, you know, to mend a thing when it's broken. I used to say to myself that when I grew to be a woman I supposed I would love as any other woman seemed content to love; that no romance of a young girl was ever realized and that they could only be found in love stories. But my theories all went to pieces when I heard Mr. Horn that night. Dot's love for John the Carrier—I have read it so often since that I know the whole story by heart—Dot's love for John was the real thing, but May Fielding's love for Tackleton wasn't. And it seemed so wonderful when her lover came home and—it's foolish, I know—very silly—that I should have been so moved by just the reading of a story—but it's true. It takes only a very little to push you over when you are on the edge, and I had been on the edge a long time. But don't let us talk about it, dear Uncle George," she added with a forced smile. "I'm going to take care of you now and be a charming old maid with side curls and spectacles and make flannel things for the poor—you just wait and see what a comfort I will be." Her lips were trembling, the tears crowding over the edges of her lids.

St. George stretched out his hand and in his kindest voice said:

"Was it the carrier and his wife, or was it the sailor boy who came back so fine and strong, that affected you, Kate—and made you give up Mr. Willits?" He would go to the bottom now.

"It was everything, Uncle George—the sweetness of it all—her pride in her husband—his doubts of her—her repentance; and yet she did what she thought was for the best; and then his forgiveness and the way he wanted to take her in his arms at last and she would not until she explained. And there was nothing really to explain—only love, and trust, and truth—all the time believing in him—loving him. Oh, it is cruel to part people—it's so mean and despicable! There are so many Tackletons—and the May Fieldings go to the altar and so on to their graves—and there is often such a very little difference between the two. I never gave my promise to Mr. Willits. I would not!—I could not! He kept hoping and waiting. He was very gentle and patient—he never coaxed nor pleaded, but just— Oh, Uncle George!—let me talk it all out—I have nobody else. I missed you so, and there was no one who could understand, and you wouldn't answer my letters." She was crying softly to herself, her beautiful head resting on her elbow pillowed on the back of his chair.

He leaned forward the closer: he loved this girl next best to Harry. Her sorrows were his own. Was it all coming out as he had hoped and prayed for? He could hardly restrain himself in his eagerness.

"Did you miss anybody else, Kate?" There was a peculiar tenderness in his voice.

She did not raise her head nor did she answer. St. George waited and repeated the question, slipping his hand over hers, as he spoke.

"It was the loneliness, Uncle George," she replied, evading his inference. "I tried to forget it all, and I threw open our house and gave parties and dances—hardly a week but there has been something going on—but nothing did any good. I have been—yes—wretchedly unhappy and—No, it will only distress you to hear it—don't let's talk any more about it. I won't let you go away again. I'll go away with you if you don't get better soon, anywhere you say. We'll go down to the White Sulphur— Yes—we'll go there. The air is so bracing—it wouldn't be a week before all the color would come back to your cheeks and you be as strong as ever."

He was not listening. His mind was framing a question—one he must ask without committing himself, or her. He was running a parallel, really—reading her heart by a flank movement.

"Kate dear?" He had regained his position although he still kept hold of her hand.

"Yes, Uncle George."

"Did you write to Harry, as I asked you?"

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"No, it wouldn't have done any good. I have had troubles enough of my own without adding any to his."

"Were you afraid he would not answer it?"

She lifted her head and tightened her fingers about his own, her wet eyes looking into his.

"I was afraid of myself. I have never known my own mind and I don't know it now. I have played fast and loose with everybody—I can't bind up a broken arm and then break it again."

"Wouldn't it be better to try?" he said softly.

"No, I don't think so."

St. George released her hand and settled back in his chair; his face grew grave. What manner of woman was this, and how could he reach the inner kernel of her heart? Again he raised his head and leaning forward took both her hands between his own.

"I am going to tell you a story, Kate—one you have never heard—not all of it. When I was about your age—a little older perhaps, I gave my heart to a woman who had known me from a boy; with whom I had played when she was a child. I'm not going into the whole story, such things are always sad; nor will I tell you anything of the beginning of the three happy months of our betrothal nor of what caused our separation. I shall only tell you of the cruelty of the end. There was a misunderstanding—a quarrel—I pleaded with her on my knees and then it ended. All the time her heart was breaking. One little word would have healed everything. Some years after that she married and her life still goes on. I am what you see."

Kate looked at him with swimming eyes. She dimly remembered that she had heard that her uncle had had a love affair in his youth and that his sweetheart had jilted him for a richer man, but she had never known that he had suffered so bitterly over it. Her heart went out to him all the more.

"Will you tell me who it was?" She had no right to ask; but she might comfort him the better if she knew.

"Harry's mother."

Kate dropped his hands and drew back in her seat.

"You—loved—Mrs.—Rutter—and she—refused you for— Oh!—what a cruel thing to do! And what a fool she was. Now I know why you have been so good to Harry. Oh, you poor, dear Uncle George. Oh, to think that you of all men! Is there anybody whose hearts are not bruised and broken?" she added in a helpless tone.

"Plenty of them, Kate—especially those who have been willing to stoop a little and so triumph. Harry has waited three years for some word from you; he has not asked for it, for he believes you have forgotten him; and then he was too much of a man to encroach upon another's rights. Does your breaking off with Mr. Willits alter the case in any way?—does it make any difference? Is this sailor boy always to be a wanderer—never to come home to his people and the woman he loves?"

"He'll never come back for me, Uncle George." She shuddered, dropping her eyes. "I found that out the day we talked together in the park, just before he left. And he's not coming home. Father got a letter from one of his agents who had seen him. He was looking very well and was going up into the mountains—I wrote you about it. I am sorry you didn't get the letter—but of course he has written you too."

"Suppose I should tell you that he would come back if he thought you would be glad to see him—glad in the old way?"

Kate shook her head: "He would never come. He hates me, and I don't blame him. I hate myself when I think of it all."

"But if he should walk in now?"—he was very much afraid he would, and he was not quite ready for him yet. What he was trying to find out was not whether Kate would be glad to see Harry as a relief to her loneliness, but whether she really *loved* him.

Some tone in his voice caught her ear. She turned her head quickly and looked at him with wondering gaze, as if she would read his inmost thoughts.

"You mean that he is coming, Uncle George—that Harry *is* coming home!" she exclaimed excitedly, the color ebbing from her cheeks.

"He is already here, Kate. He slept upstairs in his old room last night. I expect him in any minute."

"Here!—in this room!" She had risen to her feet now, her face deathly pale, her whole frame shaking, her mind intent on instant flight. Which way should she turn to escape? To meet him face to face

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would bring only excruciating pain. "Oh, why didn't you tell me, Uncle George!" she burst out. "I won't see him! I can't! —not now—not here! Let me go home—let me think! No—don't stop me!" and catching up her cape and parasol she was out the door and down the steps before he could call her back or even realize that she had gone.

Once on the pavement she looked nervously up and down the street, gathered her pretty skirts about her dainty ankles, and with the fluttered flight of a scared bird sped across the park, dashed through her swinging gate, and so on up to her bedroom.

There she buried her face in Mammy Henny's lap and burst into an agony of tears.

While all this had been going on upstairs another and equally important conference was taking place in Pawson's office below, where Harry at Pawson's request had gone to meet Gadgem and talk over certain plans for his uncle's future welfare. He had missed Kate by one of those trifling accidents which often determine the destiny of nations and of men. Had he, after attending to the business of the morning—(he had been down to Marsh Market with Todd for supplies)—mounted the steps to see his uncle instead of yielding to a sudden impulse to interview Pawson first and his uncle afterward, he would have come upon Kate at the very moment she was pouring out her heart to St. George.

But no such fatality or stroke of good fortune—whatever the gods had in store for him—took place. On the contrary he proceeded calmly to carry out the details of a matter of the utmost importance to all concerned—one in which both Pawson and Gadgem were interested—(indeed he had come at Pawson's suggestion to discuss its details with the collector and himself); all of which the Scribe promises in all honor to lay before his readers ere the whole of this story is told.

Harry walked straight up to Gadgem:

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Gadgem," he said in his manly, friendly way. "You have been very good to my uncle, and I want to thank you both for him and for myself," and he shook the little man's hand heartily.

Gadgem blushed. St. George's democracy he could understand; but why this aristocrat—outcast as he had once been, but now again in favor—why this young prince, the heir to Moorlands and the first young blood of his time, should treat him as an equal, puzzled him; and yet, somehow, his heart warmed to him as he read his sincerity in his eyes and voice.

"Thank you, sir—thank you very much, sir," rejoined Gadgem, with a folding camp stool movement, his back bent at right angles with his legs. "I really don't deserve it, sir. Mr. Temple is an *ex*traordinary man, sir; the most *ex*traordinary man I have ever met. Give you the shirt off his back, sir, and go naked himself."

"Yes, he gave it to me," laughed Harry, greatly amused at the collector's effusive manner. He had never seen this side of Gadgem. "That, of course, you know all about—you paid the bills, I believe."

"*Pre*cisely so, sir." He had lengthened out now with a spiral-spring, cork-screw twist in his body, his index finger serving as point. "Paid every one of them—he never cared, sir—he *glo*ried in it—*glo*ried in being a pauper. Unaccountable, Mr. Rutter—*e*normously unaccountable. Never heard of such a case; never will hear of such a case. So what was to be done, sir? Just what I may state is being done this minute over our heads *up*stairs:" out went the index finger again. "Rest and *re*cuperation, sir—a slow—a very slow use of *avail*able assets until new and *fur*ther *avail*able assets could become visible. And they are here, sir—have arrived. You may have heard, of course, of the Patapsco where Mr. Temple kept the *lar*gest part of his fortune."

"No, except that it about ruined everybody who had anything to do with it."

"Then you have heard nothing of the *re*suscitation!" cried Gadgem, all his fingers fanned out, his eyebrows arched to the roots of his hair. "You sur*prise* me, sir! And you are really ignorant of the *phœnix*-like way in which it has *ris*en from its ashes? I said *ris*en, sir, because it is now but a dim speck in the financial sky. The appointment of Mr. John Gorsuch as manager, ably backed by your *dis*tinguished father—the setting of the bird upon its legs —I'm speaking of the burnt bird, sir—the *phœ*nix. I'm quite sure it was a bird—The payment on the first of the ensuing

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month of some eighty per cent of the amounts due the *orig*inal depositors and another twenty per cent in one year thereafter—the cancelling of the mortgage which your most *be*nevolent and *hon*orble father bought, and the sly trick of Gorsuch—letting Fogbin, who never turned up, become the sham tenant—and the joy——"

"Stop, Mr. Gadgem—I'm not good at figures. Give me that over again and speak slower. Am I to understand that the bank will pay back to my uncle, within a day or so, three-quarters of the money they stole from him?"

"*Stole*, sir!" exclaimed Gadgem his outstretched forefinger wig-wagging a Fie! Fie! gesture of disapproval—"*Stole* is not a pretty word—actionable, sir—*dan*gerously actionable—a question of the calaboose, and, if I might be permitted to say—a bit of *cold* lead— Perhaps you will allow me to suggest the word 'ma*nip*ulated,' sir—the money the bank ma*nip*ulated from your confiding and inexperienced uncle—that is safer and it is equally *ex*pressive. He! He!"

"Well, will he get the money?" cried Harry, his face lighting up, his interest in the outcome outweighing his amusement over Gadgem's antics and expressions.

"He *will*, sir," rejoined Gadgem decisively.

"And you are so sure of it that you would be willing to advance one-half the amount if the account was turned over to you this minute?" cried Harry eagerly.

"No sir—not one-half—*all* of it—less a *tri*fling commission for my services of say one per cent. When you say 'this minute,' sir, I must reply that the brevity of the area of action becomes a trifle *acute*, yes, a*larm*ingly acute. I have not got the money myself, sir—that is not about my person—but I can get it in an hour, sir—in less time, if Mr. Temple is willing. That was my purpose in coming here, sir—that was why Mr. Pawson sent for me, sir; and it is but fair to say that you can thank your *dis*tinguished father for it all, sir—he has worked night and day to do it. Colonel Rutter has taken over—so I am in*formed*—I'm not sure, but I am in*formed*—taken over a lot of the securities himself so that he *could* do it. Another *ex*traordinary combination, if you will permit me to say so—I refer to your father—a man who will show you his door one minute and open his pocketbook and his best bottle of wine for you the next," and he plumped himself down in his seat with so determined a gesture that it left no doubt on any one's mind that he intended sitting it out if it took until daylight.

Harry walked to the window and gazed out on the trees. There was no doubt now that Mr. Temple was once more on his feet. "Uncle George will go now to Moorlands," he said, decisively, in a low tone, speaking to himself, his heart swelling with pride at this fresh evidence of his father's high sense of honor—then he wheeled and addressed Pawson:

"Shall I tell Mr. Temple this news, about the Patapsco Bank?"

"Yes, if you think best, Mr. Rutter. And I have another piece of good news. This please do not tell Mr. Temple, not yet—not until it is definitely settled. That old suit in Chancery has been decided, or will be, so I learned this morning—decided in favor of the heir. You may not have heard of it before, Gadgem," and he turned to the collector, "but it is one of old General Dorsey Temple's left-overs. It has been in the courts now some forty years. When this decision is made binding," here he again faced Harry—"Mr. Temple comes in for a considerable share."

Gadgem jumped to his feet and snapped his fingers rapidly. Had he sat on a tack his rebound could not have been more sudden. He had not heard and this last was indeed news to him. In his joy he seemed a new being.

"*Shorn* lamb, sir!" he cried gleefully, rubbing his palms together, his body tied into a double bow-knot. "Gentle breezes; bread upon the waters! By jiminy, Mr. Rutter, if Mr. Temple could be born again figuratively, sir—and I could walk in upon him as I once did, and find him at breakfast surrounded by all his comforts with Todd waiting upon him—a very good nigger is Todd, sir—an *exce*ptionally good nigger—I'd—I'd—damn me, Mr. Rutter, I'd—well, sir, there's no word—but John Gadgem, sir—well, I'll be damned if he wouldn't—" and he began skipping about the room both feet in the air as if he was a boy of twenty instead of a thin, shambling, badly put together bill collector in an ill-fitting brown coat, a hat much the worse for

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wear, and a red cotton handkerchief addicted to weekly ablutions.

As for Harry the glad news had cleared out wide spaces before him, such as he had not looked over for years; leafy vistas, with glimpses of sunlit meadows; shadow-flecked paths leading to manor-houses with summer skies beyond. He too was on his feet, walking restlessly up and down.

Pawson and Gadgem again put their heads together, Harry bending over them. Such expressions as "Certainly," I think I can"; "Yes, of course it was there when I was last in his place," "Better see him first," caught his ear.

At last he could stand it no longer. Dr. Teackle or no Dr. Teackle, he would go upstairs, open the door softly, and if his uncle was awake whisper the good news in his ear. If anybody had whispered any such similar good news in his ear on any one of the weary nights he had lain awake waiting for the dawn, or at any time of the day when he sat his horse, his rifle across the pommel, it would have made another man of him.

If St. George was awake!

He was not only awake, but he was very much alive.

"I've got a great piece of news for you, Uncle George!" Harry exclaimed joyfully, reading his uncle's renewed strength and vitality in his manner and face.

"So have I got a great piece of news for you!" he shouted back. "Come in you young rascal and shut that door behind you. She isn't going to marry Willits—Thrown him over; don't love him—can't love him—never did love him! She's just told me so. Whoop—hurrah!! Dance, you dog, before I throw this chair at you!!"

There are some moments in a man's life when all language fails. Pantomime moments, when one stares and tries to speak and stares again. They were both at it—St. George waiting until Harry should explode, and Harry trying to get his breath, the earth opening under him, the skies falling all about his head.

"Told you so! When!" he gasped.

"Two minutes ago—you just missed her! Where the devil have you been? Why didn't you come in before?"

"Gone—Kate—two minutes—what will I do?" If he had found himself at sea in an open boat with both oars gone he could not have been more helpless.

"Do! Catch her before she gets home! Quick!—just as you are—sailor clothes and all!"

"But how will I know if——?"

"You don't have to know! You don't have to do anything—away with you I tell you!"

And out he went—and if you will believe it, dear reader—without even a whisper in his uncle's ears of the good news he had come to tell.

(To be concluded.)

AN IDEAL

By Rosina Hübley Emmet

When I see you waiting there
Not a smile, not a tear,
Not a tremor, not a fear,
Calm to judge, bold to dare,
With those eyes that pierce the gloom
Like a silent Northern doom, ...

When I see you, then my heart
Leaps to live, falls to break,
Yearns to give, pleads to take,
In its anguish dwells apart—
Touch me with those silent eyes!
Lift me into Paradise!

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BROKEN GLASS

Georgia Wood Pangborn

"I CAN'T stay but a minute," said Mrs. Waring, spreading her long hands above the wood blaze. "I was taking my evening constitutional over the moors. *Did* you see the sunset? And the firelight dancing in your open windows was so dear and sweet and homy I had to come. Babies in bed?"

"Oh, yes. Such perfectly good six-o'clock babies! I can tuck them up myself and still have time to dress safe from sticky fingers. Delia is such a blessing. So big and soft and without any nerves, and really and truly fond of them. When she leaves me for a day I am perfectly wild and lost."

"What is the matter with us women," said Mrs. Waring frowningly, "that we can't take care of our own children and run our own houses, to say nothing of spinning and weaving as our grandmothers did? My grandmother was a Western pioneer and brought up six without help, and—buried three. Think of it! To *lose* a child—" A strong shudder went through her delicate body. "How can a woman live after that? We can gasp through the bearing—you and I know that—but to lose—" She covered her face with her ringed hands.

"But, my dear," said the sleek woman by the fire, "your babies are such little Samsons! That nightmare ought not to bother you now."

"No. It oughtn't. That it does so only shows the more our modern unfitness."

"I suppose our grandmothers must have been more of the Delia type."

"And yet we think the Delia type inferior. It's solid and quiet and stupid—not always honest, but it succeeds with children. You and I are reckoned among the cultured. We read—in three languages—and write magazine verse. Your nocturne is to be given in concert next week—yet I think that Delia and her type rather despise us because we are wrecks after spending an afternoon trying to keep a creeping baby from choking and bumping and burning and taking cold, or reading Peter Rabbit the fiftieth time to Miss Going-on-Three."

"The question is," said Mrs. Waring coiling bonelessly in the Morris chair, "what will our children be? You and I may be inferior, but," she caught her lower lip in her teeth, "my babies came to me after I was thirty, and I know their value, as your Delia type or your grandmother type doesn't for all her motherliness. When women are mothers in the early twenties they don't know. They can't. My music filled in those years. Filled them! It served to express the despair of a barren woman—that was all. Since they came fools have condoled with me because I have had to give up my 'career' for their sake. Career!" She threw back her head with a savage laugh, and stood up with her hands in her coat pocket. "Here," her voice growing very gentle and humorous as she took out the tatters of a little book gay with red and green, "give me some paste. I promised to mend it. She has read it to pieces at last. I thought I could rhyme about sunsets and love and death, but nobody ever loved my rhymes as she loves this. Let's write some children's verses, you and I——

"'Goldilocks was naughty, she began to sulk and pout;
She threw aside her playthings—'

That's the way, you see, not——

"'When from the sessions of sweet silent thought.'"

She had seated herself at the big flat-topped desk as she spoke and was deftly pasting and mending.

"I've written one; or Tommy has. We were sitting up with his first double tooth. We had taken a go-cart ride in the early moonlight and I was taking cows as an example of people who chew properly. So we got up a song—(past one o'clock it was and a dark and stormy morning)——

"'The moon goes sailing through the sky
The cows are chewing—chewing—'"

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"He liked that but when he'd had it fifty times he changed it——

"'The cows go sailing through the sky
The moon is chewing—chewing—'"

"And it is better that way; I can recommend it as a lullaby."

"Thanks, but I've some of my own pretty nearly as good. A Norwegian maid left me a legacy——

"'Go away du Fisker mand
Catch a pretty fish fish—sh—sh
Bring it home to baby boy
Quicker than a wish—wish—shsh.'"

"That's not bad; I'll remember it when the moon's chewing palls. . . .

"As I was saying, you and I know the value of our children even if our type is inferior to the Delia type; and if we were bereft of our Delias and didn't have to dress for dinner and had no time to read we should show up quite as well as the Delias.

"We use the Delias for them because we want them to have everything of the best. Delias *are* best when they're little. We enter later on. We couldn't nurse our babies. All that part of us was metamorphosed into brain—thanks to a mistaken education. Very well; we must nourish them with our brains. We can. And we go and get the best service we can, maids and nurses; we bring them home to our nests like cats bringing mice—for the babies. . . .

"But I'm afraid I've got to let Aileen go. She told Martha a story about Indians carrying off children and nearly scared the child to death. And when I went to find them yesterday afternoon over by the empty Taylor cottage, they were playing where a window had been broken and there was broken glass everywhere. It was like dancing on knives. My spine shivers with it still. And there sat Aileen—so lost in a dream that I had to put my hand on her shoulder to rouse her. 'Oh,' said she, when I showed her the glass, 'I thought it was ice!' She cried when I told her what a terribly dangerous thing she had done. Her tears come easily enough. A pretty little thing, but *so* stupid. I must do better for Martha."

"I thought," said Mrs. Blake hesitatingly, "that she didn't seem very warmly dressed the other day."

"I don't know why she shouldn't be. I gave her a very good coat. Come to think of it, she hasn't worn it. I wonder why?"

"My Delia told me she had a sister. Perhaps——"

"Sponging on her. Poor child! I like her—but, Martha dancing on broken glass. . . . There, that's done. Now, Martha can read it a hundred times more—'Goldilocks was naughty.'

"Now I must go—and dress. Symbol of degeneracy, as women; but of all that raises us above the Delias, if we *are* above them."

The road was icy and ill kept. Some half-dozen cottages with boarded windows showed silent and black against the red band of sunset and the gray, waving line of moors. The pound of winter surf was like distant hoof-beats over the frozen land. The only cottages that were open had children in them. Air is what we give them now. Air and careful food for the rearing of the best of the next generation. And for that purpose the half-dozen cottages on that island kept their warmth and life all winter, just for the sake of properly reddening the cheeks of a dozen little children for whom city streets and parks are not supposed to furnish enough of air.

"Lovely—lovely," thought Mrs. Waring as she walked crisply toward her own fair window. "The moors and the winter storms shall make up to them for having a middle-aged mother. They shall have all the youth and vigor that I had not—that I had not."

Suddenly she faced about. It was not a footfall or a sigh or a spoken word, though it gave the impression of all three. Something behind her had betrayed its presence. . . .

No. There was nothing.

"The wind in the grass," she thought, but was not satisfied. A caretaker had been murdered on the other side of the island the winter before. Being the mother of a Martha makes one a coward. If there were no Martha one would go striding anywhere disregarding fantastic dangers, but *when* there is a Martha, who waits at home for a mother to read the story of Goldilocks one hundred times more, why, a mother must not let the least shadow of danger come near her. Because there are so many ways besides reading Goldilocks in which a mother may be useful.

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Therefore she thought sharply about the dead care-taker and vowed that on her next constitutional she would carry a pistol in her pocket—for Martha's sake. The black hedges with their white spots of snow gave no sign; the road behind and in front showed empty but for the gleam of frozen puddles. The wind rattled lightly in the frozen grass. . . .

"I hope ye'll excuse me, mum—" The voice was deprecatory and, thank Heaven, a woman's; though where she had come from out of all that emptiness——

"Ah!" gasped Martha's mother.

"I didn't want to scare ye, mum."

"I can't stop," said Mrs. Waring. "If you want to talk to me come to the house. I must get home to—to——"

"Yes, mum; I know, mum, to your little girl. But I can keep pace with you, by your leave, mum, for I was wishin' to speak to you about Aileen——"

"My nurse maid?"

"The same. I was hearin' she was not givin' ye satisfaction, mum, and would like to speak a word for her—widout offence."

"I have not complained of Aileen. It is true she is sometimes thoughtless. May I ask——"

The woman's figure was so shrouded and huddled that Mrs. Waring, looking all she could, might not distinguish the features. She fancied a resemblance to Mrs. Magillicuddy who came every week to help with the washing. No doubt it was Mrs. Magillicuddy. That would account for her knowledge of Aileen.

Mrs. Waring felt a twinge of annoyance at the thought of Aileen's complaining to Mrs. Magillicuddy. She walked on rapidly, but the other kept as close as her shadow.

"You mean, I suppose, about the broken glass."

"It was very bad, mum; so bad that . . . yet there's worse than broken glass in the world. There's other things that seems no more than the glitter of harmless ice and is really daggers for your heart's blood . . . an' so I was wishin' to speak to ye a word about Aileen. As to the glass, mum, there was no real harm done, an' could ye have seen the lass cryin' her eyes out in her little room that night. . . . Not because ye'd scolded her, but because she'd been that careless. And she could not sleep the night, that tender heart, for seein' the baby welterin' in gore that never was shed at all. Och—those eyes wid tears in them! Surely, mum—surely, ye must have noticed the eyes of her when she looks up at ye wid the hope in them that maybe she has pleased ye? Remember this is her first place and that she was reared gently among the sisters, orphanage as it was, and knows as little of the world as a fine lady-girl when she comes out from *her* convent school. She is not yet used to the rough ways of servants. . . .

"But she will be soon. Ah, wirra, wirra, she will be soon. . . .

"I would like her to stay wid ye. . . . I little thought, ten years ago, that she would be eatin' the bitter bread of service, for bitter it must be, however soft the life; bitter and dangerous for a young girl that is all alone and knows nothin' at all of the world's wickedness. . . . Do ye blame her for not seein' the broken glass? Can ye not guess that the eyes of her were blind with tears for a harsh word ye had given her about mixin' up the big baby's stockings with the little ones? Do ye mind that each of your children has two dozen little rolled up balls of stockings to be looked after and that they are very near of a size—very near? My Aileen—she never had but two pairs at a time and she washes out the wan pair at night so she can change to the other. And do ye mind that hers are thin cotton—twelve cints the pair they are—and her feet are cold to break yer heart as she sits in the cold wind watchin' your little girl at play, so warm in her English woollen stockings and leggins. And have ye ever been into Aileen's room? Do ye know that the fine gilt radiator in it is never warm and that she has but one thin blanket and a comforter so ragged your dog would scorn it? And when she had a bit of a cough ye were afraid it might be consumption, ye said, and if so ye couldn't have her with the children——"

"You seem to know my house and my servants remarkably well, Mrs. Magillicuddy. I will see to Aileen's room at once. I have been very busy, but—really——"

"Ah, save yer anger, mum, for one that desarves it. He's not far away. I am not angry with you, mum, though well I might be. I know with what love ye love yer own. But the world is so large and in such need of the kind and wise that, when one is truly kind and wise like you, mum, it is accounted a sin to let your kindness and wisdom go no

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further than the soft small heads that are your own. . . . There are so many children without any mothers at all . . . as yours might be had I been what you feared but now. . . .

"Broken glass! Is it not worse than broken glass for a young thing like that, as white-souled as that bit of snow on the hedge—have ye ever heard the talk of house servants? And the only place she can go to get away from it when ye do not want her for your children is her own little room that is so cold.

"She does not understand as yet, the whiteness in her is so white and the servants' hall is warm and pleasant and full of the laughter that ye sometimes hear and frown about. She knows no more than you do of the black heart beneath the white coat of the rascal that is so soft stepping and pleasant and keeps your silver so clean and bright an' says 'Very good, sir,' to everything the boss says to him——"

"Impossible!"

"Does it not happen every day? Do men and women leave off bein' men and women because they do your housework for you? Hearts as well as platters can break in the kitchen, and what do ye care what goes on among the help so long as your house is clean and quiet?

"Broken glass. . . ." Her voice rose with the rising wind, thinly. . . ."Wirra, wirra—an' a colleen as innocent of the danger of it as your baby that danced upon it unharmed—praise the saints!—unharmed. . . ."

Between anger and fright, Mrs. Waring leaned forward to pluck at the shawl which the other held about her head. At the moment a shaft of light, probably the searchlight from some vessel close inshore—or was it something else?—fell upon the woman's face. It was gone so quickly that Mrs. Waring could not afterward swear to what she had seen. No. Not Mrs. Magillicuddy's face, but similar. Lined and worn, singularly noble.

"*Who are you?*"

"Do ye ask me *that?*" said the Voice.

The flash of light having passed, it seemed so dark that now Mrs. Waring could not even distinguish the film of shadow that had showed where the woman stood.

"Do ye ask me that, mother that loves her children? What would *ye* do, then, if ye were dead, and your children's tears fell upon ye in purgatory? What would ye do if the feet of yer own colleen were standing among broken glass that is broken glass indeed?"

"Who are you?" whimpered Mrs. Waring. But the little moon had risen now and showed the moor empty except for the silent lights of the cottages where little children were.

As she stumbled at her own doorstep her butler opened the door with obsequious concern, and obvious amazement when she cried out—"Aileen—where is she?"

"In her room, I think, m'm; the children being asleep. Shall I call her, m'm?"

"*No!*"

She hurried to the attic room and knocked. The door was locked. Something stirred softly and opened. Aileen's frightened eyes sought her mistress's face. Mrs. Waring read dread of something having been stolen, of some terrible oversight in the nursery, of instant dismissal.

The girl coughed and shivered. She was wearing her coat but her little cap and apron were ready for instant duty. Mrs. Waring remembered with a shock of contrition that Martha had cried because Aileen's hands were cold as she dressed her.

"Aileen—" sobbed Mrs. Waring. . . . "Oh, you poor *little* thing—Come down, child, where it is warm!"

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THE POINT OF VIEW

FOREIGNERS sometimes speak with wonder of the strange vein of idealism in us, the most materialistic of modern nations, which keeps us forever on the trail, throughout Europe, of vanished genius. It is odd, they say, that a people so full of passion for dollars and cents should show such desire to tread the very ground that Shakespeare trod, to step upon the Auld Brig at Ayr, and they think the better of us for the discovery of this unsuspected idealism. I sometimes wonder if it is idealism at all; if, rather, the passion which draws us in such crowds to the literary and other shrines of the past is not the very flower, the subtle, ultimate manifestation of our overwhelming materialism. Does it not contain an element akin to that souvenir-hunting instinct that makes us feel a thrill as of acquiring real nobility when we steal the toilet articles of a duke? We chip off bits from St. Peter's, get splinters of oak from Westminster Abbey, and hide in our pockets sprigs of green from Ann Hathaway's garden, but are we thereby one whit nearer the grandeur that was Rome, or was England, or was Shakespeare? Is not our glory-stalking instinct rather another proof of our lack of ideality and of imaginative power? We mistake the sign for the thing signified, mix up the philosopher's snuff-box with his ideas, and confuse his old hat with the subtle lightning of his brain.

The Folly of Going to See

Who and what are we, after all, that we should expect to see in any given spot immortalized by poet or seer that which he saw? The folly, the conceived folly of it! For it is precisely that which the poet did to it which makes the difference between him, and you, and me; if he had seen but that which you and I see when we take the train and go there, he would not have been a poet. We puzzle our brains and our eyes trying to discern in the low-lying Eildon Hills the magic charm they wore for Scott, and the worst of it is, we pretend to see it whether we do or not! We prevaricate, even as the guide-book; we play-act at being the "Wizard of the North." Well-meaning folk alight from motor or aeroplane at Burns's cottage and look amiably about for the mouse and the daisy. Good heavens! what would they do with them if they found them! We loiter in the paths of Wordsworth through Grasmere, searching for Leech Gatherer and Old Cumberland Beggar, that we may try to invest them with the "visionary gleam" of which we have read. One might as well try to borrow the pupil of William Wordsworth's eye; or request the loan of his soul for a few minutes; or ask him if, being in rather straightened circumstances, he would not like to rent out his imagination for a little time. The difference between his Grasmere and ours is just that which made him Wordsworth, and you and me John Jones or Mary Smith; why should we expect that fine, intangible something, whose existence is the result of god-like intuition, to be granted us? We can apprehend it, if at all, only through the soul; it flies the touch of the finger, and the farther we stay away the better. To follow Browning to Asolo, gleaming white against the far blue of the mountains across the Lombard plain, is surely the height of folly, for Asolo is the one spot in the world where one could least well see Browning's Asolo. Ah, no, our travel, our sightseeing are not a proof of idealism, but of the lack of it, the stupid subterfuge of a dull and literal world; the logical result of folly in thinking that the sight of the eyes means vision; the habit of a blind, scientific generation that puts pins through dragon-flies, and imagines that it has caught and classified them. What a dragon-fly is, whence it cometh and whither it goeth, such a generation will never know. Was not one good lady who thought she cherished a deep devotion to Charles Lamb detected trying to discover in the time-table "Mackery End in Hertfordshire"? She must have been quite capable of bringing over in her trunk painted toys for Lamb's "Dream Children." I have no doubt that some enterprising American will yet be found inquiring when the boat leaves for Avalon.

The species of disillusionment that comes from stepping in earth-made shoes into the kingdom of the imagination are many and deserved. Most poignant is the sense of loss in seeing the beauty of which you have read and dreamed vanish. How many places have you ruined by taking the train to them? How many have you robbed of their immemorial

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charm by your coming? Was Athens there when you got there? Was Rome? As for me, I have parted with my last illusions; I have rubbed the bloom off antiquity; I have peered, at Mycene, into tombs that were meant to be closed through earth's forever; I have pried into secrets that were meant to be kept, and I have had my reward. Instead of that glory-lighted land of heroes, with buildings of unimaginable beauty standing against the bluest sky, I have a mind full of dust, of broken stones, and of modern streets where petty officers go strutting about twirling their mustaches. A flood of undesirable light from whose glare I shall never escape has been thrown upon ancient Greece, whose beauty was so real and so true as I watched from my own far-away doorstep. I have journeyed out to Colonus to meet Antigone, at the sacred spot "thick-set with laurel, olive, vine, a feathered choir of nightingales making music at its heart," and what have I found? A pitiless, unshaded, sun-dried plain, made awful by the empty beds of dead streams, and there for me in memory, in place of the blind, majestic king and the noblest woman of antiquity, one large, lean, black and white goat winds and unwinds himself about the scarred trunk of a single pepper tree. And as I watch it, with my mind's eye, forgetting the griefs of Œdipus in simple human wonder as to when the goat last had a drink, I reflect that my punishment is just. So may all fare who give up their birthright of dreams for a mess of hard facts; who transform the glory of vision into three dimensions; who buy six-months' tickets to the kingdom of the spirit.

The Clergy in Fiction

OLD, as well as reprehensible, is the habit of inserting into a comedy of manners the lay figure of a clergyman for the single bald purpose of poking fun at him. This stock company clergyman is over two hundred years old. Macaulay says that he figures largely in the comedy of the seventeenth century. Did Shadwell or Congreve invent him, or was he caricatured from contemporary life?—to wit, from the unhappy chaplain of that once so common Squire, who "thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals"? The position of such a "Levite," as he was called, was by no means a sinecure. "Sometimes," continues the historian, "the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes . . . he walked ten miles with a letter or a parcel." He was expected to be "always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovelboard." At dinner "he might fill himself with the corned-beef and carrots, but as soon as the tarts and cheese-cakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat and stood apart until he was summoned *to return thanks for a repast from a great part of which he had been excluded.*"

This unfortunate chaplain must have been, I think, the ancestor of all that race of creatures neither brute nor human, the clergymen of English fiction. Poor Tom Tusher in "Esmond" "creaking on his great square toes," or Mr. Collins in "Pride and Prejudice," listening obsequiously to the advice of his patroness; Mr. Honeyman, Mr. Slope, and even young Tozer, Paul Dombey's school-mate at Dr. Blimber's, who "prepared for the Church by wearing a starched white cambric neckerchief"—all are the descendants, for his sins, of this seventeenth century chaplain.

Very characteristic of these fictitious clergy is their appetite for dainty fare and strong waters. Mr. Chadband, in "Bleak House," nourished his quadruple adjectives on an unwholesomely rich diet. The favorite "shepherd," too, of the second Mrs. Weller was generally found seated beside "a reeking hot glass of pineapple rum and water." "I was agoing to say," the elder Weller cautiously confides to Sam, "he always brings now a flat bottle as holds about a pint and a half, and fills it with the pineapple rum afore he goes away." Dr. Middleton in "The Egoist" follows the same tradition, and readily sacrifices his lovely daughter for Sir Willoughby's centenarian Port. And who can forget the three curates in "Shirley" rejoicing at their supper?

A favorite mark of the novelist clergyman is his ladylike manner and fastidious dress. Unrivalled in this regard is Clive Newcome's reverend uncle.

"An odor of millefleurs rustled by them as Charles Honeyman passed the pew. . . . His hair was parted down the middle, short in front, and curling delicately round his ears. . . . When the music began, he stood with head on one side, and two slim fingers in the book."

Honeyman's bills at the tailor's and bootmaker's, it will be remembered, were fabulous, and took a great slice out of Colonel Newcome's savings to pay. The ever-beloved and

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delightful "F. B." thus disposes of Honeyman:

"Saving your presence, Clive Newcome, and with every respect for the youthful bloom of your young heart's affections, your uncle, Charles Honeyman, sir, is a bad lot."

In "Shirley" the effeminate Mr. Donne flees fainting from the onset of Tartar, and bolts himself into a bedroom from which he calls aloud to be rescued.

But the sine qua non of the fictitious clergyman is his total inability to make love. Mr. Smirke in "Pendennis" declares his passion for Helen to his landlady, and even to young Pen, but gets no further. When a curate, in a novel, attempts to offer himself in marriage, he is merely being butchered to make a Roman holiday. His ponderous and didactic vocabulary trips, tangles, and finally overthrows him. Witness the language of Mr. Gibson in "He Knew He Was Right":

"I thought that perhaps I might take this opportunity of expressing-- But after all, the levity of the moment is hardly in accordance with the sentiments which I should wish to express. . . . Do you not think it a duty that people should marry?"

Mr. Collins thus declares himself to Elizabeth Bennet:

"I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances to set the example of matrimony in his parish. . . . And you should take it into consideration that in spite of your manifold attractions it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you."

(Fie, fie, Miss Austen!)

Mr. Trollope, too, is the object of an especial grievance on my part. In "Barchester Towers," that apotheosis of the clergyman, what unmanly rancor he pours out upon the head of Mr. Slope! Is it not enough to give that wretched man a glistening forehead, "lumpy" hair, and "thin and bloodless lips"?—not enough to say, with concentrated malice, that men didn't like him, though women often did? This is barely endurable. But the cruel pen that wrote him down, over and above all this, as having "damp hands"! It requires a long reperusal of Dr. Primrose to wash away the memory of Mr. Slope.

George Eliot, who might have been expected to deride the priestly character, gave us instead the pleasant portraits of Mr. Farebrother in "Middlemarch" and Dr. Kenn in "The Mill on the Floss." The latter is affectionately described as having "a plain middle-aged face, with a grave penetrating kindness in it." Thus the freethinker; while Miss Austen, in her own father's rectory in Hampshire, was plotting the absurdities of Mr. Collins!

The immortal Vicar has, to my mind, but one rival, and that is Dominie Sampson. That gaunt and shuffling form, in its ill-fitting rusty suit, bears a kind of dim resemblance to our great Emancipator. At his self-forgetting fidelity, though somewhat learnedly expressed, who can smile? or who can think young Bertram, or young Hazeldean (both well enough in their way), fit to inhabit the same novel with such a Greatheart as the Dominie?

In Americans a sort of Plymouth Rock reverence for the cloth has long survived; nor, I think, does it show any sign of weakening. "The Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock" make amends, I trow, for many a "curate with pink eyes." Mr. Owen Wister has celebrated another type of cleric, in his Bishop of the plains, who wins the confidence of the Virginian, and speaks the word in season to Lin McLean. Better known than either Mr. Wister's Bishop or Mr. Connor's Sky Pilot, is the endeared Dr. Lavendar of Mrs. Deland's "Old Chester Tales." Reader! hast thou met that wise old minister?—Not at his best unless thou hast seen him about his shrewd, humorous, patient, Christian task in that great story of "The Note"—the wisest piece of philosophy (I think) yet issued from Old Chester.

By the bye, will not Mr. Cable, Mr. Wister, or the author of "Nathan Burke" sometime portray for us the fox-hunting parson of old Virginia?

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THE FIELD OF ART

ART INSTITUTIONS IN THE UNITED STATES

IN the "Field of Art" for November, 1896, was given a brief account of the origin and subsequent development of some of the more important institutions, museums, societies, schools, etc., in this country, but in the course of fifteen years the further growth of that interest in the fine arts, in nearly all their branches, which was then noted as promising has become phenomenal, if we may believe present-day records. As the start was made *ab nihilo*—an Eastern portrait painter of the last generation has recorded the statement of one of his sitters, from a thriving Western community, that none of his fellow-citizens had a work of art "worth more than five dollars, and if he has anything in color, it's a chromo"—this growth is encouraging. Art museums, societies and schools, galleries for exhibitions, have multiplied greatly under the spur of this laudable civic pride, and the relapses have been few and, generally, temporary. An overconfidence in the future and an underestimate of the financial drain have sometimes led to periods of suspension; in the desire to secure the best examples, without duly considering the taste of the local purchasers, an agent has been despatched to make the tour of the more important art centres and solicit the loan of pictures and small works of sculpture, and the cost of packing, shipping and insuring, exhibiting and returning, has demanded a larger number of purchases and subscriptions than were always forthcoming. It is only to the largest and most important exhibitions, as those of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Buffalo, and Chicago, that the painters and sculptors are willing to pay their own freight if their works have not been selected by a jury, and to this expense is to be added the risk, or rather the certainty, of damage in transit.

An important feature in this establishment of a healthy circulation has been the sending out of "rotary" collections, frequently selected from an annual exhibition in an Eastern city. These are usually limited to small pictures, at moderate prices, or small bronzes for the sculptures, and the sales have been, generally, sufficiently numerous to justify the enterprise, about one-fifth of the whole. The American Water Color Society of New York reported that its fifth rotary collection, that of 1909–10, was shown in the following cities: St. Louis, Buffalo, Columbia, Mo.; Pittsburg, Grand Rapids, Toledo, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Detroit, Chicago, and Jackson, Mich.; and that applications from the following had to be declined because dates could not be arranged: Kansas City, Utica, Erie, Pa.; Minneapolis, Youngstown, O.; Louisville, Nashville, Baltimore, Omaha, Saginaw, Palo Alto, and Long Beach, Cal. In theory, each local institution receiving one of these collections for exhibition in its gallery sends a catalogue and a report to the parent society and a catalogue to each exhibitor, but it has been known to happen that these measures were neglected and that neither the officers of the home society nor the individual exhibitors knew for some time where the "rotary" was.

The American Art Annual for 1910–11 enumerates 944 art museums, art societies, and art schools as against 403 in 1907. This volume gives a brief account of 280 museums and art societies in the United States, a list of 102 art schools with a total registration of 31,700 and a list tabulating the answers received from 170 colleges and universities maintaining courses in the history of art and giving 5,877 as the number of students receiving instructions in this course and 7,751 as the number who had worked in the studios. Of the art schools, the records show 57 as strictly professional, giving instruction in drawing, modelling, and painting from the antique and from life. Instruction in design is given in 56 schools, 39 of which report also classes in the various crafts, such as bookbinding, pottery, and metal work. While the United States lack "the well-organized industrial schools that are such a strong factor in Germany, France, and England," the teaching of manual training and of æsthetics in the elementary and secondary and public schools has, nevertheless, "grown very rapidly." This, naturally, has led to the establishment of normal art schools for the training of teachers in this work, and of these the records show 39 art schools with normal courses, the registration of which in 28 was 1,928. The summer schools play an important part in the training of teachers, and the evening schools of students.

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The number of architectural federations in the country has doubled, since 1907, from two to four, and there are 31 professional schools of architecture, most of them connected with universities, the number of pupils enrolled being given as 3,043. An estimate of the annual expenditures for art education in the United States, compiled by Henry Turner Bailey in 1908, is given in this volume as a total of $11,565,241, "divided between the Federal Government, the States, the municipalities, and private sources. The Federal Government, however, makes no direct appropriation for art instruction, the item of $95,000 used for instruction in drawing in the public schools of the District of Columbia, the Military Academy at West Point, and the Naval Academy being included in the general school funds."

While the oft-proposed establishment of a national, official, art, with head-quarters at the national capital, is still probably, happily, far in the distant future, a commendable official body has been established by Congress, May 17, 1910, a "Commission of Fine Arts for the Federal Government." This commission, defined in the bill as "permanent," is composed of "seven well-qualified judges of the fine arts," appointed by the President and to serve four years each and until their successors are appointed and qualified; its general duties are to "advise generally upon questions of art when required to do so by the President, or by any committee of either House of Congress," and its special functions are to act as an art commission for the District of Columbia and advise upon the selection and location of statues, fountains, monuments, and other public works of art erected under the authority of the United States. "It shall be the duty of the officers charged by law to determine such questions in each case to call for such advice." An expenditure of not more than $10,000 a year was authorized for this purpose. The present members of the commission are Daniel H. Burnham, chairman; Francis D. Millet, vice-chairman; Frederick Law Olmstead, Thomas Hastings, Daniel C. French, Cass Gilbert, and Charles Moore; Col. Spencer Cosby, secretary. As may be remembered, this commission, duly established by act of Congress, succeeded the short-lived one appointed by President Roosevelt in the last days of his administration without such authority.

Next in rank to this Federal commission comes probably the American Federation of Arts, the head-quarters of which are also in Washington, D. C., and which is practically the "clearing-house" and "exchange" of all the art organizations in the country, a general bureau of information charged with the general furtherance of the art interests. It was formed at a convention held in Washington in May, 1909, at which over eighty art societies and institutions were represented by delegates, and this step is considered to be "the most important event in the art life of the United States" within the last three years. The extent of its jurisdiction may be inferred from the list of its standing committees: an executive committee, one each on exhibitions, paintings, membership, landscape, sculpture, craftsmanship, conventions, museums, architecture, government art, civil theatres, publications, finance, exhibitions and lectures in universities, art in the public schools, and teaching the history of art in universities and colleges. Its officers are Charles L. Hutchinson, of Chicago, president; Marvin F. Schaife, of Pittsburg, treasurer; Frank D. Millet, secretary, and Leila Mechlin, assistant secretary. The government is administered by a board of directors elected by the vote of accredited delegates at the annual convention in May, and at present it numbers 126 chapters, societies representing all the arts and numbering in the aggregate about 63,000 persons, and over 1,100 individual associate members. A monthly illustrated magazine is published; exhibitions of paintings and other works of art are organized and sent out (9 in the last year were sent to 33 different cities), and lectures, type-written and illustrated by fifty or more stereopticon slides, are lent to small cities and towns remote from art centres.

The largest and most important annual exhibitions of painting and sculpture are still those of Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Chicago, Buffalo, St. Louis, the National Academy of Design in New York, and the biennial exhibition of the Corcoran Gallery of Art. Mr. Carnegie's great Institute in Pittsburg, which opened its first exhibition in November, 1896, still retains its pre-eminence, being the only one international in scope. The reports of its annual exhibition show a curious fluctuation in the attendance and the number of catalogues sold —for the first, over 351,000 in 1908, over 48,000 in 1909, and over 101,000 in 1910; and for the second, for the same period, over 11,000, over 3,000, and over 5,000 respectively. The number of acquisitions to the museum and galleries has, however, increased from 5,993 in

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1908 and 6,435 in 1909 to 14,591 in 1910. One feature of the Institute's educational activities has been that introduction into the public schools of works of art and reproductions which, in connection with the decoration of the buildings, originated in France and Germany some thirty years ago—in this case, of large photographs representing the Institute's permanent collection of paintings, the number being increased each year.

Buffalo dates the origin of its art academy from the first exhibition held in 1861, and since July 1, 1909, it has been enjoying an annual appropriation from the city toward the maintenance of its exhibitions in the Albright Art Gallery. The total attendance for 1909, the latest given, was 113,676, with twenty-two exhibitions and six lectures on art. The late director, Mr. Charles M. Kurtz, has been succeeded by his assistant, Miss Cornelia B. Sage. The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, dating from 1805, estimates the value of its permanent collections of paintings as, probably, $2,000,000; the attendance during 1909 was 182,228; and its schools are among the first in the country. The Boston Museum of the Fine Arts formally opened its new building with a reception on November 9, 1909, the school of the museum being located in a separate building. The structural separation of the main building into departments representing peoples instead of arts has modified the historical arrangement, the result being "that objects in any one room, often most different in the materials employed, are essentially homogeneous from the point of view of art." It is admitted that this course would probably not be possible for art museums with very large collections. Another feature, introduced by the museum in 1907, has been followed with some variations elsewhere, as in the Metropolitan Museum of New York—the providing of a guide who will explain to the visitors such portions of the collections as they may wish. In the Boston Museum this guide is an officer of the institution, known as the docent, and his instruction is furnished gratuitously, upon previous application.

Aiming to supplement the numerous local art institutions scattered throughout the country with a wider view and a more general jurisdiction, the National Institute of Arts and Letters was organized in 1898 with a view to the advancement of art, music, and literature. The officers are John W. Alexander, president; Samuel Isham, treasurer; Jesse Lynch Williams, secretary, and a distinguished list of vice-presidents; the membership is limited to 250, and in the Department of Art there are 79 members. A gold medal is awarded every year in the various sections of artistic, literary and musical activity; that of 1909 was given to the work of Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and presented to Mrs. Saint-Gaudens on November 20 of that year at a meeting held in the American Fine Arts Building, New York. The medal for 1910 was presented in December of that year to James Ford Rhodes, historian. By a resolution adopted April 23, 1904, a section of the institute to be known as the Academy of Arts and Letters was created, the membership at first limited to thirty, with power to elect its own officers and prescribe its own rules. Public meetings of the institute and the academy were held in Washington in December, 1909, and in New York in December, 1910.

The practical tendencies of this general recognition of the necessity of a finer culture in our daily affairs cannot be better illustrated than by the movement in some of the Western communities to include it in the tax list. The State Legislature of Missouri passed an act to give all cities in the State with a population of over 100,000 the right to submit the question of an art tax at any general election held in the city, and the city of St. Louis accordingly voted, by a large majority, that such tax be levied on the assessed valuation of the property of the city to the extent of one-fifth of a mill per dollar. At present this brings to the support of the City Art Museum about $120,000 a year, with a prospect of further and constant increase. St. Louis claims the credit of being the first city to establish a municipal art gallery. In Indianapolis an agreement was reached in 1908 between the art association of the city and the public schools whereby the board of school commissioners pays to the association a sum equal to one-half cent on each hundred dollars of the city's taxables, the association in return admitting free to its museum the teachers and pupils of the schools, providing weekly illustrated lectures, free instruction in design, etc. The sum thus advanced amounted in 1910 to $8,953.

The American Academy in Rome for painters, sculptors, and architects, dating from 1897, awards its Prix de Rome to students from the various art schools throughout the country and the privileges of the academy in Rome to the

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holders of the Rinehart and Lazarus Scholarships, the first for sculptors and the second for painters. At this date the total number of students it has received is 43 architects, 10 painters, and 8 sculptors, whose terms in the academy have ranged from one to three years; the sculptors of the Rinehart Scholarship take the term for four years. For the competitions for this prize for 1911, 65 architects have entered, 22 painters, and 6 sculptors.

In New York city, a well-organized movement has at length been set on foot "for the erection of a building for the exhibition of all the Arts of Design," and for the use of the ten art societies which have been invited to join, and "for such others as they may hereafter invite." These ten are the National Academy of Design, the two Water Color Societies, the New York Chapter American Institute of Architects, the Architectural League, the National Sculpture Society, the Municipal Art Society, that of the Beaux-Arts Architects, that of the Mural Painters and that of the Illustrators. The National Academy, which has taken the lead in this movement and gives its name to the proposed association, being entitled to a strong representation on the board of directors, undertakes to set apart on its books, on completion of the building, the sum of $200,000 as a Maintenance Endowment Fund, the interest of which shall be applied toward defraying the annual running expenses of the building. Ample provision is to be made for spacious galleries, lecture-rooms, offices, etc., and in the coming autumn it is planned to invite the co-operation of the general public and push the movement vigorously.

The list below is given only as a partial one of the more representative examples of these institutions.

1. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.
2. Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, Pa.
3. Albright Art Gallery, Buffalo, N. Y.
4. Fine Arts Federation, New York. The council consists of representatives and alternates chosen by the thirteen art societies of the city.
5. Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia.
6. Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, Brooklyn, N. Y. Founded in 1824; reincorporated in 1890.
7. Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.
8. Chicago Art Institute, Chicago, Ill. The Hutchinson Gallery of Old Masters and the Munger Gallery opened with a reception October 22, 1908; new galleries of the east wing opened October 19, 1909.
9. National Academy of Design, New York.
10. Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.
11. National Gallery of Art, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.
12. National Sculpture Society, New York.
13. National Society of Mural Painters, New York.
14. American Water Color Society, New York.
15. New York Water Color Club, New York.
16. Art Museum, Worcester, Mass.
17. Walters Gallery, Baltimore, Md. The new gallery, housing the private collection of Henry Walters, was opened with a reception on February 3, 1909.
18. Wadsworth Athenæum, Hartford, Conn. Opened to the public in 1842; said to be the first building erected in the United States devoted entirely to the purposes of art. The Morgan Memorial Art Annex, founded by J. Pierpont Morgan in honor of his father, was dedicated January 19, 1910.
19. Yale School of Fine Arts, New Haven, Conn. Founded in 1864; the art museum includes the Jarves and Trumbull collections.
20. Institute of Art, San Francisco, Cal.
21. Art Museum, Cincinnati, O.
22. City Art Museum, St. Louis, Mo. A city ordinance approved February 23, 1909, established a public museum of fine arts to be located in the building erected by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company in Forest Park, and presented to the city at the close of the exposition.
23. John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis, Ind.
24. Museum, Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, R. I.
25. Municipal Art Gallery, Chicago, Ill. Established in 1902 to contain works by Chicago artists.
26. Art Association, Museum, New Orleans, La.
27. Washington State Art Association, Seattle, Wash. Incorporated in March, 1906, "for the purpose of erecting and maintaining an art gallery and museum and establishing an art school."
28. Gibbes Memorial Art Gallery, Carolina Art Association, Charleston, S. C.
29. Telfair Academy, Savannah, Ga.
30. Fort Worth Art Association, Fort Worth, Tex. Organized February 13, 1910, to take over the management of the Fort Worth Museum of Art.
31. State Art Commission of Illinois. Created by the act of the General Assembly, June 4, 1909.
32. Isaac Delgado Museum of Art, New Orleans, La. Sum of $150,000 given by the donor in 1910. Building now in process of erection.
33. St. Paul Institute of Arts and Sciences, St. Paul, Minn. Modelled on the plan of the Brooklyn Institute; incorporated April 28, 1908.
34. State Art Society, the Capitol, St. Paul, Minn.
35. Art Society and Museum, Minneapolis, Minn. Founded in January, 1910.
36. Detroit Museum of Art, Detroit, Mich. Two blocks purchased in centre of city in 1910 for the erection of a new museum.
37. Toledo Museum of Art, Toledo, O. New art gallery now being erected.
38. Portland Society of Art, Portland, Me. Museum building now being erected.
39. Art Association, Art Gallery, Portland, Ore. Reorganized 1909–10.
40. Art Association, University of Kansas, Art Gallery, Lawrence, Kan.
41. Art Association, Travelling Exhibitions, Richmond, Ind.
42. Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland, O. Plans have been drawn for an art gallery to be erected in Wade Park at a cost of about $1,000,000.
43. State Art Society, Utah. Founded in 1898; the first of its kind. Annual exhibitions held in different parts of the State. Provision has been made for the erection of an art gallery in the new Capitol, where all the paintings purchased by the State will be gathered.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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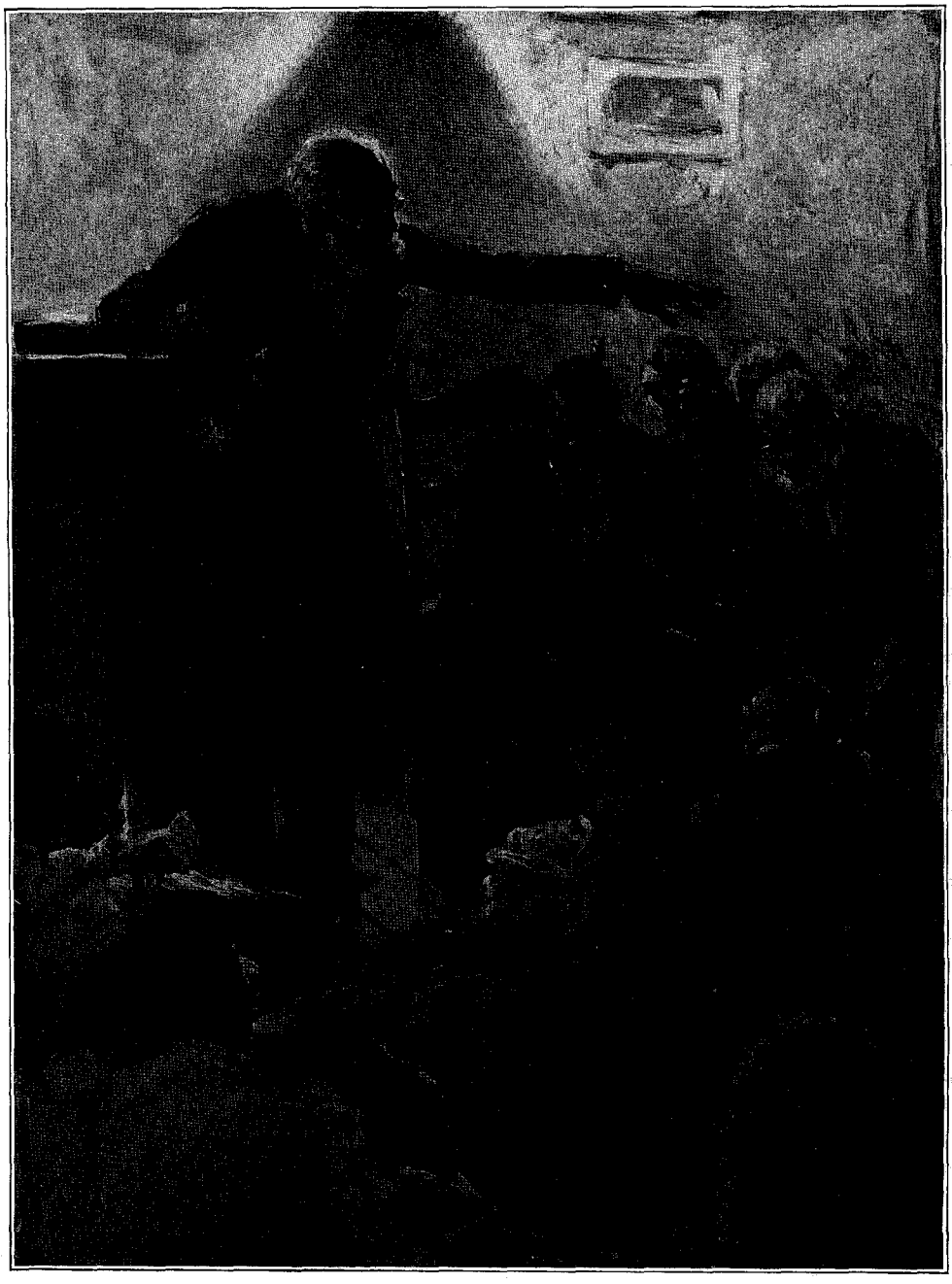

Drawn by Walter Biggs.

SIMON SHIFTED UNEASILY IN HIS SEAT.

—"The Trick-Doctor," page 282.

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